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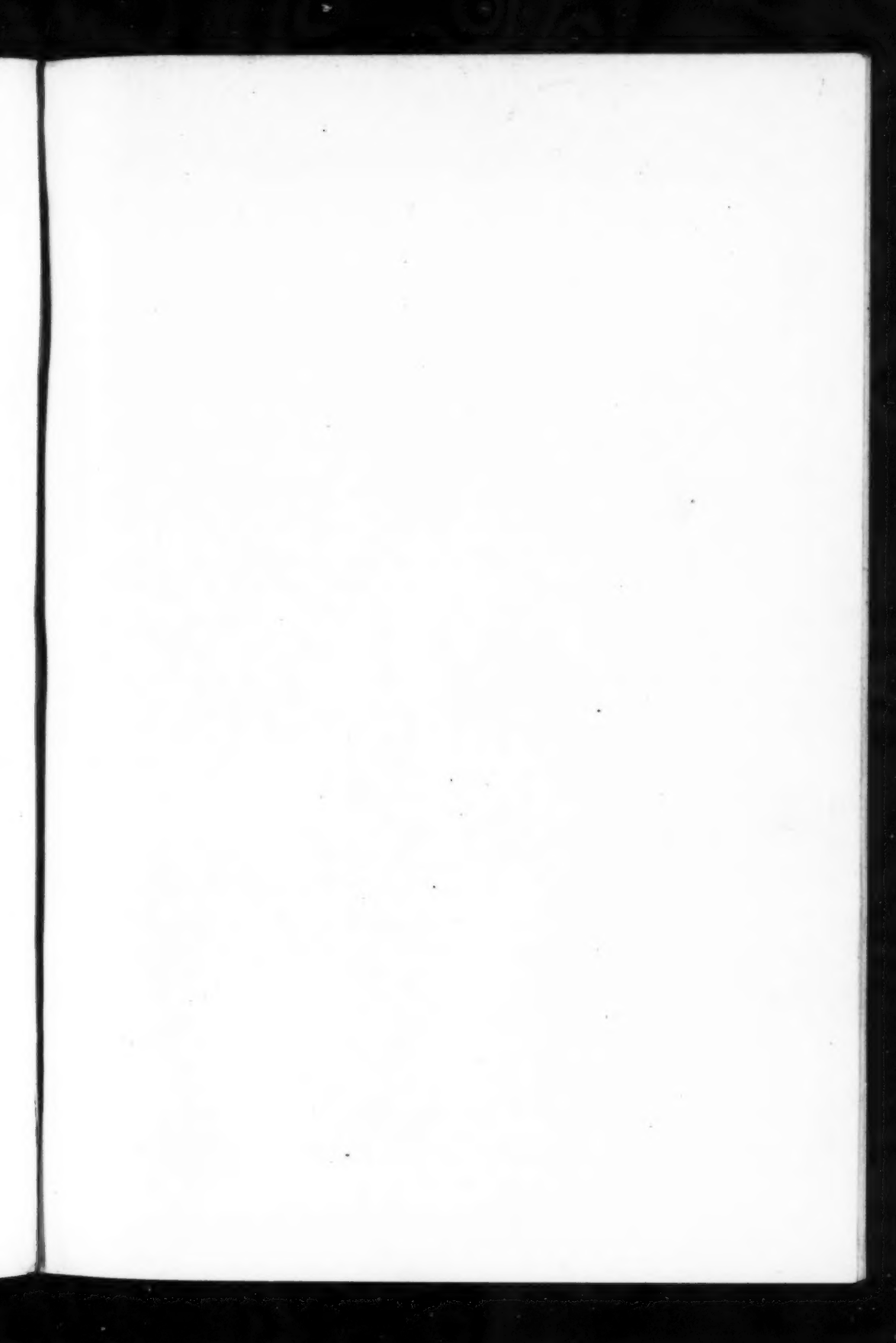
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OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.





HENRY P. DAVISON, WHO ROSE FROM A BANK CLERKSHIP IN A LITTLE PENNSYLVANIA TOWN TO BE A PARTNER OF J. P. MORGAN AT FORTY, AND WHO IS REGARDED AS ONE OF THE COMING RULERS OF WALL STREET

From a photograph by Brown, New York

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XLV.

May, 1911

Number II

CROWN PRINCES OF CAPITAL

MEN WHO STAND IN LINE OF SUCCESSION TO THE GREAT
AMERICAN FINANCIAL LEADERS OF TO-DAY

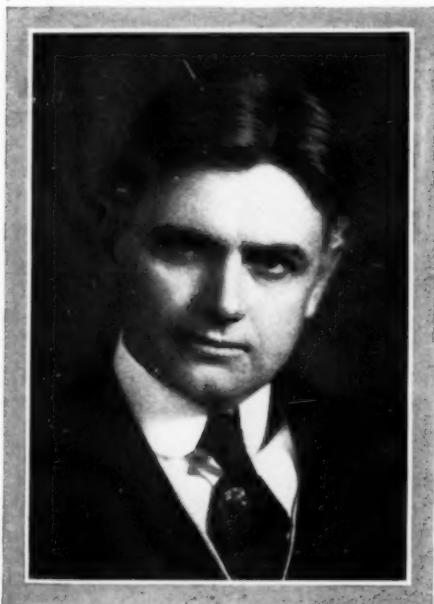
BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

WHILE the late Edward H. Harri-
man was riding the high tide of
his power and overlording the
railroad map, men in Wall Street would say
apprehensively:

"What will happen when he dies?"

At this suggestion there arose in the
minds of the timorous the grim vision of
another Indigo Thursday, with frenzy in
the ticker and terror astride the market-
place.

But, as all of us well remember, the



SAMUEL McROBERTS, A WESTERN LAWYER TRAINED
IN THE ARMOUR FINANCIAL SCHOOL, WHO
IS A NEW POWER IN THE NATIONAL
CITY BANK, NEW YORK

From a photograph by Matsene, Chicago



JOSEPH T. TALBERT, ANOTHER WESTERNER,
ONCE A BANK EXAMINER, NOW VICE-
PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL
CITY BANK, NEW YORK

From a photograph by Cox, Chicago

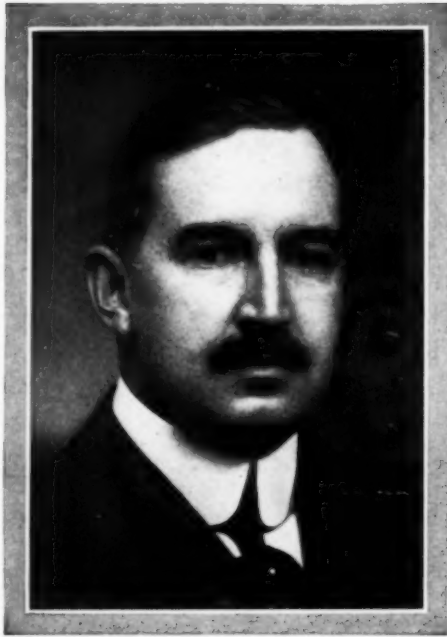
spectacle little wizard yielded to his one conqueror, and no financial disaster ensued. To be sure, the news of his death was not announced until after the Stock Exchange had closed for the day; but had it been known earlier there would have been nothing more than a brief flurry in stocks. Yet the master of the Union Pacific had vaster speculative entanglements than Governor Flower, whose demise precipitated a panic in 1899.

One reason for the comparative serenity that followed Mr. Harriman's passing was that his house was in order; another

—more important, perhaps—was that a man trained in the Harriman school was ready to succeed him. I do not mean that any individual could fill Mr. Harriman's place. That was impossible, for he had created a sphere all his own. The compelling fact is that, although the chief engineer's hand was cold and stiff, the wheels of his mighty machine kept turning; and Wall Street went its way.

What happened on that September day when Mr. Harriman met the inevitable up in the Ramapo Hills will doubtless be repeated when his colleagues in the cabinet of big finance cease their earthly labors. Swift succession will be the order of things, because the mills of business can stop for no individual. The era of "one man power" has gone. Such is the stability of our financial empire, for it is practically death-proof.

Wall Street is the aorta of our corporate existence. Through it courses the life-blood of industry, which is capital. That golden flood must be bulwarked and guarded against even a momentary interruption



GATES W. MCGARRAH, PRESIDENT OF THE
MECHANICS AND METALS NATIONAL
BANK, ONE OF THE INDEPENDENT
INSTITUTIONS OF WALL STREET

From a photograph

of its flow; and hence the necessity of preparing for natural contingencies.

Most of the chieftains who have grown gray in our financial wars are marching on to the time when they must either voluntarily retire or be removed from the scene of all action.

J. P. Morgan has just entered his seventy-fifth year; William Rockefeller is only four years younger than Mr. Morgan; James J. Hill is seventy-two; George F. Baker is seventy-one, and Jacob H. Schiff is well on in the sixties.

Of all the militant multimillionaires, only three really and truly

retired of their own accord. John D. Rockefeller forsook business cares when he was sixty-four, Andrew Carnegie when he was sixty-five, and Thomas F. Ryan at fifty-six. James Stillman, at sixty, is only nominally out of harness, because he still keeps a firm rein on his far-flung interests.

The royal mantles of all these men must fall on other shoulders. Who, then, are the crown princes of capital?

FINANCIAL CAPTAINS OF TO-MORROW

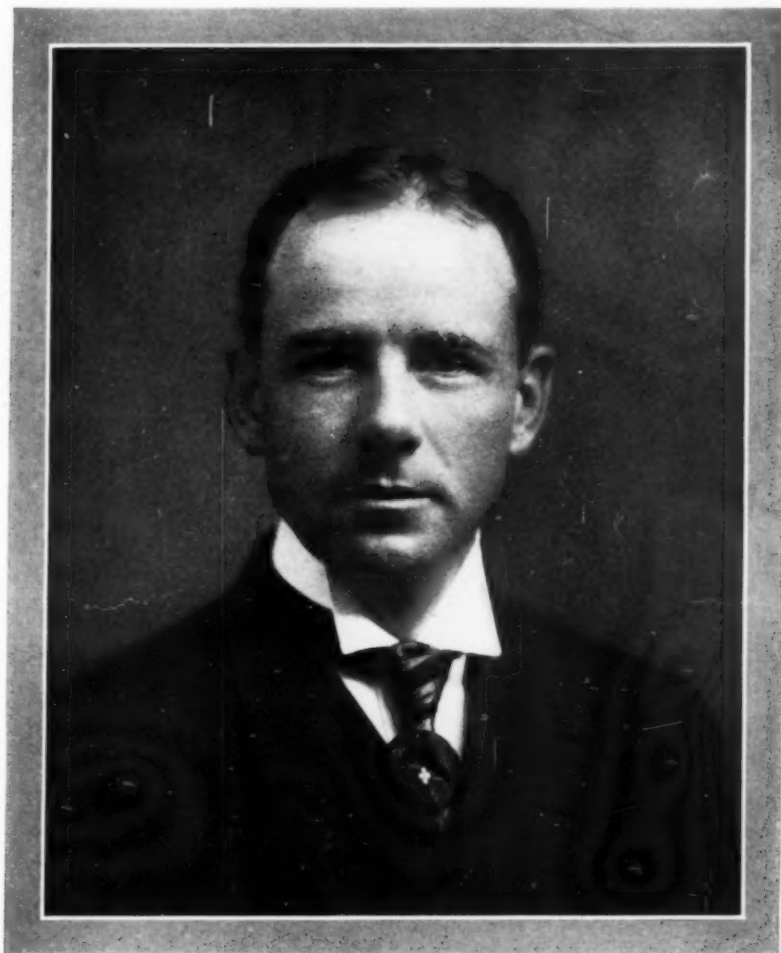
Run over the list of the inheritors of financial purple, and you encounter some interesting surprises. You will find among them no Vanderbilt worthily equipped to renew the prestige of his house; no Astor to take a leader's place as the wielder of our greatest hereditary fortune; no Gould to sit with authority on the money throne. Instead, newer names—the names of self-made men—dominate the roster of the Wall Street rulers of to-morrow.

Before going into the specific stories of these men, it might be well to point out the new conditions which will mark their

reign. They will face regulations unknown to their predecessors of other dynasties.

For one thing, there can be no more of the rough-shod overlordship that marked Mr. Harriman's absolutism. The people have put limits and restraints upon the exercise of economic power, and such institutions as the Interstate Commerce Commis-

for his stewardship of wealth and property. This grows out of the fact that within the past five years we have begun to be a nation of small investors. The securities of our great corporations are more widely held than ever before. The result is that we are slowly but surely reaching a time when the huge backwaters of capital will



THOMAS W. LAMONT, ONE OF THE TWO NEW PARTNERS OF J. P. MORGAN—MR. LAMONT GRADUATED FROM JOURNALISM INTO FINANCE, AND HIS CAREER IS A BRILLIANT RECORD OF ACHIEVEMENT

From a photograph by Puck, New York

sion and the various public service boards have set up tribunals to curb corporate abuses. The magnate of to-day has a larger responsibility than formerly because he is more directly answerable to the public

be the reservoirs of accumulated savings. As this condition develops, we shall be less and less at the mercy of the manipulator.

While these safeguards check the dan-

gerous ardor of self-seeking ambition, they do not render the country completely immune from the depredations of financial buccaneers. Our national credit and business character depend largely upon the quality of Wall Street leadership. Therefore, it is of the utmost importance for the country to know just what manner of person these coming captains of capital are.

Some have served long apprenticeship at high courts in the kingdom of wealth, and are already well known; a few bear names that for generations have been synonymous with financial rule; others are just coming into their own. Together, they form a gallery of conspicuous achievement, fascinating because its figures play with mighty issues, and have for their dazzling stake the worldly thing men set their hearts

upon. When the gilded touch is combined with youth, the interest is doubly keen.

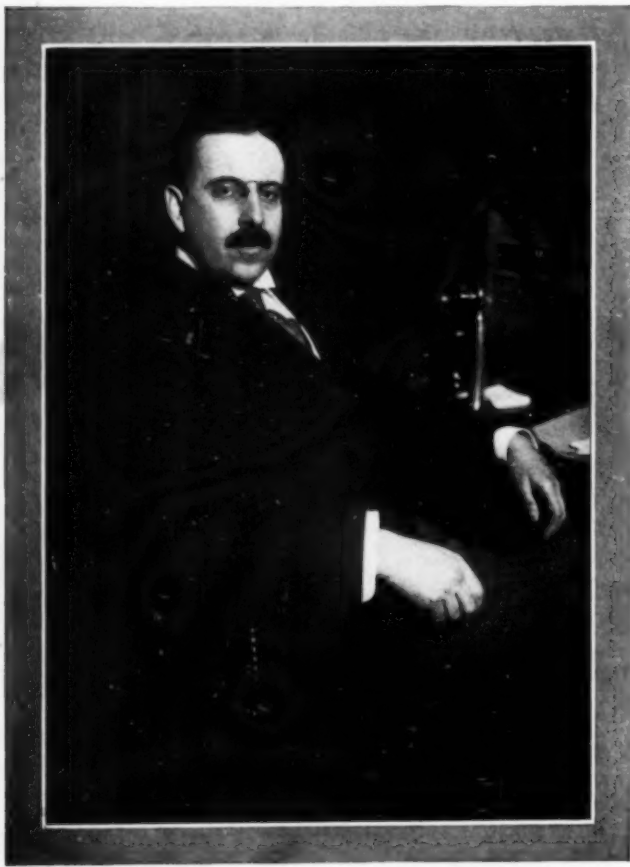
Let us now see who these men are.

THE STORY OF HENRY P. DAVISON

Many people think that financiering is a sordid and prosaic proposition, quite forgetful of the fact that it is the bone and sinew of empire-making, and that now and then it projects a romance as thrilling as any chapter of martial conquest. The records of the new masters of wealth are studied with stories of swift and dramatic success, but none is quite so picturesque or significant as the one which reveals the rise of Henry P. Davison, one of the heirs apparent to our most princely power.

Back in the eighties, a beardless boy trudged every morning and night through the streets of Troy, Pennsylvania, to and from a small bank where he was employed as a clerk. He was keen-eyed, conscientious, and very ambitious. New York drafts often passed through his hands, and on the ledgers over which he toiled there sometimes appeared the titles of the great institutions of Wall Street. Once he transcribed the name of J. P. Morgan. It is a curious coincidence, but from that time on a big vision haunted this boy's mind.

Then, as now, the Morgan name was magic. In banks, large and small, all over the United States, thousands of young men had hopes of an aideship to the grizzled field-marshal of American finance. Association with him spelled prestige and fame. To this boy, dreaming in the little Pennsylvania town, there came the ambition some day to have his part with Morgan in the drama of money.

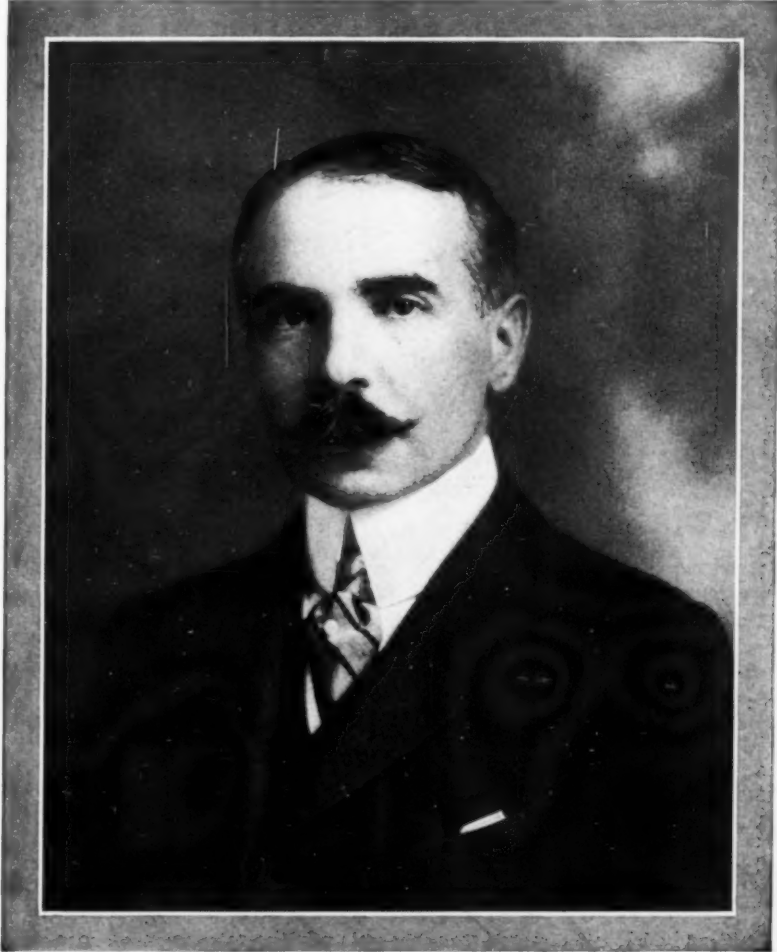


ALBERT H. WIGGIN, PRESIDENT OF THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK, AND A STRONG LINK IN THE MORGAN CHAIN OF FINANCIAL POWER

From a photograph by Brown, New York

In time, young Davison was receiving a salary of three hundred dollars a year. Although he was barely twenty, he had risen as high as he could go without encroaching on the functions of the owners of the bank; so he decided to go to New York. There was the heart of the banking

leaped when he stood at the corner of Broad Street, and saw the modest five-story building with the words "J. P. Morgan & Co." over the door. To him that building was a financial fortress. Every day, between his efforts to find a job, he came back to look at it.



OTTO H. KAHN, MEMBER OF THE FIRM OF KUHN, LOEB & COMPANY, AND ONE OF
THE FUTURE KINGS OF THE STREET

From a copyrighted photograph by Puck, New York

world; there was the beckoning house of Morgan.

He reached the greater city with forty dollars in his pocket. He had no introductions; he knew nobody. He walked over to Wall Street, and was amazed to find it such a narrow and crooked thoroughfare. His heart

He soon found that positions were not easily obtained in New York. His funds began to grow scant. He bethought himself of an old friend from Troy who was now employed in the Pequannock Bank at Bridgeport, Connecticut. Part of his small remaining surplus was spent in going up to

see this friend, whom he solicited for work. He was told that he was too young.

"Give me a chance," said Davison, "that is all I want."

The friend gave him a trial, and the new clerk speedily proved his worth. Here, as elsewhere, he followed a definite policy, which was to master his own task speedily and equip himself for the position just ahead. When you sum up his career in finance, you find that it has simply been a big dramatization of this idea.

He soon became invaluable; but Bridgeport was a small place, and his ambition was to be in New

York. One day he read in a newspaper that Francis L. Hine was organizing the Astor Place Bank in New York. It was a long chance, but young Davison decided to try it. He came to the city, sought out Mr. Hine, and was promptly told that a man with New York experience was required.

Davison returned to Bridgeport, disappointed but not discouraged. In a week, however, he had returned to Mr. Hine, and once more sought a place, and again the banker insisted upon a New York training.

DAVISON'S START IN NEW YORK

Now comes a characteristic Davison performance. For a third time he made the trip to New York, determined to land a job. Mr. Hine had left his office and gone to his home in Brooklyn. The young clerk followed him there, and after apologizing for such an intrusion, said:

"Mr. Hine, I simply must have that position. I cannot get New York training without getting a start in New York."

Mr. Hine sized up the stocky, determined lad—for he was scarcely more than that—and said:

"The only way I can get rid of you is to hire you!"



CHARLES H. SABIN, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY, AND DOMINANT IN THE GREAT GROUP OF TRUST COMPANIES UNDER THE MORGAN WING

From a photograph by Brown, New York

Thus Henry P. Davison got his start in New York. The next week he was sitting on a stool in the Astor Place Bank, adding up figures.

At this point it is worth dwelling for a moment on the pranks of destiny. The meeting between these two men was fateful, for each later led the other to high station. It was through Davison that Hine became cashier of the First National Bank, and subsequently it was Hine who suggested Davison for the vice-presidency of the institution.

In less than a year, young Davison was paying-teller of the Astor Place Bank. An episode of those

days shows his resource. As he sat in his cage, a man poked through the window, with one hand, a worthless draft for a thousand dollars, and with the other a pistol.

"I want this money, or you are a dead man!"

In a flash the teller sized up the situation. Here was a lunatic, and to refuse him probably meant death. Instantly, and very calmly, Davison replied:

"How do you want the money?"

"In small bills," said the man.

Davison cautiously ran his eye over the counting-room, and saw a husky porter coming toward his window. He p.aded to count the bills until the porter got within range, then he called to him, and in a moment the maniac was overpowered.

This ability to keep his head in emergency aided in his progress. In 1894, when he was twenty-nine, he was made assistant cashier of the Liberty National Bank, and within a year he was the bank's virtual head. From the Liberty, he went to the First National as vice-president, and it was here that his first big spectacular opportunity came.

The year 1907 arrived with a devastating panic. Most of us remember how, in

those stirring and soul-trying days, all old financial feuds were forgotten, and how day after day the money captains met in Mr. Morgan's library, devising plans to stem the tide of disaster. It was in these councils that Mr. Davison impressed his genius upon the old leaders, and his wisdom and foresight were much in demand.

up Mr. Davison. He said nothing, but on January 1, 1909, when the first vacancy occurred among the Morgan partners, the young man who had come to New York from a Pennsylvania village twenty years before was called to the desk.

Thus, at barely forty, he had realized the golden goal, and his career since that



MORTIMER L. SCHIFF, SON OF JACOB H. SCHIFF, AND A CROWN PRINCE OF CAPITAL IN MORE THAN NAME

From a photograph by MacDonald, New York

Here, too, he came into intimate contact with Mr. Morgan, who, besides being a connoisseur of art, is also a rare judge of men. The First National is the great Morgan bank. Mr. Morgan is a director, and frequently attends board meetings. This gave him additional opportunity to measure

time has been such as to justify Mr. Morgan's confidence. He has been assigned to practically every important foreign mission of his firm within the last two years. He consummated the delicate negotiation which ended in Mr. Morgan's acquisition of Mr. Ryan's stock in the Equitable. He brought



CHARLES D. NORTON, WHO HAS BEEN SUCCESSIVELY INSURANCE AGENT IN CHICAGO, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, SECRETARY TO PRESIDENT TAFT, AND WHO IS NOW VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, NEW YORK

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

about the great merger of trust companies under the Morgan wing.

Nothing is more symbolic of Mr. Davison's high place among the financial powers that be than the fact that within the year he has moved his desk alongside that of J. P. Morgan, Jr., and thus he may be said to occupy the outer chamber of the throne-room. Here he can sit and see the seething tumult of Wall Street, flanked always by the marble portals of the Stock Exchange.

When you come face to face with Mr. Davison you find yourself looking at a compact embodiment of vigor, stability, and resource. His eyes are keen and searching; there is a square, sure set about his massive jaw; his mouth is firm and

unyielding. You carry away from him the impression that here is a man who, once determined upon a course that he believed was right, would stick to it in the face of every opposition.

He is an extraordinary combination of strength, character, and brains, and it is not saying too much of him that among all the crown-princes of capital his success has been the swiftest, and his place for the future is set the highest.

THE RISE OF THOMAS W. LAMONT

In Wall Street, as in other theaters of significant happening, history repeats itself in men and events. Occasionally there is a peculiarly striking manifestation of this rule, and here is one:

On the first business day of the present year, a tall, lithe, well-set-up man took his place at a desk in that long, glass-enclosed hall of financial fame where Mr. Morgan's partners sit. He

was barely forty, yet he had well earned his place in the royal circle. His name was Thomas W. Lamont.

One interesting feature of Mr. Lamont's amazing rise is that it is so identically bound up with the progress of Mr. Davison. Both men were born poor, and in small towns; both had early struggles in New York. Mr. Davison found himself first, and then discovered Mr. Lamont. There began an intimacy between them which has spelled large success for each.

Mr. Lamont's story is cheering evidence of what a man can do for himself. He was born at Claverack, up New York State, and his father was a Methodist preacher with the traditionally large responsibilities and small resources. The elder Lamont was a college

man, and he determined that despite his lack of wealth his son should have a good education. Thomas needed no such stimulus. He had a hunger for knowledge, and after he had studied in the grammar schools at Catskill, Coxsackie, and Saugerties—the names bespeak the family wanderings—he was sent to Phillips Exeter Academy, at Exeter, New Hampshire, to prepare for college.

His means were limited, but with outside jobs he was able to get along in comfort. He "made" the editorial staffs of the three school publications, participated in sports, and stood well in his studies. It was the first concrete evidence of that easy capacity for work which afterward helped to single him out for distinction.

In 1888 he entered Harvard. Here he was thrown still more completely upon his own resources. He had the gift of terse and almost epigrammatic expression, so he turned to writing to help pay his way through college.

He started by doing some work for the Boston newspapers. They liked it, and he took on some of the New York dailies. Soon he had quite a profitable string of correspondence. The income from this, together with the scholarships that he won each year, tided him over the 'varsity period.

Despite all these distractions, he had his part in the college life. He was the first freshman editor from his class on the *Crimson*; he became business manager of the *Monthly*; he wrote the "Dicky" Club's sophomore play, and acted in the Hasty Pudding shows in his junior and senior years. As one of his friends said to me:

"He worked most of the time, yet he was never a 'grind,' and he was welcome in every circle."

When he graduated, in 1892, there was a *cum laude* attached to his A.B. degree—an honor which many men who did not have half his outside interests failed to get.

Young Lamont could not afford the luxury, so often indulged in by college graduates, of accepting a nominal salary, or no pay at all, to get started in business or a profession. He had to be a breadwinner at once. The practical thing that he knew best was newspaper work; so he went to New York, and got a job on the staff of the *Tribune*.

At once he displayed the first and foremost requisite of reporting, which is accuracy. This, combined with ability to run down a clue, made him valuable. In less

than two years he had been advanced to the copy desk in the city department, and his pay had more than quadrupled.

But his career lay along commercial lines, and he soon realized it. In 1894 he accepted an offer to join Cushman Brothers Company, a firm engaged in importing and exporting. The concern had been organized under adverse conditions, and had an uphill fight. After a few years it became necessary to reorganize. Mr. Lamont had made himself so indispensable that he was invited to become president of the new corporation. In order to contribute to its capital, he had to insure his life and borrow money on the policy.

In the rehabilitation of the business he displayed an unusual grasp of commercial detail. He turned debts into assets. Before long, the men who had dealings with him began to say:

"Watch out for Lamont; he is a 'comer.'"

Meanwhile Mr. Lamont had married and set up his home at Englewood, New Jersey. Henry P. Davison also lived there. In the social life of the town, and on the commuters' trains back and forth, they began to see a good deal of each other. The young banker was quick to appreciate the qualities of his neighbor; he was a man of his own fiber.

In 1903 Mr. Davison and some other bankers began to organize the Bankers Trust Company. Always keen and discriminating, Davison said to his associates:

"We want one of the officers to be a plain business man—a man who has been a borrower, and who has stood on the outside of the banking-counter."

Their choice fell on Lamont, who became secretary and treasurer of the company. Then he began really to come into his own. The engaging personality which had helped him at college made him a quick business-getter. He became vice-president and a director of the company, and came into contact with the great inner circle of the Street. Wherever he went, men marveled at his quiet force and effective results. He began to "arrive" in a big way.

One activity will show the extent and variety of his talents. For years American travelers abroad had got along with an inadequate check and money-order system. Some plan was needed which would simplify the process. In 1908 Mr. Lamont was sent to Europe to reorganize the existing system

for the American Bankers' Association. After a close study, he created the plan now in operation the world over.

All the while his friendship and financial connection with Mr. Davison had grown steadily. In 1909 Mr. Davison left the vice-presidency of the First National Bank to go into the Morgan firm, and the chair that he left vacant in the great money temple at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street was taken by his friend, who now sat in the seats of the moneyed mighty.

Here his sphere of action widened at once; he entered trust and industrial directorates; he handled large deals with almost incredible ease and complete absence of friction. He came to be regarded as a negotiator of unusual skill. As such, he was master of the most difficult step in most Wall Street transactions.

Herein lies the key to Mr. Lamont's success. He has the rare faculty of being able to put himself in the other fellow's position. I have heard financial veterans say that he is one of the few men in the Street who can close a vast negotiation, involving huge sums of money, leaving every participant feeling that he has done just the right thing.

Big as was his post in the First National, it proved to be only one more mile-post in the story of this compelling career. The contemplated retirement of George W. Perkins and Edward Whitney from the Morgan firm left two important vacancies, particularly that of the former. Mr. Morgan had a larger responsibility than usual in filling these posts, because he realized that it might be the last time that he would recruit his personal aides. He wanted youth, brilliancy, and proved worth; and his unerring eye sought out Mr. Lamont for one of the vacant stations.

On January 1 of this year, Mr. Lamont was invited into the kingly family. By a curious coincidence, he took the very same desk to which his friend Davison had been called just two years before.

Thus, at forty, Mr. Lamont has achieved a career which would content most men. With the possible exception of Mr. Davison's, it is the most spectacular of recent history in Wall Street. Yet unlike most spectacular careers in finance, which are speculative and therefore unstable, his is builded on character and genuine efficiency, and is therefore permanent. You have only to look upon this clean-limbed and clear-visioned man to see in him the vivid per-

sonification of what is really and distinctively American in spirit, energy, ambition, and achievement.

THE CAREER OF OTTO KAHN

When you turn to the next figure in this line of financial succession, you depart, for the moment, from the rugged, self-made path. Yet the circumstance that Otto H. Kahn happened to be born of well-to-do parents does not mean that his present eminence came about in the natural and easy order of things. Two important facts early combined to test his mettle and make him realize that his success had to be won. The first was that he was one of eight children; the other, that indolence is not generally encouraged in German families.

Mr. Kahn's father was a banker in Mannheim, and the boy was trained for the same career. He graduated from the local *gymnasium* when he was barely eighteen. The Germans believe in thorough practical training, so Otto was sent to a bank in Carlsruhe, where he spent three years. After a year in the army, he went to the great Deutsche Bank in London. In this powerful clearing-house for a world-wide financial activity he laid the real groundwork for his knowledge of the money science. Although he was in this institution less than five years, he rose to be pro-manager, which corresponds to the vice-president in an American bank.

Now behind his course in London is a motive which helps to explain German prestige in international banking. In the case of young Kahn, as with many others of his countrymen, the purpose was to master what might be called the racial temperament of financiering.

The money game to-day is played on a vast board on which the sun never sets. There is a marked difference between trading with the Anglo-Saxon and trading with the Slav. Tradition, environment, and degree of civilization enter into the transaction. Kahn was one of many outposts that the German system threw out in its struggle for the garnering of world trade and world money.

No field of that mighty desire was more alluring than the United States. In 1893 Mr. Kahn came to New York, and entered the house of Speyer & Co. Despite his training in two countries, he was a "green-horn" and only twenty-seven; but in a strange land, and under new conditions, he

demonstrated a high ability. Two years later he married Miss Addie Wolff, daughter of Mr. Abraham Wolff, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., retired from the Speyer establishment, and after a year of travel abroad returned to America to become a member of his father-in-law's firm. Thus at thirty he was entrenched in one of the citadels of the Street, second only in power and importance to the Morgan stronghold.

Here he came under the wise and watchful eye of Jacob H. Schiff, head of the house, and this contact alone was a liberal financial education. The first big negotiation into which he was projected was the memorable Union Pacific reorganization—a performance that began a new era in the story of American railroading and investment. Mr. Schiff was on the reorganization committee, but Mr. Kahn looked after the details of his end of the work.

Out of this reorganization there emerged not only the nucleus of a great railroad system, but what was perhaps more important—a master railroad-builder, whose name was E. H. Harriman. The man who was to dominate the whole railway map saw rare executive qualities in the brilliant young German who was assisting Mr. Schiff, and out of the comradeship of those days began one of the closest and most valuable friendships in Mr. Harriman's life.

In later years, when financial storms—especially the Northern Pacific “corner”—broke about Mr. Harriman, one of his ablest associates and lieutenants was Mr. Kahn. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. were the so-called “Harriman bankers,” and this intimate connection continued until Mr. Harriman died. In scores of great negotiations involving railroad destinies, Mr. Kahn has shown extraordinary qualities of analysis, thoroughness, and clear-sightedness.

One little incident will show how he is ranked among the kings of to-day. Once I was walking down Nassau Street, in New York, with Thomas F. Ryan, and we were discussing the financial captains of to-morrow. Suddenly the face of the great Virginia financier lighted up, and he said, pointing to a stocky, alert figure that approached us:

“Here comes a man who will be among the first in the list.”

It was Otto H. Kahn.

Despite the turmoil of large and engrossing affairs, Mr. Kahn has found leisure to gratify a sincere appreciation of art, and

especially of music and the drama. With Mr. Morgan, he believes that large fortunes should not only serve their end in the economic development of the country, but likewise in the general esthetic uplift. Unlike many millionaires who have private galleries and collections and keep their treasures to themselves, Mr. Kahn employs his wealth in artistic enterprises within the reach of large masses of the people. For years he has been one of the mainstays of the Metropolitan Opera-House, and he is now its chairman and the virtual business head of the institution. It was mainly through his efforts that the founders of the New Theater were recruited.

In explanation of these and similar activities, Mr. Kahn develops an interesting point of view. He calls himself a “cultural altruist.” By this he means that the endowment of the opera and the drama serves a humanitarian purpose as important in its way as that achieved by hospitals. He has also helped to found and support a neurological institute, which teaches people how to live and which aims to provide an antidote for the evils resulting from the mad pace of New York life.

Mr. Kahn is short and compact, with an erect bearing and an almost precise manner that suggest his German military training. Where Mr. Morgan and others of the older guard become restive and even irascible under pressure, he remains smiling and serene; yet beneath his unruffled exterior are real force, determination, and virility.

A BRACE OF VIRILE WESTERNERS

Despite the old contention that it forms a world in itself, and is practically independent of the rest of the country, Wall Street has taken toll of all sections, and particularly of the West. Hence there is a goodly mixture of rich, red, virile blood with the blue of the crown-princely line. The National City Bank, first of our banking bulwarks, treasury of far-flung interests, and our one institution resembling the Bank of England, affords some impressive examples.

At one end of the stately corridor of this bank is a platform where the officers have their desks. To one of these there came, less than a year and a half ago, Samuel McRoberts, a lawyer with a ruddy, strong face, iron-gray hair, and a stocky, compact, athletic figure. He was not quite forty. Out in Chicago, where he had been living,

he had registered a start something like Thomas W. Lamont's, for it was a succession of brilliant strokes.

He was a newcomer in Wall Street. Today, if you ask any of the leaders if they know him, they will quickly reply:

"He is one of the liveliest wires in the Street."

Mr. McRoberts is another one of the self-made contingent. He was born on a Kansas farm near Malta Bend, and worked close to the soil while he was growing up. He went to Baker University, at Baldwin, Kansas, where he organized the first football team, west of the Missouri. Then he took the law course at the University of Michigan.

In 1893 he started back home, by way of Chicago. Here he ran out of money; he was too proud to ask his father for funds, so he got a position on one of the Chicago newspapers. It was the year of the World's Fair, and most of his reporting was at the exposition grounds. He was thrifty, and by the time the great show closed its doors he had saved enough to permit him to take up the practise of his profession. He entered a law office as clerk at the munificent salary of five dollars a week.

One day in 1895, he saw in a morning paper an advertisement for a young lawyer. He answered it, and found that the advertisers were Armour & Co. He made a favorable impression when he called at the office, and got a very modest place in the law department of that great concern.

This proved to be the turning-point in his life. An association with Armour & Co. is more than a mere commercial connection. It means contact with huge financial enterprises, with chains of banks, tremendous industrial projects, and whole railroad systems. The moment he was projected into a financial negotiation, McRoberts displayed such talent and such mastery of details that he came to the personal notice of J. Ogden Armour. Before long he became assistant treasurer of the company, and in a year he was treasurer.

Mr. Armour's early interest ripened into a close friendship, and the young lawyer became the personal representative of the beef baron in many difficult transactions. This naturally brought him in contact with the money kings.

Mr. Armour is a director in the National City Bank, of which Frank A. Vanderlip is president, and McRoberts often had occa-

sion to see Vanderlip, who is himself a live Westerner. Just as Mr. Davison saw in Mr. Lamont a kindred spirit, so did the banker, who himself had graduated from obscure station, behold in the young Chicago lawyer a worthy colleague. Mr. McRoberts's next step was to the vice-presidency of the City Bank, as it is called in Wall Street. When Mr. Vanderlip went away on an extended Western trip, he entrusted much of his important work to Mr. McRoberts, and the way in which it was handled vindicated this confidence.

Perhaps the largest of Mr. McRoberts's qualities is his frank wholesomeness. In to Wall Street quarters where mystery, secrecy, and silence reigned in the old days he has brought a fresh, almost impetuous atmosphere; yet he also possesses a level and judicial head.

At the other end of the platform where Mr. McRoberts holds forth, you find his twin brother in energy, frankness, and efficiency. Joseph T. Talbert is also a newcomer in the Street, but it did not take him long to make an impression. Like his colleague, he was born to the traditional jeans. Although he first saw the light down in Mississippi, he has been identified with the West and is regarded as a Westerner.

He got his first taste of business at a frontier trading-post in Texas. When he was twenty-one, a ranchman started a bank in the town, and Talbert became its messenger and bookkeeper. In a year he was assistant cashier. When he was twenty-three he went to San Antonio, and filled the same post in the largest bank in the town.

At twenty-seven he was appointed bank examiner for the district comprising Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Oklahoma. Subsequently he was assigned to the district embracing Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Arizona, New Mexico, and Wyoming. In that country and in those days bank-examining was not a kid-glove job. There were times when he had to travel for ten days on horseback, and to endure many hardships, to examine a single bank; but it was good, wholesome experience.

In 1896 he became examiner for the Chicago district. Just as soon as the Western rulers of finance met Talbert, they sized him up for a man who ought to be working for them; and in the following year he became cashier of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago. At that time it had a capital of a million dollars, and deposits of

nine millions. Before long he sat in the vice-president's chair, and was the practical dominating man. Then Frank Vanderlip singled him out, and he went to Wall Street. When he left the Commercial National its capital had grown to seven million dollars and its deposits to seventy-five millions.

Like Mr. McRoberts, he brings a peculiar quality of service to the National City Bank. In New York there is great competition for the business of the so-called "country banks"—that is, the banks located out of reserve centers. These banks have a great deal of surplus money at various times, and it is sent to New York, where it is loaned out in call and time loans. No man in Wall Street knows the "country bank" situation better than Mr. Talbert, and as an aid in attracting their funds to the City Bank he is invaluable.

He is short, deep of chest, with smooth face, and with a twinkling eye that suggests his Scottish-Irish descent.

WIGGIN OF THE CHASE NATIONAL

But the National City Bank is not the only royal financial court. Take, for example, the Chase National, an impregnable fortress, with deposits of more than one hundred millions. To be president of this institution makes a man true wearer of the money ermine.

Yet if you went to the white marble palace down in Cedar Street, where the bank is housed, and asked to see the president, you would not be ushered with chill formality into an imposing office flanked by flunkies. Instead, you would find yourself warmly greeted by a cordial and magnetic man, with a very winning manner, whose demeanor and action are the very opposite of the popular conception of the remoteness of a Wall Street bank-president. He may ask you to sit beside him at a plain oak roll-top desk, which stands out in the open, among the other officers of the institution. Accessibility and a delightful frankness mark the whole procedure with him. Such a man is Albert H. Wiggin, who at forty-three is a crown prince of capital by right and ability.

Like Mr. Lamont, he is the son of a preacher. He was born at Medfield, Massachusetts. He wanted to go to college, but had to start to work before he was eighteen. During his vacations he had done odd jobs in a Boston bank; the atmosphere fascin-

ated him, and he was ambitious to become a banker.

His first position was in the National Bank of the Commonwealth, in Boston, as clearing-house runner and settlement clerk. When he was twenty-three he became assistant national bank-examiner for the Boston district. There were two reasons why he took this position. One was that it would increase his knowledge of banking; the other, that the post had long been regarded as a stepping-stone to a good cashiership.

In his case, history failed to repeat itself promptly; but he was always resourceful. One day he went to a friend of his family, who was an officer in the Third National Bank, and asked for a position. He was told that there was no vacancy.

"Create one," he said boldly.

It was on the young man's suggestion that the office of assistant cashier was made, but unfortunately he did not get it at once. In less than a year, however, he was called to it, and then began his real banking career. When he was twenty-eight, he was made vice-president of the Eliot National Bank.

The moment he stepped into real authority, he found banking conditions that needed reform. His bank, like others, was suffering from an excess of capital—that is, so far as concerns the relation of capital to deposits. Many institutions were content to do a small business with a comparatively large profit, instead of a large business at a smaller rate of profit.

"We must get more business," he said.

He started a new era in Boston banking by absorbing the National City Bank. It was the first of the important Boston bank consolidations. Later on his bank annexed the Tremont National. Before he was past his thirtieth year, he had made all Boston bankdom sit up and admire his methods. They resulted in a profitable cutting down of the number of banking institutions in the New England capital.

Mr. Wiggin's bank was a large purchaser of commercial paper, and this often brought him to New York. He had much to do with the National Park Bank, and its officers recognized his swift judgment of credit and his unerring insight into a balance-sheet. They offered him a vice-presidency, and he accepted.

In New York he repeated his Boston success, for he became a very remarkable business-getter. He studied the whole big financial line-up in the Street, and when he

was asked to come to the Chase National as vice-president, in 1904, he was admirably equipped.

At the head of the Chase Bank was Mr. A. B. Hepburn, a really great bank president, who is both student and business man. He saw his colleagues, like James Stillman and George F. Baker, retiring from the routine of their presidencies, and yet retaining their grip on things as chairmen of the boards of directors. On January 1 last he followed their example, and Mr. Wiggin succeeded him.

It has become a tradition in Wall Street that Mr. Wiggin invests a transaction with such charm of manner, and such uncompromising fairness, that men are always anxious to go back and do business with him again. He is in a dozen boards, and his sphere of power is constantly widening. He is frank, human, cordial; and the belief among his contemporaries is that before he is ten years older he will be surpassed by few in financial authority.

SABIN OF THE GUARANTY TRUST

Up to this time I have discussed men who are in public or private banks. Let us now turn to one of the virile forces in a great New York trust company.

The average man, not familiar with the ramifications of up-to-date banking, has little conception of the new importance of the trust company, especially in Wall Street. Not so long ago it was a very restricted organization, whose principal function was to act as trustee. Suddenly its scope widened, until to-day the trust companies of the Street are vast financial factors, more important than many of the large banks.

None of these companies is more potent than the Guaranty Trust, which, with the Astor, the Equitable, the Mercantile, the New York, and the Standard, helps to form a system which has been well called "the Morgan money trust," and which is the great financier's safeguard against disaster in times of panic. The vice-president of this company is Charles H. Sabin, who has taken his place, in a very brief time, among the younger captains of the Street.

Mr. Sabin was born in Williamstown, Massachusetts, and went to Graylock Institute, where he was a classmate of Henry P. Davison. By this time you will begin to think that Mr. Davison is a sort of fairly financial godfather, and such seems to be the case, for the early friendship between

the two lads had a big bearing on Mr. Sabin's later life.

At seventeen, he went to work in a flour commission house at Albany, New York. But for a very picturesque episode, he might still be in that rather prosaic business. At school he had been a crack baseball pitcher. One day, a few years after he settled in Albany, the Ridgefield Athletic Club of that place had a ball-game scheduled with a strong out-of-town nine. On the very morning of the game it was discovered that the Ridgefield pitcher was out of commission. Sabin was pressed into service, and pitched a winning game.

The president of the athletic club was a brother of the president of the National Commercial Bank of Albany. In his joy over the victory he said to his brother:

"You have got to give Sabin a job in your bank."

Sabin was willing, and thus he became a financier by virtue of his strong right arm.

The bank president found that he had made no mistake, for the youth had a natural aptitude for banking. After a year or two, a vacancy occurred at the teller's desk in the Park, another Albany bank. Sabin applied for it, but was told that he was too young.

"If I don't make good in a month," he replied, "I will quit."

In a year he was cashier. In 1902, when he was thirty-four years of age, he went back to the National Commercial Bank as vice-president and manager.

A few years later, a group of big copper men in New York—men of the type of John D. Ryan, Charles M. Schwab, and Urban Broughton, the son-in-law of Henry H. Rogers—organized the National Copper Bank, which was to be the bank of their great industry, independent of any speculative enterprises. They wanted a live, energetic man for president. One night Mr. Ryan met Henry P. Davison at a dinner, and asked him to suggest some one.

"I've got the man, if you can persuade him to come," replied Mr. Davison.

He mentioned Mr. Sabin, who accepted the presidency of the new bank. Under his régime, it had a phenomenal growth. Later, when it was merged with the Mechanics National, Mr. Sabin became vice-president of the enlarged institution.

Subsequently, when the Guaranty Trust Company passed out of the control of the Harriman estate, and came under the Mor-

gan wing, Mr. Sabin went to it as vice-president. But he is more than this; he is a dominating power in what many people consider the largest trust company in the United States.

There is something about Mr. Sabin's appearance that suggests the late Paul Morton, for he is tall, rangy, and well set-up, and looks fit all the time. He still keeps up his athletics, and is an excellent polo-player.

Mr. Sabin's story naturally leads us on to the station occupied by Gates W. McGarrah, for they have had much in common, and were associated for a time.

In the case of Mr. McGarrah you find the familiar self-made success. He graduated from a cross-roads store into a country national bank. He found that his experience in studying human nature across the counter was very useful in banking, where the merchandising was in money instead of sugar or calico. Like his successful contemporaries, he came to New York in his teens, got a clerkship in the Produce Exchange Bank, and became assistant cashier.

Going to the Leather Manufacturers National, he rose from cashier to be president. When this bank was merged with the Mechanics National, he became president of the combination, which later on, as already recorded, took over the National Copper. The name of the institution was then changed to the Mechanics and Metals National Bank, and of this he is now president.

The significance of Mr. McGarrah's position is that he is at the head of a really great and independent Wall Street bank, which is not dominated by any of the so-called "interests," such as Standard Oil. He is big and imposing of frame and presence, with a level and constructive head.

THE NEWEST OF THE CROWN PRINCES

When the news was telegraphed from Washington that Charles D. Norton, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and more lately secretary to President Taft, had been named as vice-president of the First National Bank, the natural comment in Wall Street was:

"Here is another financial leader of tomorrow."

Such is the commanding eminence of the post. In this case, both the man and his position combine to make the prophecy doubly strong.

Most newspaper readers know about Mr. Norton's record in Washington, but they

do not realize, perhaps, that he had a successful career before he got there. Like most of his princely brothers of the financial realm, he is just past forty. He was born in Oshkosh, worked his way through Amherst, and then went to live in Chicago, where he entered the life-insurance field.

His agreeable personality and persuasive manner made him an irresistible policy-writer, and he became agent for half of the State of Illinois. He chose his subordinates from among young college men; he organized them into classes, and taught them that insurance was a science. His force became a whirlwind of work and result, and his earnings rose to fifty thousand dollars a year. He gave up his position to become Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, under Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, for forty-five thousand dollars a year less.

He remembered, possibly, that this office had been the stepping-stone to financial heights. From it Frank A. Vanderlip had gone to the National City Bank, to take a place among the Wall Street elect. From other high official posts men like Paul Morton, George B. Cortelyou, and Leslie M. Shaw had advanced to prestige in finance.

In a year he mastered the ramified details of the Treasury Department, and deeply impressed upon them his personality and his methods. At the end of that year, dire things were happening over at the White House. The President's secretary, Frank W. Carpenter, had proved temperamentally unsuitable for the exacting position. As one very clever man remarked at that time:

"The office of secretary to the President was a total loss, and needed insurance."

Mr. Norton took the risk, and established his quarters in the executive office. He did what William Loeb did—that is, made himself a real assistant to the President. In a task that required consummate tact, unflinching courtesy, and rare knowledge of men, he made good, and harmony once more brooded over the official household.

Such a man is too big to bury even in so important an official place. In the Treasury Department he had come to know the financial leaders. When Mr. Lamont left the First National, his departure made a vacancy for a man of the same type, and Mr. Norton was summoned to it. Now he sits with a board of directors who could finance a whole kingdom. No bank in the Street, not even the National City, has such far-reaching corporate connections as this one.

The fact that he is the second of the two new partners of J. P. Morgan makes Mr. W. H. Porter highly eligible for a place in the royal succession. Although he is a few years older than most of his crown-princely colleagues, he must be reckoned among the new leaders.

Of all the commanding New York bankers, Mr. Porter is undoubtedly the most retiring. His whole career has been a record of unremitting work and solid achievement. He served his banking apprenticeship in the old Fifth Avenue Bank, long regarded as a training-school for eminent financiers. At twenty-five he was cashier of the Chase National; before he was forty, he was vice-president of the Chemical National. He was president of the Chemical when he was invited into the Morgan firm.

It is said of Mr. Porter that no banker in New York exceeds him in ripeness of judgment or in power of analyzing statistics. With these gifts he combines a rare and searching mind, a marvelous memory, and a high repute for integrity and solidity of character. The judgment of the Street is that his entry into the Morgan firm has brought still more distinction to that great banking-house.

There is another banker in Wall Street who in point of age and experience is perhaps in Mr. Porter's class—William A. Simonson. Though Mr. Simonson is not one of the Davison coterie, he is one of the brightest, keenest, and best-equipped bankers in New York. He is president of the Second National, one of Mr. Stillman's banks, and is one of the most active vice-presidents of the National City.

It is not amiss to mention here some of the men, still in the prime of life, who may be said to have passed from princeliness to kingship—men of the type of James Speyer, head of the great international house which bears his name; of Francis L. Hine, president of the First National Bank; of Paul Warburg, one of the ablest and most brilliant of the Kuhn-Loeb partners; of Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank; of James Wallace, president of the Central Trust Company; and of William Woodward, of the Hanover National Bank. Most of these men really represent the present generation of leaders.

It only remains to speak of the sons of the rich who have a place, by virtue of their own efforts, among the crown princes of capital. In an article published in MUNSEY'S

MAGAZINE last August, I told their stories, so here I shall merely mention them casually in concluding.

THE SONS OF THE RICH

First and foremost among them is J. P. Morgan, Jr., a real chip of the old financial block, image of his great father in physique, and kin to him in spirit and action. He went through a grilling course of training, and came out of it a worthy colleague for the brilliant group of partners that now surround him. Then, too, there is Allan A. Ryan, who is already making a name for himself in the domain that his parent dominated so long.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has no ambition to shine in business, and is content with a nominal association with large affairs. On the other hand, Henry H. Rogers, Jr., has succeeded to many of the interests and responsibilities of his resourceful father. Other sons of the Standard Oil magnates include Percy and William G. Rockefeller, the heirs of William Rockefeller, who have shown ability of a marked order.

Jacob H. Schiff rests easy in the belief that his son Mortimer L. Schiff will worthily carry on the family name. He is a full partner in his father's house, and has abundantly demonstrated his efficiency. He is a college man; he roughed it on the Hill roads, where he picked up a practical knowledge of railroading; and then he served his time behind the counter of a New York trust company. In London he had a desk alongside Sir Ernest Cassel, who is the banker of kings. Then he returned to this country to take his place as a crown prince in name and deed.

Of all the Vanderbilts, only one of the younger generation—Cornelius—is really doing a man's work in the world of business. By a somewhat interesting circumstance, he received a smaller inheritance than other members of his family. His cousin, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., is nominally assistant to the president of the New York Central.

Young James A. Stillman is holding a vice-presidency in the National City Bank, and doing much more than merely being a Stillman, for he has shown himself worthy of his name. So, too, is it with the younger Guggenheims; with James J. Hill's sons, who inherit their sturdy father's working power; and with the Morriszes, who belong to the second generation in the Beef Trust.

Such is the fiber of the financial masters of to-morrow.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN OPERA

BY ANDREAS DIPPEL

MANAGER OF THE PHILADELPHIA-CHICAGO GRAND OPERA COMPANY

THE subject of American grand opera, and grand opera in English, is not a hackneyed one, despite everything that has been written and said about it within the last two or three months. To me, it is the newest topic in the realm of music, and certainly the most interesting. It is so interesting because, it appears to me, the future of grand opera in this country is the future of American opera—opera written by American composers and librettists, and sung in English by American voices, for audiences who understand what is being sung.

But before telling what my expectations are as to the splendid future of American opera, I should like to try to brush away a few mental cobwebs that seem to have obscured a clear conception of this subject in the minds of many who are interested in it from one view-point or another. Personally, I am interested in it from the stand-point of a producer, and I hope that my efforts will be so successful in the next five years that my ideas will be approved by both the public and the critics.

In the first place, we hear a great deal about the "unsingable qualities" of the English language. I regard this objection as worthy of little consideration; yet so persistently has the criticism of English as a medium of operatic music been maintained that it cannot be ignored here.

No one can deny that English has served as a vehicle for some of the most beautiful and impressive thoughts that have ever been expressed. I have read a great deal of prose and poetry in German, Italian, French, and English, and, although a German by birth, I can say sincerely that no literature makes a stronger appeal to me than that which has enriched the English tongue. No sensible reason can be advanced why English, with its wealth of poetic words and phrases, its elasticity, and its inherent strength, should

not be the medium of the great operas of the future. That it will be I have not the least doubt. Once and for all, and very quickly, we should drop the untenable claim that operas cannot be sung in English as well as in Italian, German, or French.

Another criticism, and one that is equally without justification, is that "foreign" singers cannot learn English well enough to sing it acceptably before audiences who know no other language.

It would be just as reasonable to say that American singers cannot sing Italian, German, or French to suit Italian, German, and French audiences. Of course, nobody says this since Miss Geraldine Farrar has sung *Elisabeth* in "Tannhäuser" to the delight of Berlin audiences, and since Miss Mary Garden has achieved greater success in Paris, in the new French operas, than any French soprano. It is far from being a compliment to the intelligence and ability of our talented Italian, French, and German singers to say that they cannot learn English as well as Miss Garden has learned French, or as Miss Farrar has mastered German.

I have found that "foreign" artists not only can sing in our language, but are anxious to do so. In the Victor Herbert opera, "Natoma," which I have had the honor and keen pleasure to present to American audiences, there are only four English-speaking singers in the cast—Miss Garden, Miss Lillian Grenville, Mr. John McCormack, and Mr. Frank Preisch. Mr. Hector Dufranne and Mr. Gustave Huberdeau are Frenchmen; Mr. Armand Crabbé is a Belgian; Mr. Mario Sammarco is an Italian, and Mr. Constantin Nicolay is of Greek parentage. So far as singing was concerned, English was to them a strange and unknown tongue; yet they began rehearsals eagerly, and the fair measure of their success is a pretty good

argument against the foreigner's alleged inability to sing English.

The fact that their diction does not possess the remarkable clarity and force of Miss Garden's is an object-lesson that cannot but be beneficial in future productions of American opera. It emphasizes one point that cannot be impressed too strongly on the mind of every singer—the great value of pure diction.

The study of diction is one of the most important features in the successful development of an operatic artist. When European singers attach to it its real value, they will sing in English as well as our native-born artists. Such great-artists as Mme. Marcella Sembrich and Mme. Johanna Gadski, when singing songs in English, have enunciated the words so admirably that everybody in the audience has understood them. Others can do what they have done.

Of course, it takes time for the foreigner, particularly the Frenchman or the Italian, to learn English so that he or she can sing it acceptably; but it also takes time for the New England or New York soprano to learn Parisian French. I do not say that the foreigner ever acquires perfection in English; but perfection in diction is attained by very, very few singers, regardless of their nationality or the languages in which they sing.

HAVE WE COMPOSERS AND LIBRETTISTS?

A third objection that has been advanced against American grand opera is that we have not the composers and librettists equal to writing it. Such an objection has little reasonable support, and is gradually tottering to a fall. One single American opera, "Natoma," has jolted the props under it, for the popularity of this work shows that American composers can win genuine success in the field of grand opera. The same may be said of another new American opera, "The Sacrifice," by Converse, which has recently been produced in Boston.

The reason that we have hitherto had no truly grand operas by American composers is that there has been no demand for them, and little encouragement for the composers. Until recently New York and New Orleans have been the only cities in this country that have had permanent opera. Elsewhere there were no opera-houses, and the theaters were quite unfit for operatic productions, owing to their inadequate stage facilities and their lack of space for large orchestras.

Another reason is the fact that Americans have not seriously considered having a national opera of their own. But the time has come when we not only want our own opera, but insist on having it. If I can meet this demand, which is becoming stronger all the time, I shall feel that my twenty years of operatic labors in this country have reached a culmination of which I never dreamed when I came to America as a youth.

A year ago I outlined my plan for starting a national American opera, and I discussed it from every point of view with the patriotic financiers in New York and Chicago who have been so earnest and enthusiastic in their efforts to see the plan carried out. At present this scheme has progressed more rapidly than I had hoped. I said to myself:

"Here is a nation of nearly one hundred million people—the richest and most powerful in the world; a nation that has achieved wonders in science, commerce, and manufacturing, in the solution of governmental problems, and even in literature and art, and yet it does not produce its own opera—it buys it abroad, like its coffee and spring styles. Therefore, its opera is very expensive, is confined to a few cities, and is a luxury of the rich, not the heritage of the whole people. This opera does not represent the nation's spirit or its traditions. It represents the spirit and traditions of Germany, Italy, and France."

My belief was that the growth of American opera, like all other growths that are permanent, must be deeply rooted in the soil. A national opera must not begin by a few great artists announcing their intention of singing in English. As in Germany, it must start in the chorus, for the chorus is, so to speak, the foundation of opera.

To illustrate the point clearly, I will take the case of the average German soprano. She was not marked for opera from her cradle. She grew up in her parents' home, went to school, and had the usual experiences of girlhood. When she developed a voice, she began singing in an amateur chorus or an oratorio society. Thus she entered into a musical atmosphere, and became familiar with opera, for in Germany opera is a universal form of entertainment that can be enjoyed at little cost.

This girl did not have to learn a foreign tongue, because opera in Germany is all German. The chorus in which she sang contained dozens of her schoolmates and

townsfolk. Thus in a community containing several hundred young people, there were sifted out of this chorus possibly a hundred excellent voices. Out of this hundred, several voices developed that were worthy of principal parts in opera; and these were further developed by special musical education. Thus the young soprano was not "discovered," but was evolved naturally.

The average American city has the same possibilities, but it lacks the organization to develop and realize them. Before an American girl can sing in opera, she must learn German, French, and Italian. If such requirements prevailed in Germany or in Italy, grand opera would certainly be on the wane in those countries.

A CHORUS IN EACH GREAT CITY

The first step in our efforts to obtain American opera is the proper development of the chorus. Last year, several months before the opening of the grand-opera season in Chicago, I organized a chorus class in that city. The girls came from the conservatories and private music classes of the great Western metropolis. Their voices were fresh and sweet, and the girls themselves were eager to work and learn. A competent vocal instructor was employed, and one after another the chorus parts of French, German, and Italian operas were taken up.

I was not once doubtful of the success of the undertaking, but when I returned to Chicago from Europe I was amazed at the results. I never thought that American girls could, in so short a time, sing operas so beautifully. When the season opened, these talented girls became a part of the regular chorus, and they have sung with us throughout the season in Chicago, New York, and Philadelphia. They have been one of the brightest spots in our productions, and I feel sure that several of them will be able to sing "solo parts" next season.

Now, if such a chorus can be obtained in Chicago, similar choruses can be organized and trained in at least half a dozen large American cities that support opera. The expense would be small compared to that of other items going to make up perfect grand-opera productions.

The organizing of choruses in the large cities would naturally call for a central organization of managers, conductors, and soloists. My plan is to have this central organization in Washington, which would

be a factor in carrying out the idea of the national scope of the movement. With headquarters in the capital of the nation, I will take St. Louis as an example of the working of the plan.

Let us suppose that we were to give ten performances in St. Louis within two weeks. The chorus would already be proficient in the operas that were to be sung; the principals and the conductors, with their orchestra, would go from Washington, and the ensemble would be complete. In time, not only the chorus would be ready in St. Louis, but a large part of the orchestra might be obtained there. As the taste for opera continued to develop in that city, and as the demand for it increased accordingly, the season would be lengthened, and St. Louis would become a great music center for the middle West.

This plan may be looked upon as too ambitious to be practical; but to me it is altogether practical. It would effect a great reduction in the expense—that most important feature of grand opera which is often overlooked by both critics and public. When you consider that it costs nearly twenty thousand dollars to bring the Chicago Grand Opera Company from Chicago to Philadelphia and to take it back to Chicago again, you will realize what a staggering factor transportation expenses are in the operatic equation.

As a result, what would you have? The St. Louis opera-going public would see performances staged as finely as they could be staged. The principals would be singers of international reputation, and the conductors would be men trained in the great musical centers of the Old World. The chorus would be made up of young women singing the language that they have known from the cradle. When the season ended, they would not be taken away with the company, but would remain in St. Louis, their culture and developed talent being a permanent addition to the artistic wealth of the community.

The expenses would be far less than those of any other season in the history of the city. Hotel bills would be fewer, and railroad fares would be trifling, compared to the cost of transporting an entire company. All this would, of course, make the cost of admission to the opera-house one-half or two-thirds of what it was formerly, and thousands more people would enjoy the opera—people who love and understand music, but who cannot

afford to pay for it at from two to five dollars a seat.

Nor is this all, for a great deal of the money spent would go right back into the community as salaries to the chorus, orchestra, costumers, and scene-painters. And many a young man or woman who could never go to Europe to study opera would be enabled to make a start as a singer.

This plan could be carried out in six or eight American cities which have shown genuine interest in opera, and which have enthusiastically supported short opera seasons.

"FOREIGN" OPERAS IN ENGLISH

Of course, the scheme would be handicapped by many difficulties if most of the operas are to be sung in the language of Berlin, Milan, or Paris. They must be given in English, and, what is more, they will be. But it stands to reason that we have not enough American operas at present upon which to base our efforts. Therefore, we must take "foreign" operas and sing them in English.

It might be interesting in this connection to state that when I was fortunate enough to secure for the Metropolitan Opera Company, in New York, the right to produce Humperdinck's opera, "Königskinder," for the first time on any stage, my strongest argument for inducing the composer to let his work be sung in America first was that I was going to use his opera as a pioneer effort in the giving of real grand opera in English. If Humperdinck had finished the opera one season earlier, or if I had not retired from the active management of the Metropolitan to become director of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, I should have carried out my idea of giving "Königskinder" in English.

The success that this opera has won is not surprising to me; but I still believe that if the work had been given for the first time in English, it would have been a tremendous force in the movement for opera in the vernacular. Everybody would have understood better the fate of the two kingly children, and would have had deeper sympathy for them. Having to follow only the action of the opera, so exquisitely echoed in the music, audiences would have been touched more deeply by the beauty and poetry of the work.

I am not in sympathy with the oft-repeated phrase:

"You can't sing Wagner or Verdi in English."

The trouble along this line has been that we have had few good translations of the Italian, French, and German operas. Most of the translating has been done in a slipshod fashion by writers working for producers who have had no aim but to make money. For the most part these translations have been sung by minor companies with untrained choruses and untrained musicians; and such abortive attempts have harmed rather than helped the cause of opera in English.

As soon as I can get adequate casts—casts capable of singing the Wagnerian music-dramas with pure diction—I hope to show that Wagner in English is as good as Wagner in German. The translations will be the best obtainable. I think that two or three truly splendid productions would make obsolete the saying that "opera must be sung in the language in which it is written." We have translated the Bible from one language into another, and still another, and it is still accepted as Gospel; so we can translate Wagner from the German into English, and it will still be Wagner.

AMERICAN MUSIC FOR AMERICA

But the present intention to give translated operas in the way in which they should have been presented before this is merely a preliminary effort in establishing a national American opera. To see such a hope realized, we must encourage American composers and American librettists in every possible way. We must have opera that is distinct; opera that is different from the works of Massenet, Strauss, and Wagner. This opera may be "melodious" in the accepted sense, or it may not be; but it must be thoroughly American, for such a thing as "American music" really does exist. "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Dixie" are as distinctly American as the Declaration of Independence or Lincoln's Gettysburg speech.

Mr. Herbert, in "Natoma," has made a worthy start in this direction, for, excepting its Spanish *motifs*, the opera is American from the rising of the curtain to the Indian "Theme of Fate" which marks *Natoma's* entrance into the convent at the close.

Though America is young, its history is abundantly rich in historic incidents—incidents that are full of romance and bravery. These can be idealized by librettists, and they will have dramas far superior to those of many operas that we regard as "classics."

We do not have to have gods and goddesses for opera. The tragedies of the East Side of New York can be made just as effective in song as Charpentier's Montmartre district in "Louise." There is no prescribed territory, there are no certain characters, to be chosen. The subject is as broad as the country itself, for a story of California will appeal to New York just as much as a story of New York will appeal to Californians. The traditions of one section are, more or less, the traditions of another, and American music will be recognized as American music whenever or wherever it is heard by American ears.

The establishment of a national American opera will bring possibilities truly glorious. It will be the artistic Declaration of Independence, the breaking away from European traditions that have been the obsession of many of our singers, opera-goers, and opera-producers. It will mean that foreign composers will look to America, just as to their own countries, for the success of their works. It will mean that New York, Chicago, and other cities will hear "foreign" operas before they are produced in Europe. This is already indicated by the wish of Humperdinck and Puccini to have "Königskinder" and "The Girl of the Golden West" sung in New York before being presented in Europe.

So let us get underneath the fogs, take a clear outlook on the operatic horizon, and see that American opera is a sane and logical hope, and one that can be realized by the application of sane and earnest efforts.

It will take time, it will cost money, and it will mean hard work. The time and the hard work are of no consequence to those who produce opera, for the giving of a new opera always means work throughout the day and far into the night. As for the money, there are men in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other metropolitan centers who have shown in no uncertain way that they are as anxious for the supremacy of this country in the operatic world as they are for its supremacy in the commercial world. Such men as Mr. Otto H. Kahn, Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Mr.

Harold F. McCormick, Mr. Eben D. Jordan, Mr. Edward T. Stotesbury, and others whom I might mention, are not only deeply interested in this subject, but have given their time and money to it.

They are doing their part, and it remains for the producers and the singers to do theirs; the audiences will do the rest. The temper of audiences is shown by the enthusiastic reception accorded to the recent productions of native works. As for the artists, I can say without hesitation that they will gladly sing in the new American grand operas that will be written and produced in future seasons. As to the producing end, I will do my part to the best of my ability, without thought of the labor involved.

It is my hope to round out my career in helping to establish American opera, and to see it on a firm and independent basis. Once established, it will mark the beginning of a new era in the artistic and musical history of America—a truly magnificent heritage for our children, who will come to love opera as do the children of Italy, Germany, and France.

The American people have sentiment, they love the beautiful, and these qualities will make them love opera when it is sung in a language that they can understand. Nothing impresses me more than the fact that the time has come when the young and forceful men of this nation are not satisfied with the things that can be purchased with money. The great American city of the immediate future must be great in its appeal to the invisible and eternal part of man.

We are coming rapidly into the day of the arts—the day of music, painting, drama, and literature. Opera, as no other institution, gathers all these into one. It is democratic in its appeal, it thrives or fails upon the verdict of the whole people.

I have given twenty years of my life to the production of European opera in America. I should like to give twenty more in helping Americans to produce American opera, sung by American voices in the language of the Declaration of Independence, the language of your markets, streets, and homes, of your sages, children, and lovers.

LINES FOR A SUN-DIAL

THE spring makes merry and the roses blow,
The summer waneth and the dead leaves fall,
The wings of winter drop the feathery snow—
But I write Time's inscription on them all!

Charles C. Jones

THE FATAL LETTER

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

AUTHOR OF "THE RETURN OF ENO CARDEN," ETC.

IT was an open secret in the Avonia community that the Seldens were not getting on well together. Three years married, and no children, but no end of quarrels!

Whether children would have prevented quarrels is open to doubt, for Mrs. Selden had irritating ways, and Selden would have vexed a saint—which Mrs. Selden laid no claim to being. Mrs. Selden got more sympathy than Mr. Selden did; and yet it was Selden who yearned for sympathy, while Mrs. Selden's attitude toward the public was that of a famous American railroad magnate.

There is surely no harm in a woman's smoking, if she cares to pollute her breath with cigarettes; but Selden could never get used to seeing his wife smoke, he not being a smoker himself.

An innocent cocktail now and then is relished by some very good women, and Mrs. Selden had undoubted virtues; but as her husband never indulged in anything stronger than malted milk, on account of a weak digestion, he could never clink glasses with her. There's no fun in clinking a glass of malted milk against a Martini.

Matters came very near to a climax when Selden found out that Mrs. Selden had come home from an afternoon concert with George Chasseau, the organist of the Presbyterian church.

"But I didn't go to the concert with him," said she, daintily flitting the ashes off her cigarette. "He was there in the lobby after it was over, and we agreed that Sembrich was just as delightful as ever; and then what more natural, as we were both coming home, than that we should have walked to the Subway together? And I never would have caught the boat except for him. He took my arm and helped me to hurry."

"He took your arm?" said Selden, throwing down the book he had been reading and rising to his feet.

"Yes, what of it? You make me tired,

Fosdick! You make me feel like doing something—something—"

"Something desperate!" supplied Selden, pacing the floor with excited steps. "I've been afraid of it for a long time, Lisa. I have ceased to be anything in your life but a wage-earner—oh, don't say anything," said he, seeing that she was about to speak. "I realize it. I am good old Fosdick who brings home money to run the house, but I no longer have your love!"

There was in his voice a suspicion of a tremble that would have stood him in good stead in an emotional scene in private theatricals; but the moment seemed tragic to Selden, whose imagination was apt to work overtime when at all excited.

"You're perfectly nonsensical, Fosdick!"

Lisa threw away her cigarette, and, going over to her husband, laid her hand on his shoulder. He jerked away from it.

"Don't! I'm in no mood for *that*! I can see the end from the beginning. A note on the table, an empty house, and then—then—what will become of me?"

"Why, Fossy," laughed Lisa, "I think you'll be happier! Perhaps, if you have another chance, you won't marry a cigarette-smoking, cocktail-drinking wretch who comes home from concerts with men who don't even live on the same street. It'll be better for you when the end comes."

Selden, with a gulp, went back to his chair and picked up his book; but he could see nothing but a blur, and again he threw the volume away from him.

"Lisa," said he, going over to her and looking at her with his solemn eyes, "if ever you leave a note and leave me, that day I will leave also."

"Where'll you go, dear?" Lisa had walked over to the piano, and now seated herself on the stool, preparatory to playing music appropriate to the scene, which in her eyes was a highly farcical one.

"I'll leave this world!"

Hard on this climax came a ring at the door, and a moment later the maid announced the Stedmans, who had come in to play bridge.

Selden was sufficiently master of himself to cover up his wo with a forced smile, and his volatile wife had no difficulty in enjoying her favorite game; and yet, when the Stedmans were on their way home, Mrs. Stedman said to her husband:

"There's something wrong there, John."

"Oil and water don't mix," John replied.

"Oil and milk-and-water don't mix any better. I wish Selden was more of a man!"

II

It may have been a week later—it was on a Thursday—that the Seldens had a family quarrel at breakfast. It had just as small a cause as most family quarrels, but its effect was to upset the tempers of both Lisa and Fosdick for the whole morning. Solely on account of it, the maid in Avonia and an office-boy in New York felt that all was not well with the world.

A woman can smoke cigarettes, and even drink cocktails, and be a valuable member of society. Lisa Selden was as right-minded a woman as you'll find in any suburban community—a little foolish, a little giddy, but in all the essentials a good wife and potentially a good comrade.

Selden was a good man, and with the right kind of wife he would have made an ideal husband. If he had been married to a woman who never answered back, who hated tobacco and liquor in any form, whose mind was set on intellectual things, he would have been a model husband, and a happy one. But whereas he liked good reading, Lisa cared for nothing but the lightest frivol; whereas he liked Ibsen and Maeterlinck and Sudermann, she wanted the frothiest thing in the way of light opera and farce comedy; "and there you are," as *Mr. Dooley* and *Henry James* say.

The blow fell that Thursday evening. Thursday in Avonia is a day sacred to the excursion from home of cooks and maids, and on Thursday Lisa generally cooked dinner.

Selden's grouch lasted all day long, and he added to it by missing his boat and train and having to wait half an hour in Jersey City. When he arrived home he was not in a happy mood, and the sight of a dark house filled him with forebodings that were as

dismal as his excitable imagination could make them.

"What's up?" said he to himself, his heart giving a sudden jump.

He opened the front door and went through the living-room into the kitchen. Dinner had not been started, the fire was on its last coals, and the hour was half past seven.

He went up-stairs to Mrs. Selden's bedroom. She was not there. He went into his own room, shouting her name gustily. There was no answer; but on his hair-brush lay a note.

It had come! The blow had fallen! Lisa, his Lisa, had run away! He, poor, prosaic, book-reading fool, was not clever enough for her, and she had left his home.

He thought of George Chasseau, the organist, and then dismissed the thought as unworthy of him. But the thought came back. Thoughts will come back.

Oh, to write him that she had left him forever! How cruel! He never wanted to see the note again. Lighting a match, he burned the paper with feverish haste. Then, moaning to himself, all alone in the house, he walked down-stairs and into the kitchen.

He had liked her cooking. He had liked the days when she prepared his meals, for she was able to give a spicy flavor to the most ordinary dish. She was piquant, and so were her culinary efforts.

He sat down on a chair and rested his head on the kitchen table.

Happiness was at an end for him. Birds might sing, fleecy clouds might sail through deep blue skies, and rosy sunsets fill the world with beauty, but he would not heed them. From now on his life was a blank. His wife had run away—yes, had run away with George Chasseau, the music fiend. There was no doubt of it! There was no one else he had ever thought Lisa cared for.

He lifted his head and cast his hands on the table, like lumps of lead. His right hand struck something that pricked him. He looked to see what it was, and discovered a hard water biscuit, smeared with a greenish substance. In the corner of the kitchen he saw a mouse-trap with all four wires set and no mouse in it.

Lisa had complained of the mice and rats that were beginning to overrun the house since their cat had been killed by a neighbor's dog.

Biscuits and rat poison! She had prepared some, and had been called away. Perhaps George Chasseau came to the door

just as she was preparing it. If so, then George had given Fosdick a means of escape from his misery. He would eat some rat poison, and the papers next day would have two news items dealing with Avonia people—a runaway and a suicide.

Fosdick felt sorry for himself even as he hastily ate the biscuit; and when the nauseous, ill-smelling mess was in his stomach, he wished he had not been so hasty. But it was too late now, and he would at least die like a man.

There was a ring at the front door-bell, and Fosdick started. Lisa had no key. What if she had come back? Striking his palm upon the place where the poison lay, he rushed through the hallway to the door.

It was not Lisa, it was a grinning Chinaman with the laundry.

"Velly nice evening!" said he cheerfully, when the doomed man opened the door.

Selden could not help thinking, even in his extremity, how comedy was mixed with tragedy. Death was about to enter that household, and the laundryman hands in some starched shirts!

"One of them will clothe me in the coffin," thought Selden, as he dragged his way back to the kitchen. The first pains had come to him, he was sure of that. And then the words "don't die in the house" came to him, and he laughed a mirthless laugh. Had he better die out of doors? No, he would face his doom like a man, at his own hearthstone.

There was a tap on the kitchen window. Looking up, he saw—he saw Lisa, a little bag in her hands and a winning smile on her face.

He sprang to the door, opened it, and clasped Lisa to his arms. Then he fell to sobbing as only a man *can* sob.

"Too late, my dear one, too late!"

"I know it," said Lisa calmly, looking at the kitchen clock, "but I'm lucky to get back at all this evening. Only for Jennie's coming, I never could have left mother. She's really quite ill. I've got to go back in the morning. You got my note?"

"Oh, good Heavens!" cried the doomed man, falling to the floor in a heap; as if an aeroplane had spilled him. "Lisa, I burned your letter without reading it—"

"Foolish boy!"

"And thinking you had run away, I took poison!"

Lisa was on him in a moment, and tried to lift him from the floor.

"Fossy, Fossy, dear! What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do? Oh, dear, oh, was it that carbohic acid? Oh, you must take an emetic! Oh, my love, why did you do such a wicked thing?"

Agonized as he would be in a few minutes, Fosdick felt that it was almost worth while to have proved this woman's deep love for him.

"Yes, give me an emetic—save me, save me! Oh, my love, save my life if you can! It wasn't carbohic—it was that rat poison!"

Lisa followed the direction of her husband's eyes, and saw a biscuit on the table. She began to laugh hysterically.

"What? That? Why, Fossy, I had those for my lunch just as I was hurrying off for the train. That's that Roquefort cheese that you hate so!"

There was a knock at the kitchen door. Selden sprang to his feet and whipped, shame-faced, into the pantry.

"Mrs. Selden," drawled Bobby Greenleaf, "mama wants to know if you'll lend her some sweet oil. Company's come, and she wants to dress a salad."

TOGETHER

THEY played together,
Strayed together;
They sorrowed, too, together;
Achieved together,
Grieved together.
They sought the true together,
Advanced together,
Danced together;
They laughed and sang together;
They groped together,
Hoped together,
In age grew young—together!

John Kendrick Bangs

AVIATION IN 1911

THE RAPID PROGRESS OF THE AIR-
MEN, AND THE GREAT THINGS
NOW IN SIGHT FOR THEM

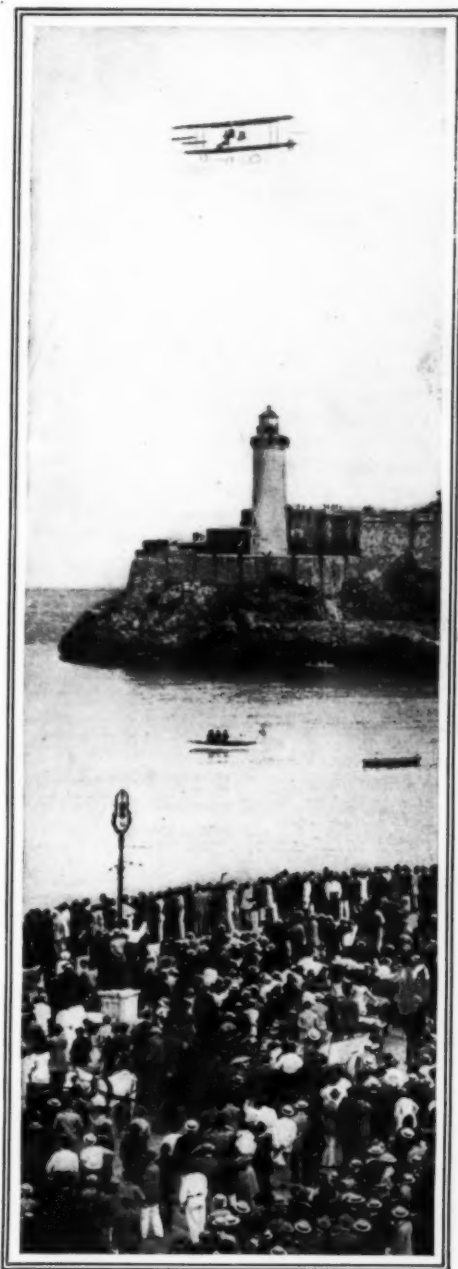
BY ELIZABETH HIATT GREGORY

GREATER strides toward mastery of the air have been made since the beginning of 1910 than ever before in history. Indeed, the achievements of the last sixteen months may be said to mark a golden epoch in the progress of aviation. Man played leapfrog over stupendous mountain-ranges; hurdled rivers, lakes, and wide channels of the sea; crossed great stretches of country, and mounted to empyreal heights that would have taxed the powers of the eagle or the condor.

The last aviation season was one of daring and unprecedented accomplishments that augur still greater things for the future. It is unfortunately true that precious blood was spilled, useful lives were sacrificed, much agony was suffered, and many hearts were broken. The results attending the travail of the year, however, were worth the sacrifice. The names of those who suffered and died are on the scrolls dedicated to the martyrs of human achievement. The names of the men who did great things and lived through them are on the lips of all those interested in the extension of our dominion over the air.

It was estimated at the end of 1910 that the aggregate distance flown was twelve times greater than in 1909, and that nine times as many men had made flights. It seems to be the popular impression that last year's record of fatalities was unprecedented, but the increase was smaller in proportion. The mortality among aviators is said to have been seven times that of 1909, notwithstanding that much greater altitudes were attained, much greater distances were traversed, shorter and more hazardous starts and landings were made, and a greater number of amateurs were in the field.

The flights that appeal most strongly to human interest and imagination, perhaps, are those for altitude. There is something



J. A. D. McCURDY FLYING OVER MORRO CASTLE,
AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF
HAVANA, CUBA, IN FEBRUARY LAST

uncanny in an exploit which carries a man so far into the air that he loses sight not only of those who people the earth, but of the earth itself. High-fliers have told of the feeling of exaltation which swept over them when banks of cloud or fog have shut them off from the world below and left them, as it seemed, alone in the universe. They admit, however, that this exaltation was blended with awe and fear. To know oneself to be astride a fragile product of man's ingenuity at a height where the buckling of a stick, the breaking of a wire, or the ripping of a plane would mean a plunge to swift and sudden death carries with it a fear that cannot be ignored.

None of the aviators has approached the record of Coxwell, who is credited with having gone up seven miles in 1862. It must be borne in mind, however, that Coxwell was in the car of a spherical balloon, and that he did not reach so tremendous an altitude because he wished to, but his valve-rope fouled, and he could not help himself. There is a vast difference between ascending to a great height in a craft that is self-sustaining, and doing it in a heavier-than-air machine, in which a broken part, a stalled motor, or an error in working a wheel or lever, means an impact with the earth so terrific that the victim digs his own grave.

Nor is the feeling of awe experienced by the aviator alone. The spectators below share it, as they watch a high-flier soar up and up, and look smaller and smaller, until finally, so far as human vision is concerned, he and his machine dissolve in the surrounding

ether. Then there follows the eye-aching, heart-breaking, nerve-racking watch for the intrepid navigator's return. No one knows whether he will come gliding down to receive plaudits and congratulations, or come plunging to destruction. Such a flight is an exploit which plays hard on the nerves and the heart even of those who have become callous from familiarity with risky adventure. In fact, it has been said that no man with a vivid imagination should undertake one.

Ralph Johnstone, who made an ascent of nearly ten thousand feet at Belmont Park, last October, said:

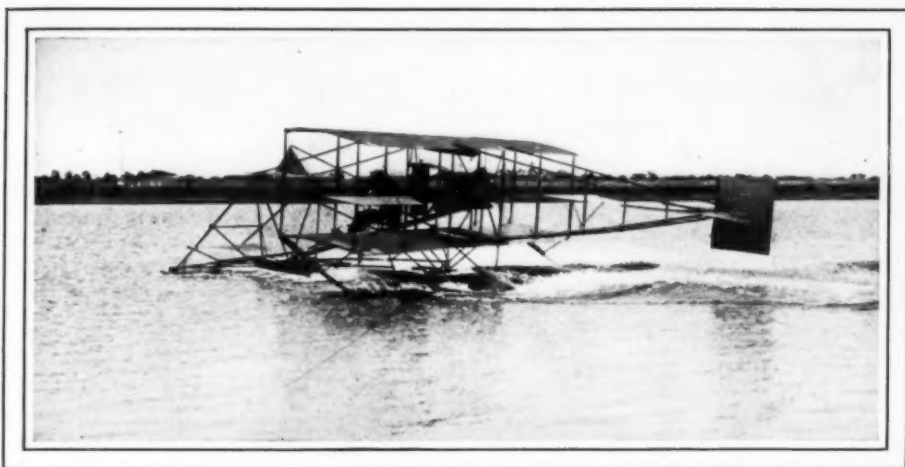
"One has thoughts that are far from pleasant when he thinks what the almost inevitable results would be if one of those slender wires should break, if the motor should play a trick, or if a gust of wind should catch one of the sensitive planes and wreck it, or throw the machine at such an angle that it would lose its sustaining power. One practically loses sight of all objects on the earth at an altitude of six thousand feet. Then comes a solitude that is absolute and almost unendurable."

At such a height, however, the aviator has two advantages. One is that his course is comparatively free from treacherous air-currents;

the other is that if he makes an error in setting his planes or his rudder, he has time in which to rectify it, if it be rectifiable. Near the earth the air-currents follow the contour of the ground, much as water does in the shallows. In the heights the air-currents usually are



JOHN B. MOISANT RETURNING TO BELMONT PARK, LONG ISLAND, FROM HIS FLIGHT AROUND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY IN NEW YORK HARBOR, ON OCTOBER 30 OF LAST YEAR



GLENN CURTISS STARTING A BIPLANE FROM THE SURFACE OF THE WATER IN SAN DIEGO BAY, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, ON JANUARY 26 LAST

straight, steady, and true, just as are the ocean's waters far from land. These elements of safety may mitigate, but do not dispel, the sense of awe in the mind of the high-flier.

John B. Moisant once said that high flying is infinitely safer than riding the lower currents. His theory, which is shared by other aviators, is borne out by the fact that, with very few exceptions, the fatal falls—including that of Moisant himself—have been from heights of less than a hundred feet. When Johnstone was making his world's altitude record, his engine "went dead" at about five thousand feet in the air. He glided safely back to earth. A few weeks later, when only a few hundred feet aloft, his machine went wrong, and he fell to death.

Johnstone's record for altitude—9,714 feet—stood for only a few weeks. Then it was eclipsed by Legagneux, a Frenchman, who drove his aeroplane to a height of 10,499 feet, and gained the distinction of being the first person to exceed the ten-thousand-foot mark in a heavier-than-air machine.

Another altitude flight, regarded by many experts as the greatest yet accomplished, was the one at Belmont Park, in which Johnstone and Hoxsey were blown far out over the Atlantic, although their motors were driving full steam in the opposite direction, by a wind which at times attained a velocity of sixty miles an hour. It was the first time that aviators had attempted to face such a gale. It demonstrated that notwithstanding the progress of aeroplane-builders in making

machines that could force their way against strong currents, there was a limit to their power, and that airmen might be compelled, at times, to "scud before the gale" like a ship in a stormy sea.

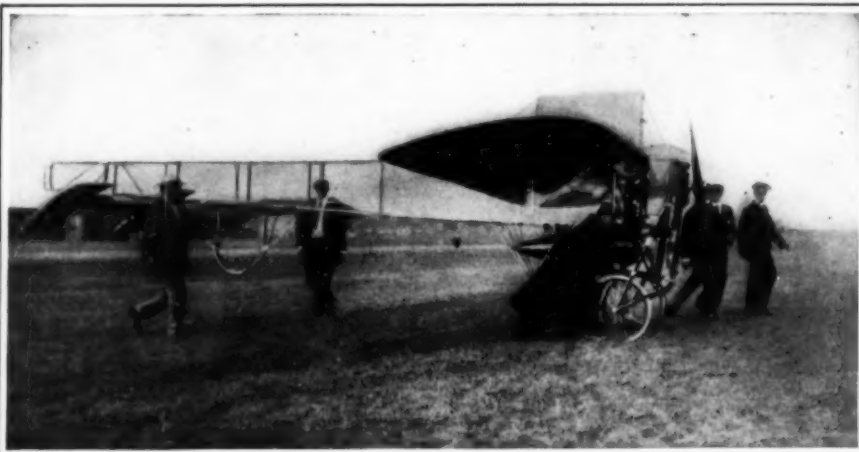
As evidence of the rapid progress of aviation, it may be mentioned that at the beginning of 1910 the world's record for an ascent in a heavier-than-air machine was 1,558 feet, scored by Paulhan. This record was repeatedly broken during the year, the mark being finally set by Hoxsey at 11,474 feet. Such figures are enough to show that it is not safe for conservatives to discount the possible aeronautic feats of the near future.

THE MOST REMARKABLE FLIGHTS OF 1910.

Of the cross-country flights of last year, the ill-starred trip of Chavez over the Alps is in a class by itself. No other flight of its kind carried with it so much peril, or the same element of dramatic and historic interest. If aeroplanes had existed in the days of Hannibal and Napoleon, and those great commanders had had in their legions men of the type of Chavez, the armies of Carthage and of France might have crossed the great natural barrier in a few hours instead of toiling afoot through the snows of the Alpine passes.

The nearest parallel to Chavez's great achievement, perhaps, was Hoxsey's flight over Mount Wilson, in California, negotiated a few days before the American aviator's fatal fall.

It was the late John B. Moisant who gave



STARTING A FLIGHT—JOHN B. MOISANT SETTING A MONOPLANE IN MOTION AT BELMONT PARK, LONG ISLAND, DURING THE AVIATION MEET HELD THERE IN OCTOBER OF LAST YEAR

the most striking demonstration of the simplicity of the flying-machine, when he accomplished, for the first time, the feat of flying from Paris to London. It was only the fifth time that he had left the ground, and the flight was made over a strange country, the aviator depending almost solely on a compass to guide him. He made the trip still more difficult by carrying a passenger. Moisant left Paris on August 16, and crossed the Channel on the following day. From the moment of his descent on British soil, misfortune overtook him, and he did not reach London until September 6. It had taken him almost three weeks to complete a journey which, under favorable circumstances, he could have accomplished in a few hours.

The other salient event in Moisant's brief career—for he was killed on the last day of the year, the day of Hoxsey's death—was his attempt to win the Statue of Liberty prize, on October 30. With a fifty-horse-power machine, he made the flight over New York Harbor in slightly less time than Grahame-White, who steered a racer of twice the power. Both competitors, however, were subsequently disqualified for technical reasons.

What was probably the most important aviation event in Europe, in 1910, was the Circuit de l'Est, an aerial tour about five hundred miles in length. It consisted of a circuit of flights through northeastern France, starting at Paris, and touching at Troyes, Nancy, Mézières, Douai, and Amiens. There were eight contestants in last year's tour.

Leblanc and Aubrun alone completed the journey, the former's winning time being twelve hours and one minute.

The French aviator, Tabuteau, in winning the Michelin trophy, offered for the longest flight during the year, covered a distance of three hundred and sixty-five miles in seven hours and forty-eight minutes. Farman, the Anglo-Frenchman, made a new record for duration of a single flight—eight hours and twelve minutes.

Another remarkable feat was that of Sopwith, an Englishman, twenty-two years old, and a novice in aviation, who flew from a point in Kent across the Channel and far into Belgium, a total distance of one hundred and seventy-seven miles, thereby winning the De Forest prize of twenty thousand dollars for the best cross-Channel flight. Another twenty-thousand-dollar prize was carried off by Wynmalen, a Belgian, who flew from Paris to Brussels and back again in twenty-seven hours and fifty minutes.

There are women aviators, and skilful ones. The champion of her sex for last year was Mlle. Hélène Dutrieu, who won the Femina cup with a flight of one hundred and five miles, lasting two hours and thirty-five minutes. Less than two years ago, her achievement would have been a world's record. Another Frenchwoman, Mlle. Hervieu, has flown for two hours and two minutes in a Blériot monoplane—longer, it is said, than Blériot himself has ever remained aloft.

Indeed, it is noteworthy that few of the

crowning feats of aviation have been performed by the inventors themselves. Most of these men have now practically given up flying, to work upon the mechanical problems that still remain to be solved. The

Great as were the aerial achievements of 1910, those of 1911 bid fair to eclipse them in magnitude of conception and boldness of execution. Although the year, as I write, is not yet one-quarter gone, many noteworthy



TESTING THE MILITARY POSSIBILITIES OF THE AEROPLANE—CAPTAIN BELLENGER, OF THE FRENCH ARMY, RECONNOITERING IN A BLÉRIOT MONOPLANE DURING THE MANEUVERS OF LAST AUTUMN IN THE NORTH OF FRANCE

men who actually use their machines are largely athletes who have already demonstrated their skill and nerve as bicycle or automobile racers.

feats have already been performed. One was Renaux's wonderful flight from Paris to the summit of the Puy de Dôme, the highest mountain of central France. An-

other was J. A. D. McCurdy's daring journey from Key West to within sight of Morro Castle, frowning on the sunlit harbor of Havana. That the Canadian aviator fell into the sea when, like Moses, he was within sight of the promised land, was due to no fault of his, but solely to deficiencies of the machine which he was operating.

McCurdy made his start from Key West on January 30, after waiting a week for favorable weather. He ascended about a thousand feet, and then steered boldly for Havana, far out of sight to the south. When he had negotiated about ninety miles of the course, a leaking petrol-tank compelled him to descend to the water, where he was picked up by a war-ship. McCurdy flew for two hours and seven minutes, and it was the first time that a man had flown out of sight of land on a clear day.

Eugene Ely has recently given some interesting demonstrations of the possibilities of the aeroplane as a naval auxiliary. Last November he flew from the deck of the cruiser Birmingham to the Virginia shore, and made a safe landing on the beach six

miles away. There were doubting Thomases who, while admitting that a start made under such circumstances showed a radical advance, scouted the idea that an aeroplane could rise from the shore and be steered with such accuracy as to land safely on the deck of a war-ship. Ely confuted them by flying over San Francisco Bay, alighting on the deck of the cruiser Pennsylvania, at anchor in the harbor, and then returning to the land. His contribution to aerial achievement has attracted no little attention in the admiralities of the nations.

The naval aeroplane of the future may be compelled by circumstances to use the surface of the water as an alighting-point or a starting-point. This has been done by Glenn Curtiss, who made the experiment successfully, in January of the present year, on the bay of San Diego, in southern California. It was the first time that the feat had been performed in America, though Fabre, of Marseilles, attempted it with partial success on the French coast last year.

A whole chapter might be written on the development of military aviation. The aero-



THE TRAGIC ENDING OF THE MOST REMARKABLE FLIGHT OF 1910—THE WRECK OF CHAVEZ'S AEROPLANE AT DOMODOSSOLA, ITALY, AFTER THE AVIATOR'S JOURNEY OVER THE ALPS ON SEPTEMBER 27 OF LAST YEAR

plane's chief service to an army is its assistance to the intelligence department, in the swift carrying of messages and in rapid reconnoitering. During the French maneuvers of last summer, the commanding generals made extensive use of these winged scouts. It was found easy to command wide views of the country over which hostile troops were moving, and the speed of the aeroplanes convinced the experts that in actual warfare they would incur little danger of being brought down by the enemy's guns.

In America, the War Department has done comparatively little for aviation, but many interesting experiments have been made by amateur scouts and couriers. A few weeks ago Charles K. Hamilton ascended at El Paso, Texas, sailed along the Rio Grande, and noted the position of Mexican and United States troops on both sides of the border. Returning to Juarez, which had been in fear of an attack by *insurrectos*, he brought the welcome news that there were no revolutionary bands in sight.

At the western end of the Mexican frontier, Harkness carried a message from Major MacManus, in command at Fort Rosecrans, California, to Lieutenant Ruhlin, posted with a detachment on the border near Tia Juana. The roads between the two points were practically impassable, but the aviator covered the forty-five miles in fifty-six minutes. Many signal corps officers have testified to the unique value of the aeroplane for the swift transmission of messages where there is no other means of communication.



A VOISIN CELLULAR BIPLANE, A TYPE WHICH IS RAPIDLY DISAPPEARING—FARMAN MADE HIS EARLY FLIGHTS IN THESE MACHINES, BUT THEY PROVED SLOW, NOT REACHING THIRTY MILES AN HOUR

The possibilities of the flying-machine have been officially recognized by the Mexican government, which recently proposed, through Señor de la Barra, its ambassador at Washington, that the United States and itself should negotiate a treaty to regulate flights across the frontier. The principal reason assigned was the ease with which aviators could, if so minded, defy the toll-collectors of the border custom-houses.

THE GREAT AERIAL RACES OF 1911.

In the great flights proposed or planned for 1911, Europe seems likely to take the

lead. It is true that there is a standing offer of fifty thousand dollars for a flight across the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or the reverse, with no limit as to the number of stops, so long as the whole journey is accomplished within thirty days. At present, however, it is not known that any American aviator contemplates an attempt to win this handsome prize.

Carlisle, Manchester, Bristol, Exeter, Brighton, and back to the starting-point. No competitor may touch the ground while flying from one town to another.

Another large sum in prizes—about three hundred and fifty thousand francs in all—is offered for a race from Paris to Berlin, to London, and back to Paris, a course covering approximately fifteen hundred miles.



RALPH JOHNSTONE RETURNING TO BELMONT PARK IN A WRIGHT BIPLANE,
AFTER AN ADVENTUROUS FLIGHT IN WHICH A GALE BLEW
HIM OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

In Europe, several courses have been laid out, ranging from forty to fifteen hundred miles in length, in which greater practical interest is being manifested. At least two of the chief contests will be held in England. One is the race for the James Gordon Bennett cup; the other is a thousand-mile tour around the "tight little island," during the second week in July, for a purse of ten thousand pounds. In this latter, it is hoped that the best fliers from all countries will be tempted to enter. The aviators must start from near London and make the journey within a week, passing through Harrogate, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Stirling, Glasgow,

This contest is to take place early in June. There is also a circuit flight in central and southern France, for two hundred thousand francs, the route being from Paris to Bordeaux, Toulouse, Marseilles, Lyons, and Dijon, and then back to Paris.

The Berlin to Hanover circuit and the race from Freiburg to Wiesbaden evoke less international interest, because all except German aviators are barred. No national restrictions, however, surround the prizes offered for flights from Liverpool to Manchester, from London to Newcastle, and from Turin to Rome.

Makers and users of flying-machines are

also much interested in the fact that the French government has voted a credit of two hundred thousand francs for the military trials of new aeroplanes, to be held next autumn. It is thought that these tests may bring about some important advances in aeronautics.

The distance from Newfoundland to Ireland is about two thousand miles. Optimists say that if the progress of aviation in the next two years is proportionate to that of the last sixteen months, then in 1913 there will be aeroplanes capable of traversing that or any other two-thousand-mile stretch, and that aviators will be found who will not hesitate to attempt transatlantic flights. Less enthusiastic forecasters regard two years as too short a time to allow for such a revolution in transportation, but think that four years may suffice to bring it about.

THE AEROPLANE OF THE FUTURE

Be that as it may, there is no doubt that the success attending recent flights has stimulated confidence in the heavier-than-air machine, and that many of our best scientific and practical minds are grappling with the problems that remain to be solved. If it be true that from a comparison of ideas the truth is evolved, then the present year should disclose the beneficent effect of such a process, and should lead to the production of machines in which the factors of safety will be greatly increased and the elements of danger correspondingly reduced.

Just when such improvements will come, however, cannot be asserted with any degree of certainty. It may be that they will originate in entirely unlooked-for places, as in the case of the great advance that had its origin in the little bicycle repair-shop in Dayton, Ohio. That they will come from one source or another, and before very long, almost everybody interested in aviation confidently believes.

What the world is waiting for is a

heavier-than-air machine that will be self-sustaining in time of stress, and susceptible of automatic operation to a greater degree than is now possible. Until such a mechanism has been designed and placed on the market, most people will decline to trust themselves to a flying-machine. At present, if anything goes wrong with the motor, the aviator may be able, if his planes and steering-gear remain intact, to save himself by gliding downward at a perilous speed; if plane or gear be damaged or out of control, he crashes to destruction. The extent of the risk has been demonstrated time and again in the cases of the most experienced and cool-headed fliers the world has ever known. If flying be death-dealing to such experts, it must be conceded that, as the situation stands now, no novice can indulge in it with any assurance of safety.

Indeed, it may be said that the aeroplane of to-day is merely a link between the old-time balloon and the perfect air-machine that is to be. That perfect machine will bear the same relationship to the air that the steamship and the sailing ship of to-day bear to the water. It must float in the air with the same relative certainty as that of a ship floating in the sea. It must be capable of operating with the same relative minimum of nerve-strain and danger. It must be susceptible of development for purposes of commerce, war, and pleasure. In addition, it must have a speed far in excess of that attained by any transportation appliance thus far created by man.

And it will come. Skeptics may shake their heads, but it will come. To-day, probably, there exists somewhere in the world a brain that will bring it into being. That brain may be within the soft skull of an infant, or in the silver-crowned cranium of a veteran savant. It may work out the problem with elements and principles already within the ken of man, or it may call new elements and principles into play to serve its ends.

A NOCTURNE

I LOOK from out my window. All is still;
A star shines, clear and bright, o'er yonder hill;
But oh, the mist before my aching eyes—
The sobbing breath that, full of anguish, cries
For you, beloved star, so far above—
So far above my world—my world of love!

Gertrude Louise Small

THE LORIMER CASE

The Spectacle of the United States Senate Prostituting
Itself to Save Lorimer — The Work of an Entire
Session of Congress Jeopardized and Jackassed —
A Wanton Disregard of the Public Business—
Chief Legislation Killed, Resulting in an Extra
Session — A Picture of the "Deadlock"—The
Final Death Struggle, and All This That Lorimer
Might Be Vindicated — AND WHY?

BY JUDSON C. WELLIVER

IT is Monday afternoon, February 27, 1911. There are five more days of the Congress session—not a minute to spare if business is to be finished. President Taft has announced that if the work is not done, he will call an extra session. That means midsummer in Washington instead of at Bar Harbor; perspiration instead of pleasure; garrulity instead of golf.

For weeks the Senate has been trying to agree on a time to vote on the right of William Lorimer, Senator from Illinois, to his seat. Senator Bailey of Texas pleads once more that a time be agreed upon. Thereupon rises in his place Senator Cummins of Iowa.

"I make no concealment," he said, "that unless a time can also be fixed to vote upon the bill creating a tariff board, I shall object to fixing a time for voting upon the Lorimer resolution."

It doesn't sound sensational, does it? But it had the same effect as if, every Senator's seat being connected with a dynamo, somebody had switched on the current.

The Senate sat straight up. Languor and drowsiness were succeeded by alertness and interest.

The ultimatum had been announced!

For a fortnight the Senate had been awaiting it. Senator Cummins's announcement meant that the progressives would fight to the end for the tariff commission bill. Bailey and his supporters were just as determined to have a vote on the Lorimer case. The two had become so related to each other and to the whole status of business in the Senate, that they presented a spectacle not unlike two railroad trains trying to run side by side on the same track, in the same direction.

When that situation was reached, there must be a test of physical strength.

The little passage at arms between Senators Bailey and Cummins was notification to the Senate that a test of strength on the Lorimer case was about to begin. It was destined to develop into one of the most complicated filibusters ever known. It involved practically the entire legislative

program of the last session of the Sixty-First Congress.

If you ever attended a thrashing-bee on a farm, and saw a cheerful idiot toss a monkey-wrench into the thrashing-machine gear, you may have some conception of what happens in the closing days of Congress when a few determined statesmen announce their purpose to stop business until they can get what they want.

When Congress met, last December, the country had just chosen an overwhelmingly Democratic House. It would come into power on March 4, 1911, and consequently the short session represented the last chance for Republican control of legislation.

Many matters were urged by different factions. The Republican progressives wished to pass a tariff commission bill. Another group insisted that Arizona and New Mexico should be admitted to the Union. A third demanded adoption of a resolution to amend the Constitution so that Senators might be elected directly by the people. Still other influences urged increase of pension for Civil War veterans.

All this, with the necessity for passing the annual appropriation bills, made a strenuous program. But before the session had fairly got down to business, President Taft added to its trouble by submitting his Canadian reciprocity arrangement and insisting that, whatever else might happen, this highly controversial proposal must get a vote. And while Congress was struggling with all this, the administration further complicated the situation by demanding increased rates of postage on magazines—a proposition to which it was known that strong opposition would develop.

Thus Congress found itself confronted with demands for about twice as much business as it is used to doing in a session. But the most complicating problem was the Lorimer case, which ultimately balked a large part of the legislation that should have passed.

I am going to tell, as simply and directly as possible, how the determined struggle to confirm William Lorimer in his Senatorial seat came within a hair's breadth of wasting a whole session of Congress.

THE "BLOND BOSS" FROM CHICAGO

The career of William Lorimer is one of the most remarkable in latter-day politics. Born in England, his parents brought him to America as a child, and his rise from

the obscurest beginnings in Chicago's stock-yard district to a seat in the Senate epitomizes the story of much that is worst in American politics.

With little education and no culture, he passed through the gradations from street-car conductor, ward politician, alderman, and municipal boss, up to the pinnacle on which he stood forth, a year ago, as the most powerful man in the politics of Chicago, and the most potent influence in Illinois. As successful in business as in public affairs, he amassed a fortune through business opportunities which his political position opened to him.

If you are looking here for the ordinary type of city boss, you will be disappointed. William Lorimer never smoked or took a drink in his life. His promise is not readily given, but once given it carries the assurance that the last resource of his personal and political power will be devoted to making it good. The least demonstrative of men, he displays little of the magnetism that has helped others to rise by the devious path he has trod. Yet he knows men, and knows how to seize and hold them.

A Republican, he was seven times elected to represent a Democratic district of Chicago in the national House. In that body, he attained little prominence and less distinction. He was looked upon as a representative of the meat-packing interest.

When Roosevelt demanded Federal inspection of meat-packing and meat products, Lorimer became active in opposition. He was opposed to all such foolish governmental interference with private business. It soon became matter of daily increasing wonderment how much power and influence the blond boss of Chicago could wield when once aroused.

In one other line of legislation Mr. Lorimer has always taken prominent part. He is an earnest advocate of river and harbor improvement. Incidentally—of course incidentally—he has been interested in the Federal Improvement Company, which takes large and profitable contracts for river and harbor work.

With such activities in politics and business, Lorimer thrived and prospered down to the tariff-revision session of Congress, in 1909. That year, the Illinois Legislature deadlocked over the election of a Senator. The primary had indorsed Albert J. Hopkins, and a Republican Legislature was expected to confirm that choice. Instead,

Hopkins failed to get quite enough votes, and on May 27, after months of daily failure to break the deadlock, a combination of Republican and Democratic members elected Lorimer. He took his seat on June 17, 1909.

Just about a year after his election, a Democratic member of the Legislature, Charles White, confessed that he had been bribed to vote for Lorimer. His confession involved others; and in the widening circle of charge and counter-charge, iteration and denial, which swept outward from that initial pebble-dropping in the pond of corruption, a good many political reputations were engulfed.

The charges of corruption became so grave that Lorimer was forced to take cognizance of them. He introduced in the Senate a resolution, which promptly passed, directing the Committee on Privileges and Elections to investigate. During the recess of Congress, last summer, a sub-committee made the investigation.

The Committee on Privileges consisted of Senators Burrows of Michigan, chairman; Depew of New York, Beveridge of Indiana, Dillingham of Vermont, Gamble of South Dakota, Heyburn of Idaho, and Bulkeley of Connecticut, Republicans; Bailey of Texas, Frazier of Tennessee, Paynter of Kentucky, Johnston of Alabama, and Fletcher of Florida, Democrats. The sub-committee which actually investigated included Burrows, Heyburn, Gamble, Bulkeley, Frazier, Paynter, and Johnston.

The investigation, in the light of later development, seems chiefly notable for the things that were not discovered and the absence of serious efforts to get at the bottom of the charges. The sub-committee decided that, though there had been corruption, Lorimer had not been directly implicated in it, and that if all the votes which were *proved* to have been bought for Lorimer were thrown out, he would still have enough left to elect!

A minority, Senators Beveridge and Frazier, protested that the whole atmosphere, organization, and procedure in connection with Lorimer's election reeked with corruption, and that enough of it had been proved to require that the Senate expel him.

It early became apparent that public opinion was decidedly hostile to Lorimer. His friends tried hard to get a unanimous report in his favor, because that would end the case without a vote in the Senate. Sen-

ators and others who wanted to "hush the matter up" made every effort to induce Beveridge and Frazier to join the majority, but they refused. Beveridge submitted a minority report and a resolution to exclude Lorimer; Frazier concurred, and the fight was on.

Senator Bailey of Texas at once forged to the front as chief sponsor for Lorimer. Strong, dominating, able, he was ready to use every ounce of his power to save the Chicago boss. Other members of the majority were glad enough to yield the leadership to him.

Early in the session Lorimer steadily lost strength. From every quarter of the land a wave of popular indignation swept up the demand that the Senate should redeem itself by unseating him. During this period his opponents in the Senate pressed constantly for a vote, while his backers objected. Under the Senate's rules, any Senator may prevent fixing a time to vote on a proposition, if he desires to speak upon it.

Meanwhile, Senator Borah of Idaho had secured a favorable report for his resolution looking to popular election of Senators, and had had it made the "unfinished business" of the Senate—that is, it took precedence over other matters, and so long as any Senator desired to talk upon it, it must be kept before the Senate.

MYSTERIOUS CHANGES OF OPINION

So the weeks wore away. Feeling was growing more tense with every day. President Taft, at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, was giving out pronouncements that there must either be a vote on Canadian reciprocity or an extra session; but nobody would yield. The Lorimer forces were using the Borah resolution to kill time and fend off a vote on Lorimer. They were employing the time thus gained in a desperate effort to change enough votes to give Lorimer a majority.

So it came to pass that, while the country was growing more and more determined that Lorimer must be unseated, Senatorial opinion was slowly but surely drifting in his favor. A most remarkable campaign had been organized. To save the Chicago boss, pressure was brought to bear from the most diverse interests. The merits of the case were forgotten. The political and business interests whose domination of the Senate has so long been a reproach, united in the last desperate effort for Lorimer.

Apparently they had become obsessed with the notion that if they could save him, they could save their own power.

Somewhere, somehow, a tremendously resourceful, active, and well-sinewed intelligence was directing the campaign. The "interests" had banded themselves together for the struggle; and at its end they had turned an anti-Lorimer majority into a pro-Lorimer majority.

How did they do it? That I cannot tell. The record, the business interests, the political alliances, and even the social affiliations of every man in the anti-Lorimer column were subjected to microscopic examination, in order to discover the weak spot in his armor, the avenue through which he might be approached and won. The pressure became almost unbelievable.

From the beginning, Senator Cullom of Illinois, Lorimer's aged colleague, had been claimed by both sides. Political and business powers in Illinois, allied with Lorimer, fairly swamped him with telegrams, letters, and personal appeals to support his colleague. The curious argument was made that if Lorimer were unseated it would disgrace Illinois; if he were retained, Illinois's honor would be vindicated!

The logic of vindicating a State by giving it six years, instead of two years, of an undesirable Senator, was not very apparent, but nobody was worrying much about logic. In the end the aged Senator yielded and agreed to vote for Lorimer.

Senator Frye of Maine, in the beginning, was rated anti-Lorimer. He also was subjected to the same insistent pressure from old political friends, associates, and backers. Like Cullom, he yielded.

At one stage, Senators Curtis of Kansas and Dick of Ohio were counted against Lorimer; but under the same pressure they changed front.

Senators Perkins and Flint of California, and Senator Taliaferro of Florida, were expected in the early stages to oppose Lorimer; they, too, succumbed.

If I could tell exactly what influences changed men's votes, how they operated, and who organized them, this story would reveal the secret springs of influence and motive which lead men to decide public questions for personal reasons. After all, that is the chief thing that goes wrong with legislation and government. No Senator was "paid" to vote for Lorimer; but a number were "induced" to vote for him. One had be-

come convinced that Lorimer was "a good fellow"; another had a friend, who had a friend, who had a friend, who was interested in some investment matters with a friend of Lorimer's; and the chain of "pull" was strong enough to drag that vote over.

Then there was a cheerful story that if Lorimer were confirmed in his seat, which had been given to him by a combination of Republicans and Democrats, it would be possible to "pull off" a deal in a certain Western Legislature, by which a similar combination would elect another Republican Senator, despite the fact that the majority of the members were Democrats! To Republicans, this was no mean argument.

There was endless talk of great business interests profoundly concerned to make sure that Lorimer should continue a Senator. Lumber and meat were most often mentioned, but one heard also of railroad interest in the same connection.

In due time, these influences did their work. One morning the Lorimer generals received word that they were certain of a majority. From that moment they ceased objecting to a vote; they suddenly began demanding it.

The Borah resolution was no longer needed as a stop-gap. It was allowed to come to a vote, and was defeated. Thus the way was cleared for action on the Lorimer case; but before the vote could be taken, there must be provided a plausible excuse for certain Senators supporting Lorimer.

LORIMER'S REMARKABLE SPEECH

The excuse was the great speech which Lorimer made in his own defense on the afternoon of February 22. It did not really change any votes, but it provided pretext for various changes. It was a remarkable combination of candor and suppression, of frankness and special pleading. Senator Lorimer talked for three hours, and the most surprising thing about his speech was the evidence that it was entirely of his own production.

There had been sneering intimations that Lorimer could not make a speech, but that some of his lawyers would doubtless provide a fine plea in his behalf. They did nothing of the sort. With a fine sense of dramatic effect, Lorimer prepared his own speech, and peculiarly fitted it to the occasion.

He told a simple story of his election by a combination of Republicans and Democrats. He denounced as untruthful the

charge that there had been a sinister purpose from the very beginning to deadlock the Legislature and force his election. One by one, he took up the fifty-three Democratic legislators who had voted for him, and told what motives of personal friendship, of boyhood association, of fellowship in the days of early poverty and struggle, had induced them to vote for him.

There was Peter F. Galligan, a Democrat, but he voted for Lorimer. This was the Chicago Senator's explanation:

I do not know how long I have known Peter, but he has been my friend all these years; so partizan, that he would not ask a favor from me. About fifteen years ago Peter, with the balance of us, was hard up. His wife was sick unto death, and he did not have a dollar for medicine or coal. He came to me, and I secured an appointment for him, out of which he was able to take care of his sick wife, to give her such nourishment as she required during those painful days, and finally to give her a decent burial. He had gone to all his friends, he had called on all the Democratic leaders for help, but in vain.

Then there was the story of "Manny" Abrahams—Emanuel A. Abrahams, another Democrat who voted for Lorimer. Why should he have done it? Senator Lorimer told, in this wise:

When I was twenty years old, I was running a car on South Halsted Street, Chicago. At that time the Jews were moving into the neighborhood. They were all industrious men. They came to Halsted and Twelfth Streets to take a car to the suburbs with big packs, to work their way back home, disposing of their wares during the day.

We had a rule which permitted the conductor either to take or reject passengers with large packages. Frequently I have seen the conductor stop the car and kick the pack out into the street. Either my folks taught me to have prejudice against nobody, or God made me that way. I always took these men on board with their packs. They waited for my car. I became known as their friend.

After I quit service on the cars, I lived in the same ward. When I entered politics, not one of them was permitted to vote. I helped them. When I go down there now to attend a meeting, I am taken around and introduced, not as "Mr. Lorimer," not as "Congressman Lorimer," but as "the father." Whether I deserve that confidence or not, any man who would declare for the political, business, or social destruction of Lorimer, and run for office in that district, could not make a respectable showing.

That was Lorimer's story of why "Manny" Abrahams had voted for him. Surely

he must be a sordid wretch who would mar so pretty a tale by suggesting that "Manny" got his "piece"! Here is another as Lorimer told it:

John Griffin voted for me. When I was a boy, the first dollar I made was by selling newspapers. One Sunday morning a crowd of boys surrounded me and pulled my papers from under my arm. While I was brooding over my troubles, another boy came along and asked what was the matter. I told him. He went away, and in five minutes returned with my papers. He said:

"Here are your papers; see that they don't take them away from you again."

Out of that incident grew a friendship that has lasted forty years.

I have no doubt Senators have heard the name of that newsboy. It was Michael Kenna. We called him Hinky Dink, and the nickname has followed him to this day. He is the leading Democrat in his district, and John Griffin represents that district. When the newspapers published that Lorimer would be a candidate for Senator, Kenna came to my office and said:

"I understand that you cannot be elected unless you get Democratic votes. You can depend upon it that if your name is presented, John Griffin will vote for you."

Of such instances as these—simple, human touches from the life of a poor boy in a city—Senator Lorimer made up his explanation why the Democrats from Chicago happened to vote for him. They had been his friends, and he had been their friend.

When it came to explaining his Democratic votes from country districts, Senator Lorimer was just as circumstantial. He said that he had long been devoted to the development of the great waterway from Chicago to the Mississippi River, and that one after another of the Democrats had told him that in the interest of this project they would like to have him in the Senate. He named their names, and gave the circumstances under which they had promised to vote for him.

That was the Lorimer explanation. As to the corruption, Mr. Lorimer simply said he knew nothing of it, and did not believe there was any, or could have been any without his knowledge.

Of the detailed and circumstantial statements, the confessions, the documents, the deposit-slips from banks, the pages from hotel registers where legislators were charged with having met to divide the "swag"—of all these Lorimer had nothing to say. He was dealing with the human, the emotional, the dramatic side. Who would be

so cynical, so mean, as not to be satisfied with that pretty tale of "Manny" Abrahams, or the delicious Sandford-and-Merton sketch of the juvenile friendship of "Hinky Dink" and the blond boss? Surely nobody would care for facts, or law, when a man told such good stories as these!

It may seem a cheap and tawdry trick, but it was all the Senate needed—a pretext, not an argument.

The speech was made under circumstances which provided a fine setting. The galleries were crowded with friends of Lorimer. Oh, yes, there were plenty of ladies, with beautiful gowns and magnificent hats. It was important to have a thoroughly high-class audience, inspired by sympathy for the persecuted Senator; and it was there. More wives and daughters of Senators came out to give class and character to that occasion than a dozen debates on popular Senatorial elections could possibly produce.

Lorimer told his story well. The Vice-President was repeatedly compelled to admonish the audience that applause was not permitted. Just as soon as it was over, and while the ladies' eyes were yet blinking back their tears of sympathy for poor "Manny" Abrahams, and swallowing hard to avoid a sob in sweet commemoration of the beautiful boyhood attachment of "Hinky Dink" and the boss—right then the Lorimer supporters began demanding a vote.

The opposition, of course, protested against a vote at such a time, and it was stayed off; opportunity was demanded and granted for the anti-Lorimer Senators to reply. But the work had been done. Everybody knew from this time forth that Lorimer was going to win.

Senators opposed to Lorimer could not in reason oppose a vote now, because earlier in the session, when everything had indicated his defeat, they had been insisting upon a vote. They had then protested against delay; it was impossible for them to turn about and invent excuses for delay.

But they knew that the country was with them; and they could at least insist that, if they consented to a vote on Lorimer, they should get, as a *quid pro quo*, a vote on the tariff commission bill. Thus Lorimer and tariff commission became linked together, and the demand for a vote on one was always met with a counter-demand for a vote on the other.

Meantime, day by day, one after another of the great appropriation bills, carrying in

the aggregate more than a billion dollars, were coming over from the House of Representatives to add their insistent voice to the clamor for consideration.

A CONGRESSIONAL LOG-JAM

Did you ever see a log-jam on a forest stream? A single log wedged between two rocks, stopping and piling up the logs behind, may start a clog which holds back the slaughtered forest, and piles it, under the force of the freshet flow, scores of feet high, tossing giant trunks aloft as if they were splinters, and defying all efforts to set them moving again with the current.

That is exactly the situation which the business of Congress now presented; jammed down into the last few days, which represent the small end of the funnel; everything at cross-purposes, and every hour making the jam bigger and more menacing.

The woodmen are wont to break a log-jam by the use of dynamite. Statesmen use dynamite, too; their dynamite is the continuous session. The continuous session is the antidote for the filibuster.

Under the Senate's rules, a Senator may talk as long as his sweet will dictates, but he may make only two speeches on one subject in a legislative day. Ordinarily, the Senate is in session about six hours a day. Therefore, by talking six hours at a stretch, day after day, a Senator could consume as many days as he could keep on talking. This continuous conversational performance is called a filibuster. A single Senator, or a group of Senators working together, may conduct a filibuster.

When the Senate has listened to so much conversation from a particular Senator, or a group of Senators, that it suspects a filibuster is on, it resorts to the continuous session.

The theory of the continuous session is that a single Senator of good Marathon quality might talk six hours a day for several days; but if some evening, after he has talked his six hours, the Senate declines to adjourn, he must go right on for another six hours, or twelve, or twenty-four, till he wears himself out.

Talking, albeit a highly developed Senatorial talent, becomes irksome after twelve or fifteen hours. Senator Carter of Montana once talked something over half a day to kill a River and Harbor Bill; and Senator LaFollette holds the belt by reason of talking nineteen hours and thirty minutes against the Aldrich emergency currency measure.

So when the Senate discovers that a Senator is determined to talk against time, it gives him a dose of continuous session. For this reason the continuous session can commonly be relied on to smother a filibuster.

When the direct election resolution was out of the way, the log-jam was broken, but only for a moment. Bailey urged a vote on Lorimer, and Cummins retorted that there would be no agreement to vote on Lorimer which did not include an agreement to vote on tariff commission.

"In other words," suavely observed Senator Bailey, "though the Senator from Iowa has said that the Senator from Illinois is not entitled to his seat, he declines to let the Senate vote on that until the Senate will agree to vote on some other question."

"Precisely," replied Senator Cummins with equal suavity.

"If the Senator is content to take that position," rejoined Bailey, "I am quite content to have him appear in that way before the country."

"I am quite content," retorted Cummins.

This was the Senatorial way of serving notice that there was to be a test of endurance. That night, the Senate, resigned to the inevitable, declined to adjourn at the usual time. The Senators who had issued the ultimatum of "no vote on Lorimer without a vote on tariff commission" must do the talking, perhaps all night, perhaps for thirty-six or forty-eight hours—at any rate, until one side gave in.

The campaign of the anti-Lorimer forces had been carefully planned at a quiet little dinner the preceding Sunday evening, at which foregathered LaFollette, Cummins, Bristow, Crawford, Brown, Beveridge, Bourne, and a few others.

AN ANTI-LORIMER FILIBUSTER

To Senator Crawford of South Dakota was assigned the distinction of carrying the conversational burden during the first night of continuous sitting. Senator Crawford had made the first great speech against Lorimer, and when the question was raised of furnishing a whole nightful of conversation, he declared himself equal to the task.

Early in the evening, as always happens on such occasions, the gallery was filled, the Senators stuck pretty closely to their places, and the vigorous periods of Senator Crawford's denunciation were followed with interest. From time to time, parties of spectators in the ladies' galleries, becoming bored,

would march down to the restaurant for a sort of between-the-acts supper. The restaurant did a land-office business in broiled lobsters and *pâté de foie gras*.

The Senators divided their time between their seats, the comfortable lounges in the smoking-rooms, and improvised sleeping facilities in their committee-rooms. The enthusiasm of this kind of a lark is very liable to lose its edge two or three hours after midnight, particularly if one is a well-fed Senator of sixty to seventy-five years, nearing the close of a season which has been quite as arduous socially as legislatively.

So the Senators came and went, drowsed over their desks, rubbed their eyes between cat-naps, and braced themselves for the long trial. Little groups formed about the floor and discussed terms of compromise. Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania, the Republican leader in behalf of Lorimer, stalked ponderously about the chamber, conferring with all factions. Senator Crane of Massachusetts, the Republican whip, was the busiest man in sight, flitting from one man to another, "feeling out" the situation, and confidentially opening up plans for settlement.

Bristow, Beveridge, Brown, Clapp, Cummins, LaFollette, and the other supporters of Crawford, stuck pretty closely to the chamber, following and encouraging their champion. Most of the veterans took themselves off early, in dignified fashion, to adjacent solitude, where they might doze with assurance that if the bell should ring, they could reach the chamber before the roll-call could be completed. Nobody dared get five minutes away from the sound of the Vice-President's gavel; the critical moment might arrive when least expected. It often does, when a filibuster "blows up."

But the night wore away with little sign of anything blowing up. At midnight Senator Crawford was still going strong, with every indication that he was good for several hours more. Occasionally he would be interrupted, and then he would toss in some grim observation to the effect that he was compelled to crave the indulgence of the Senate, and would not think of intruding himself upon it at such length were it not for the difficulties of the case and the necessity for a complete exposition!

Again, a question being asked, Mr. Crawford would facetiously observe that before the conclusion of his remarks he trusted, with the kindness of the Senate, to reach all phases of the matter.

After each of these little digressions, the Senate would grin sheepishly at itself and pass again into semi-somnolence.

Somewhere about one o'clock in the morning Senator Crawford seemed to be entering upon a peroration. He had gone over the testimony, and had reviewed Lorimer's speech, and when he demonstrated an apparent disposition to summarize, the Senate sat up for the fireworks of the finish. It heard him say:

If we weigh the testimony conscientiously, and as jurors would weigh facts and testimony in the ordinary affairs of life, there is no escape from the conclusion that there was not a valid election. I have never attempted to discuss the law of this case. It is not necessary now; it never was necessary. It requires only the application of a simple rule—if this Senator would not have been elected except by receiving these tainted votes, then his certificate is invalid although he knew nothing about the corruption.

Mr. President, our very existence—indeed, our right to exist as a nation—depends upon the simple question whether we are honest and faithful to the underlying principles upon which this government rests. If honor has departed and money has taken its place; if integrity has lost its force and commercialism has been installed in its place; if seats in this body are to be a matter of barter and sale, then we have no right to exist. We are unworthy, and the sooner we go out of business the better!

Not much wonder that the Senate sat up and rubbed its eyes, and that the gallery burst into involuntary applause. Plainly, that was the peroration, the conclusion of the long speech. The word flew to smoking-rooms and offices, and Senators crowded into the chamber to see if something would happen, if either side was prepared for surrender or compromise, when Crawford should sit down.

But Crawford didn't sit down. He was as good as his promise. He had told his colleagues that he could talk long enough to give them a comfortable night's sleep; and he proposed to make good. So, having unreeled his Lorimer peroration, he took up an entirely new subject, and started to talk about that most fruitful of all themes for long-distance conversation, the tariff!

It was a sad moment for elder statesmen who had seen a fleeting vision of cozy bedrooms and clean, inviting sheets. None of that for them! Senator Crawford went on with his speech.

By way of digression, I wish to say that two years ago, just after I had been elected to the

Senate, I came to Washington to attend an extra session of Congress. I had been in Washington but twice before in my life—

Wherewith the vigorous South Dakotan proceeded to the story of his entire career. He said he had been raised in the West, was one of a family of twelve—nine boys and three girls—and that his parents were Scottish-Irish Presbyterians.

That was as far as the Senate went with him. In sorrow and disappointment—also in sleepiness—it bowed its head on its desk, snored a snore or two, and then, the tremendous responsibility of Senatorial dignity resuming sway, rose and filed in solemn procession back to the cloak-room couches and the office lounges.

Senator Crawford didn't seem to mind losing his audience. The faithful few remained with him. An unmannerly veteran, who will probably exchange persiflage with St. Peter some chilly morning on the banks of the Styx, produced a pocketful of good cigars. In three minutes the sacred tradition against smoking in the chamber was a ruin. That is always a sign that the filibuster is getting to the point where something will have to "give" pretty soon.

BRISTOW RELIEVES CRAWFORD

But Crawford, he just went on talking.

Some time near six o'clock in the morning, Senator Joe Bristow of Kansas might have been observed flaxing around right smart, getting books and papers together, and otherwise manifesting intent to take a hand in the artillery practise. Instantly the word was passed that Bristow had a twelve-hour speech in his system, and that whenever Crawford sat down, the Kansan would take up the fight. At six-twenty in the morning Crawford did sit down, and in an instant Bristow received recognition and launched into his "remarks."

Spare, gaunt, angular, and "trained to the minute," Bristow had not had a wink of sleep all night, but he looked good for a duplication of Crawford's performance. He started out with so much vigor that some of his friends, fearful lest he should wear himself out, whispered counsels of discretion. The man from Salina soon had himself well in hand, proceeding with the least possible waste of energy. He talked on for nearly an hour and a half, when, at seven-forty-five A.M., Mr. Bailey rose.

"Mr. President," he began, "I ask that

the Senate take a recess until eleven-thirty, to see if it is not possible to reach some agreement upon which the Senate can dispose of the matter pending before it, and proceed to other affairs, so as not to render an extraordinary session of Congress absolutely necessary."

Thus, with much backing and filling on both sides, the negotiations began. Bailey proposed that a vote should be taken on the Lorimer case, and that the tariff commission measure should be made unfinished business. This was a concession to the filibusters, but not complete victory. To have the tariff commission measure made unfinished business did not by any means assure that a vote would be reached. The only guaranty of a vote was to have the Senate agree upon a specific time for one.

Right here arose a new complication. Senator Stone of Missouri interposed.

"I do not wish it understood," he said defiantly, "that I have assumed any responsibility of assuring an agreement. We may come back here at the end of this recess no farther advanced than now."

Which meant that Senator Stone, who was opposed to letting Bailey appear as Democratic leader, would not be party to any agreement dictated by the latter. Beyond that, Stone was vigorously opposed to the tariff commission, and was prepared to start a filibuster of his own against it.

At late breakfast-time the Senate took a recess of three hours, in the hope that agreement might be reached in the interim. But it was not. Stone had now become the obstacle, and Stone is some talker himself. Without the vitriol of a LaFollette or the vigor of a Crawford, he still has few superiors for staying quality. To his assistance had rallied Overman of North Carolina and two or three other Democrats.

Thus the day—the longest, dreariest, sleepest day of all the sittings of the Sixty-first Congress—dragged along.

The scene shifts from the Senate Chamber to the office of Senator Beveridge's Committee on Territories, immediately under the chamber. Stone still holds the floor, up-stairs, but he is a mere formality. He is talking to nine Senators, not one of whom is paying the slightest attention. The other eighty-two are snoozing on cloak-room couches or committee-room lounges. The Senate has been in practically continuous session for almost thirty hours. It is fast reaching the limit of endurance.

Around the long table in Senator Beveridge's room are gathered representatives of the different Republican factions. Penrose of Pennsylvania and Smoot of Utah represent the "regulars;" Bristow, LaFollette, Beveridge, and Cummins, the insurgents. They are trying to agree on a basis for settlement.

"Give us a vote on Lorimer, and we'll make tariff commission the unfinished business," is the proposition of the regulars.

"We will give you a vote on Lorimer, if in return you will agree that we are to have a vote on tariff commission," retort the insurgents. "There's a lot of difference between having tariff commission made unfinished business and having a time fixed to vote on it. It might remain unfinished business when the gavel falls at noon on the 4th of March."

The regulars protested that they might not be able to "deliver the goods" on such an agreement; the Stone faction of Democrats might persist in defeating it.

While the negotiations were thus proceeding, there was a rap at the door, and an insurgent Senator thrust his head outside.

"Whatever you do," said the newcomer—he was not a Senator, but he had just come down from the floor of the chamber—"don't agree to a vote on Lorimer unless you get assurance of a vote on tariff commission. It's too late in the session to take such a chance. Make them agree to give you a vote. If they refuse, go ahead with your fight on the Lorimer case. That's the big moral issue the country is watching."

"Well," replied the Senator, "we're all just about dead. We'll all be falling over in our tracks or going to sleep in our seats if this thing lasts many more hours. We're liable to lose everything we've gained unless we make the best agreement possible. However, I'll bust up this confab and get our boys off by themselves for one last effort to frame up something."

The Senator disappeared into the committee-room again, and the "confab" was duly "busted up." The insurgent quartet withdrew to Senator Clapp's office, a few steps down the corridor, for a final council of war among themselves.

They were a sorry lot, as they emerged from Beveridge's room. Bristow came first, and he showed less sign of the strain than any of the others. His face was drawn, and he was in sad need of tonsorial attention; bloodshot eyes and a generally di-

sheveled condition told something of what he had experienced in the last two days.

After him came Cummins. He said he was a wreck, and his furrowed cheeks, drooping eyelids, and unshorn countenance eloquently attested the correctness of the diagnosis. LaFollette, who had been a semi-invalid most of the winter, after a serious operation last summer, looked on the verge of collapse. He also admitted that they "couldn't stand up under it much longer."

Beveridge brought up the rear, and with a clean shave and an array of irreproachable linen with which he had, in some mysterious way, associated himself, he was putting up a comparatively good front; but he, too, was ready to lean against the wall and go to sleep at the slightest provocation.

These men had reached the climax of the strain that is always imposed on the men who carry the burden in the closing days of an arduous session. Not one of them had had a respectable night's sleep for nearly a week.

They walked down the corridor in single file, with about as much animation as a quartet of wooden men, operated by clock-work mechanism, might have displayed. They didn't recognize the friends they passed, and when addressed they looked up in a startled fashion, as if suspicious that some unseemly liberty was being taken with them.

The conference in Senator Clapp's room was short. It was the consensus of opinion that they couldn't keep the fight going much longer. Their number was so few that it was practically impossible for them to "spell" one another; they must all stick by the ship every minute, to guard against unexpected developments.

Accordingly, it was agreed to accept the last proffer of the regulars, which was that there should be a vote on the Lorimer case, that tariff commission should be made unfinished business, and that the leaders of the regulars should pledge themselves not to filibuster against a vote on it. The agreement represented mutual concessions, and was a partial victory and a partial defeat for both sides.

The news that an agreement had been reached very shortly got to the Senate floor.

The Senators flocked in from their lounging-places, and, with nobody entering objection, the agreement was formally recorded. That night there were a good many vacant seats at Washington's dinner companies. They represented Senators "unavoidably detained." The Senators had gone to bed.

At one-thirty the next afternoon, in accordance with the agreement, the Senate voted, forty-six to forty, that William Lorimer, Senator from Illinois, was entitled to his seat.

THE COST OF LORIMER'S "VINDICATION"

That is the story of how William Lorimer's seat in the Senate was saved; but it does not finish the tale of how the country's business was sacrificed that Lorimer might win. The long delay had crowded so much business down into the last hours that much of it perished.

Take the tariff commission bill, for instance. The Republican regulars had pledged to make no filibuster against it, and it finally came to a vote on the morning of March 4, three hours before noon, when the Congressional session must end by legal limitation.

Passing the Senate, it must still get its vote in the House. The House had a goodly majority in its favor; but to get it passed in so short a time proved impossible. Opponents filibustered; there was a juggle in procedure; roll-calls were demanded which might have been avoided, and in the end the bill died in the moment when it was almost assured of passage. The roll-call was actually started—interrupted to act on a conference report—and before it could be resumed and completed, the Speaker's gavel had fallen in sign that the session was ended.

We have here a legislative record worthy the serious thought of the nation. The tariff commission bill was killed; popular election of Senators was voted down; the Canadian reciprocity pact never got within sight of a vote. But William Lorimer's Senatorial seat was saved to him!

"Hinky Dink" and "Manny" Abrahams had been sustained!

And what mattered the business of the country, when its sacrifice meant vindication for this precious trio?

AND WHY?

—The answer will be found in the June issue of this magazine, in an illuminating article that will go below the surface.

MISS MIX, KIDNAPER

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

WITH A DRAWING BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"WELL, he has done it now, confound his nerve!" said Anthony Fox, Sr., in a tone of almost triumphant fury. He spread the loosely written sheets of a long letter on the breakfast-table. "Here I am, just out of a sick-bed!" he pursued fretfully; "just home from a month's idling abroad, and now I'll have to go away out to California to lick some sense into that young fool!"

"For Heaven's sake, Tony, don't get yourself all worked up!" said handsome, stately Mrs. Fox, much more concerned for father than for son. She sighed resignedly as she folded a flattering request from her club for an address entitled "Do We Forget Our Maids?" and gave him her full attention. "Read me the letter, dear," said she placidly.

"Of course I always knew *some* woman would get hold of him," said Anthony, Sr., fumbling blindly for his mouth with a bit of toast, his eyes still on the letter; "but, by George, this sounds like Charlie Ross!"

"Woman!" repeated Mrs. Fox, with a relieved laugh. "Buddy's in love, is he? Don't worry, Tony, it won't last! Of all boys in the world he's the least likely to be foolish that way!"

"Of all boys in the world he's the kind that is easiest taken in!" said his father dryly, securing the toast at last with a savage snap. "H-m—she's his landlady! Keeps fancy fowls and takes boarders—ha! Says they rather hope to be married in June. This has quite a settled tone to it, for Buddy. I don't like the look of it!"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Fox, with dawning uneasiness. "You don't mean to say he considers himself seriously engaged? At twenty! And to his landlady, too—I never heard such nonsense! Buddy's in no position to marry. Who is the girl, anyway?"

"Girl is good!" said the reader bitterly. "She's thirty-two!"

Mrs. Fox, her hand hovering over a finger-bowl, grew rigid.

"Thirty-two!" she echoed blankly. Then, sharply: "Anthony, do you think you can stop it?"

"I'll do what I can, believe me!" he assured her grimly. "Yes, sir, she's thirty-two! By the way, Fanny, this letter's already a month old. Why haven't I had it before?"

"You told them to hold only the office mail while you were traveling, you know," Mrs. Fox reminded him. "That one evidently has been following you. Anthony, can Tony marry without your consent?"

"No-o, but of course he's of age in five months, and if she's got her hooks deep enough into him, she—oh, confound such a complication, anyway!"

"It looks to me as if she wanted his money," said Mrs. Fox.

"H-m!" said his father, again deep in the letter. "That's just occurred to you, has it? Poor old Buddy—poor old Bud!"

"Oh, he'll surely get over it," said Mrs. Fox uncertainly.

"He may, but you can bet *she* won't! Not before they're married, anyway. No, Bud's the sort that gets it hard, when he does get it!" his father said. "There's a final tone about the whole thing that I don't like. Listen to this!" He quoted from the letter with a rueful shake of the head. "I don't know what the darling girl sees in me, dad, but she has turned down enough other fellows to know her own mind. At last I realize what Mrs. Browning's wonderful sonnets—"

"He *doesn't* say that?" ejaculated the listener incredulously.

"She doesn't know I am writing you,"

Mr. Fox read on grimly, "because I don't want her to worry about your objecting. But you won't object when you know her. She doesn't care anything about money, and says she will stick by me if we have to begin on an eighty-dollar job. You don't know how I love her, dad; it has changed my whole life. It's not just because she's beautiful, and all that. You will say that I am pretty young, but I know I can count on you for some sort of job to begin with, and things will work out all right."

"H-m!" said Mrs. Fox. "Yes, you're right, Tony. This is serious!"

"All worked out, you see," said the man gloomily, as he drummed absently on the letter.

"Oh, Anthony, I can't help thinking of the Page boy, and that awful woman! Anthony, shall I go? Could I do any good if I went?"

"No," he said thoughtfully. "No, I'll go myself. Don't worry, Fanny, there's still time. Isn't it a curious thing that it's a quiet little fellow like Bud that—well, we'll see what can be done. I'll talk to this woman. She may think he has money of his own, you know. I'll buy her off if I can. Perhaps things can be delayed; perhaps I can get him to go off somewhere with me for a trip. I'll see. Barker can look me up a train, and things here will have to wait. You'll see about my things, will you, Fanny—have 'em packed? Oh, and here's the letter—pretty sick reading you'll find it!"

"Be gentle with him!" said Mrs. Fox, deep in the boy's letter. "Thirty-two! Why, she might be his mother—in some countries she might, anyway. Anthony!"—her voice stopped him at the door—"is her name Sally Mix?"

"Apparently," he said. "Can you beat it? It sounds like a drink!"

"Well," said Mrs. Fox firmly, as if the name clenched the matter, "it must be *stopped*, that's all! Sally Mix! I hope she's *white*!"

II

Just a week later, in California, Anthony Fox slammed the gate of Miss Mix's garden loudly behind him, and eyed the Mix homestead with disapproval. The house was square and white, with doors and windows open to spring sunlight and air, and was surrounded by a garden-space of flowers and trees and trim brick walks. The click of the gate brought a maid to the doorway.

"Mr. Fox won't be here until noon," said the maid, in answer to his question.

"Does Miss—could I see Miss Mix?" substituted Anthony, after a moment's thought.

He took a porch chair while she departed to find out.

"If you please," said the maid, suddenly reappearing, "Miss Mix is setting a Plymouth, and will you step right down?"

"Setting a—" scowled Anthony.

"Plymouth," supplied the maid mildly.

Anthony eyed her suspiciously, but there was evidently nothing concealed behind her innocence of manner. Finally he followed the path she indicated as leading to Miss Mix. He followed it past the house, past clothes drying on lines, past scattered apple-trees with whitewashed trunks, and down a board-walk to the chicken-yard.

No one was in sight. Anthony rattled the gate tentatively. A slim, neat, black Minorca fowl made an insulting remark about him to another hen. Both chuckled.

"Come in—come in and shut it!" called a clear voice from the interior of the chicken-house.

Anthony's jaw stiffened.

"May I speak to you?" he called, with as much dignity as a person shouting at an utter stranger across an unfamiliar chicken-yard may command.

"Certainly! Come right in!" called the voice briskly.

Seeing nothing else to do, Anthony unwillingly crossed the yard, and stepped into the pleasant, whitewashed gloom of the chicken-house. Loose chaff was scattered on the floor, and whitewashed boxes lined the walls. An adjoining shed held the roosts, which a few murmuring fowls were looping with heavy flights.

As he entered, a young woman in blue linen shut a gray hen into a box, and turned a pleasantly inquiring glance upon him.

"Good morning!" she said, smiling. "I knew you would want to see the thing sooner or later, so I asked Statia to show you right down here. Now, there's the trap"—she indicated a mass of loose chains and metal teeth on the floor—"and here's the key; but it simply *won't* work!"

Anthony was not following. He was staring at her. She was extremely pretty; that he had expected. But he had not expected that she—she—well, he was not prepared for this sort of a woman at all! He must go slow here. He—she—Bud—

"I beg your pardon," he interrupted himself to stammer apologetically. "I didn't catch—you were saying—"

"The trap!" she said, smiling.

"Ah, the trap!" repeated Anthony inanely.

"Certainly!" she said, with a hint of impatience. Then, as he still stared, she added quickly: "You're the man from Petaluma? You came to fix it, didn't you?"

"Not at all," said Anthony, smiling. "I came from New York."

Light dawned in the girl's eyes. She gave a horrified laugh.

"Well, how stupid of me!" she ejaculated. "Of course, I thought you were. I'm expecting a man to fix the trap, any day, and you sent no name. I bought this affair a week ago; there's a coon, or a fox, or something, that's been coming down from the hills after my pullets; but it won't work."

"I don't know anything about traps," said Anthony.

He was wondering how he had best introduce himself. The vague campaign that he had outlined on those restless nights in the train would be useless here, he had decided. As he spoke, he absently touched the tangled chains and bolts with his foot.

"Don't do that!" screamed Miss Mix.

At the same second there was a victorious convulsion of metal teeth, and Anthony found himself frantically jerking at his foot, which was fast in the trap.

"Oh, you're caught! You *are* caught!" cried the girl distressedly. "Oh, please don't hurt yourself tugging that way—you can't do it!"

Her eyes, full of concern and sympathy, met his for a second; then, suddenly, she broke into laughter.

"Why, confound the thing!" said Anthony in pained surprise, as he struggled and twisted. "How does it open?"

"It *doesn't*!" choked Miss Mix, her mirth quite beyond control, as she gave various futile little tugs and twitches at the trap. "That's the trouble! The key never has had the slightest effect. Oh, I will *not* laugh this way!" she upbraided herself sternly. "Bu—bu—but you did look so—" She abruptly turned her back upon him for a moment, facing him again with perfect calm, although with lashes still wet, and suspicious little dimples about her mouth. "Now, I'll get you out of it immediately," she assured

him gravely; "and meanwhile I can't tell you how sorry I am that—just sit on this box, you'll be more comfortable. I'll run and telephone a plumber, or some one." She paused in the doorway. "But I don't know your name?"

"Appropriately enough, it's Fox," said he briefly; "Anthony Fox."

Miss Mix gasped, opened her mouth, shut it without speaking, and gasped again. Then she sat down heavily on a box.

"Of New York—I see!" said she, but more as if speaking to herself than to him. "Tony's father; he's written to you, and you've come all the way from New York to break it off. I see!" Desperation seemed to seize her. "Oh, my heavenly day!" she ejaculated. "Why didn't I think of this? This serves me right, you know," she said seriously, bringing her attention to bear fully upon Anthony; "but let me tell you, Mr. Fox, that this is about the worst thing you could have done!"

"The worst!" said Anthony dully.

He felt utterly stupefied.

"Absolutely," said she calmly. "You know you only hasten a thing like this by making an out-and-out fight of it. That's no way to stop it!"

"Are you Miss Mix?" said Anthony feebly.

"I am." She nodded impatiently. "Sarah Mix."

"Then you and my son—" Anthony pursued patiently. "Didn't he write? Aren't you—"

"Engaged? Certainly we are," admitted the lady, with dignity. "And it would no more than serve you right if we got married, after all!" she added, with a sudden smile.

Anthony liked the smile. He smiled broadly in return.

"If you got married! Do you mean you don't intend to?"

"I see I'll have to tell you," said Miss Mix, suddenly casting hesitation to the winds. "Then we can talk. Yes, we're engaged, Mr. Fox. What else could I do? Anthony's twenty; one can't treat him quite as if he were six. He's absolutely unable to take care of himself; and I've always liked him—always! How *could* I see a girl like Mollie Temple—but of course you don't know her. She's with the 'Giddy Middy' company, playing in San Francisco now."

"No, I don't know her," said Mr. Fox stiffly.

"Well," continued Miss Mix, "her mother lives here in Palo Alto, and Mollie came home for September. Tony was just what she was looking for. A secret marriage, a sensational divorce, and alimony—Mollie asks nothing more of Fate! She made him her slave."

"Lord!" said Anthony.

"Every one was talking about it," continued Miss Mix; "but I never dreamed of interfering until Thanksgiving, when the Temples planned a week's house-party in Mill Valley, and asked Tony to go. That would have settled it; so I managed to see Tony, and from that day on I may say I never let go of him. I took him about, I accompanied him when he sang—just big-sistered him generally! I'm thirty-two, you know, and I never dreamed he would—but he *did*. New Year's night, Mr. Fox. Well, then I either had to say no, and let him go again, or say yes, and hold him. So I said yes. I couldn't stop him from planning, and I never dreamed he'd write you! Now, do you begin to see?"

"I see," said Anthony huskily.

He cleared his throat.

"Meanwhile," pursued Miss Mix, glowing delightedly in the sympathy of her listener, "I introduced him to the Rogerses and the Peppers, and lots of jolly people, who are doing him a world of good. He goes about—he's developing. And now, just as I began to hope that the time had come when we could quietly break off our engagement, here *you* are, to make him feel in honor bound to stick to it!"

"Well, I am—" Anthony left it unfinished. "What can I do?" he asked meekly.

"We'll find a plan somehow," said Miss Mix approvingly. "But you must be got out first!"

"And meanwhile," said Anthony awkwardly, "I don't really know how to thank you—"

"Oh, nonsense!" she said lightly. "You forget how fond I am of him! Now, I'll go up to the house, and—" Her confident voice faltered, and Anthony was astonished to see a look of dismay cross her face. "Oh, my goodness gracious heavenly day!" she ejaculated softly. "Whatever shall we do now? Now we never can get you out!"

"Then I'll stay in," laughed Anthony philosophically.

Miss Mix echoed his laugh nervously. She glanced across the yard.

"It's that disgusting newspaper contest!" she said.

"That *what*?"

"Please don't shout that way!" she begged, sitting down on her box again. "I'll explain. You see, the editor of the best newspaper here, the *Star*, has offered a really fine position on the staff to the college man who brings in the best newspaper story between now and the 1st of May—that's less than ten days. Of course, all the boys have gone crazy over it. It's a job that a man could easily hold down with his regular class work, and it might lead to a permanent position. And then there's the experience. About ten boys are working furiously for it, and all their friends are working for them. Tony's helping Jerry Billings, and Jerry has already taken in a couple of good stories, and has a good chance. This, of course, would land it!"

"What would?"

"Why, *this*!" She was laughing again. "Can't you see? Think of the head-lines! Even your New York papers would give it half a column. Think of the chance to get funny! 'Old Fox in Trap!' 'Goes to Bed with the Chickens!' 'Iron King Plays Chantecler!'"

"Thunder!" said Anthony uncomfortably.

"There'd be no end of it, for you or me," said Miss Mix. "I know this town."

"Yes, you're right!" agreed Anthony. "The idea is for me to sit here until after the 1st of May, eh?" he continued uncertainly.

Her eyes danced.

"Oh, we *may* think of some other way!"

"Tony's not to be trusted, you think?"

"No-o! I wouldn't dare. He's simply mad to have Jerry win. He'd let it out involuntarily."

"The maid can go for a plumber?"

"Stasia? She's working for Joe Bates. And both the boys in the plumber's shop are in college, anyway."

"You might telephone for another plumber?" suggested Anthony, after thought.

"Yes, I could do that," Miss Mix brightened. "No, I can't, either," she lamented. "Elsie White, the long-distance operator, is working for Joe Bates, too." She meditated again for a space, then raised her head, listening. "They're calling me!" she whispered.

With a gesture for silence, she sprang to the door. Outside, some one shouted:

"Miss Sally!"

"Hello, Tony!" she called hardily, in answer. "Lunch, is it? No, don't come down! I'm just coming up!"

With a warning glance over her shoulder for Anthony, she closed the door and was gone.

III

A LONG hour followed, the silence broken only by occasional low comment from the chickens, and by voices and footsteps coming and going on the side of the chicken-house where the street lay. Anthony, his back against the rough wall, his hands in his pockets, had fallen into a smiling reverie when Miss Mix suddenly returned. She carried a plate of luncheon, and two files.

"We are safe!" she reassured him. "The boys think I am playing bridge, and I've locked the gate on the inside. Now, files on parade!"

She tucked the filmy skirts of her white frock about her, sat down on a box, and began to grate away his bonds without an instant's delay. Her warm, smooth hands he found very charming to watch. Loose strands of hair fell across her flushed, smooth cheek. Anthony attacked his lunch with sudden gaiety.

"How much we have to talk about!" he said, observing contentedly that five minutes' filing made almost no impression upon his chains. She colored suddenly, but met his eyes with charming gravity.

"Haven't we?" she assented simply.

"Why, no, it won't break his heart, Mr. Fox. I think he'll even be a little relieved to be able to go on serenely with the Peppers and the Rogerses. He's having lovely times there!"

"Oh, if his mother had lived, of course, I should have written to her; but I knew you were a very busy man, Mr. Fox. Tony hardly ever speaks of his Aunt Fanny. She's a great club-woman, I know. So I had to do the best I could."

"Why, I didn't think much about it, I suppose. But I certainly should have said that Tony's father was more than forty-five!"

"Ye-es, I suppose it might. But—but what a very funny subject for us to get on! I suppose—look at that white hen coming

in, Mr. Fox! She's my prize-winner. Isn't she a beauty?"

"Yes, indeed, he's all of that, dear old Tony! And then, as I say, he reminded me of—of that other, you know, years ago. I was only nineteen, hardly more than a child, but the memory is very sweet, and it made me want to be a good friend to Tony!"

"There's the six o'clock bell, and you're all but free! Now, I'll let you out by this door, on the street side, and you can find your hotel? Then, when you call this evening, we needn't say anything of this. It hasn't been such a long afternoon, has it?"

Just after dinner, as Miss Mix and her youthful *fiancé* were sitting on the porch in the spring twilight, a visitor entered the garden from the street. At sight of him, the boy sprang to his feet with a cry of "Dad!"

Miss Mix was introduced, and to young Tony's delight, she and his father chatted as comfortably as old friends. Presently, when Jerry Billings appeared, with an invitation for the lady to accompany him to the post-office for possible mail, father and son were left alone together.

Young Anthony beamed at his father's praise of his choice, but his comments seemed to come more easily on other matters. He told his father of the Rogers boys, of the Pepper girls, and of tennis and theatricals, and spoke hopefully of a possible camping-trip with these friends.

"When did you think of announcing your engagement, Bud?"

The boy shifted in his chair, and laughed uneasily.

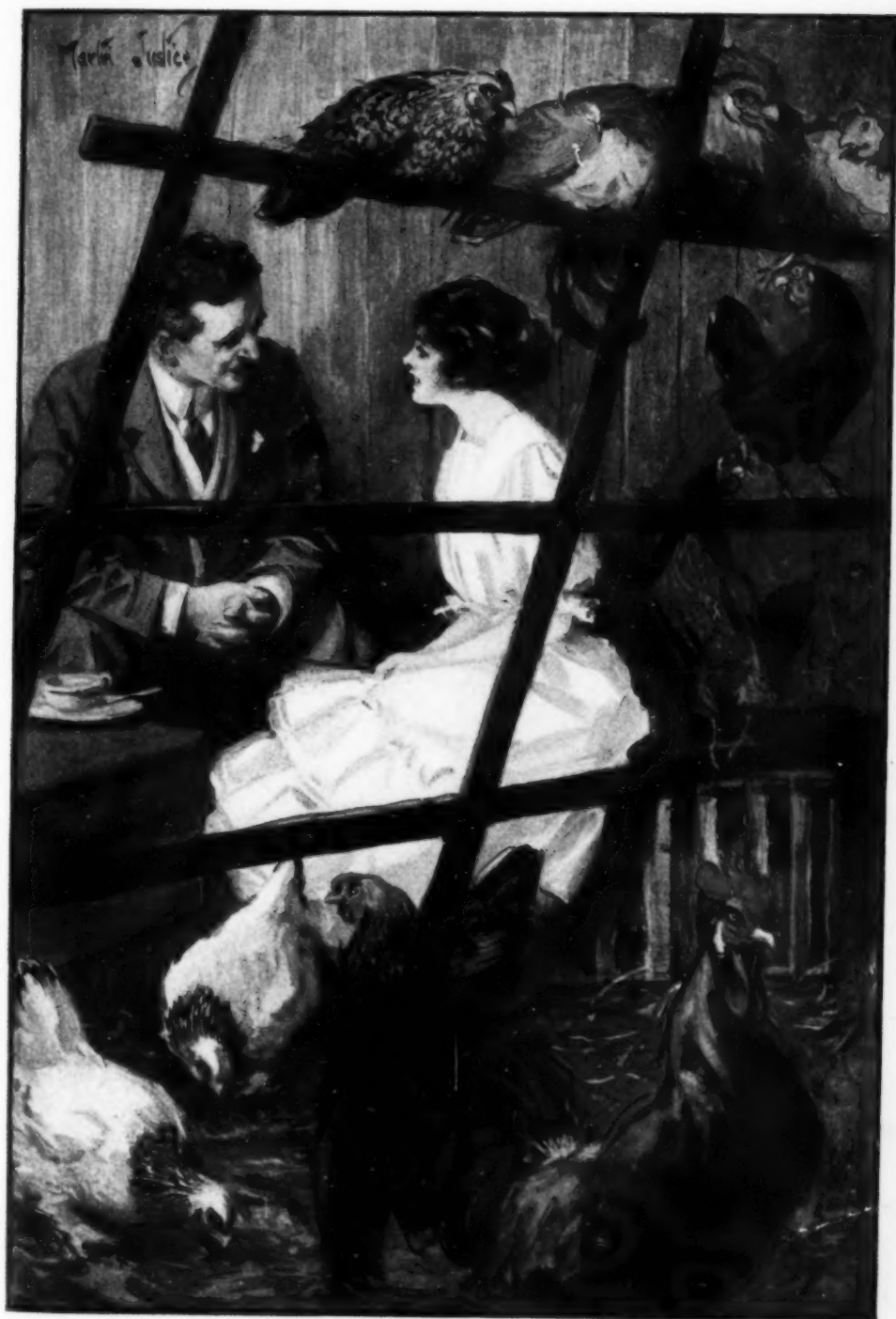
"Sally doesn't want to," he temporized, adding shyly, after a minute's silence, "and I didn't think *you'd* be in any hurry, dad!"

"But look here, son, you wrote that you planned being married in June!"

There was a pause. Then the boy said: "I did think so; but now I don't see how we can. Sally sees that, too. I can't get married until I have a good job, and I've got another year here. We don't want to tell every one and then have to wait two or three years, do we, sir?"

"H-m!" said his father. "And yet you don't want to ask me to support you and your wife for indefinite years, Bud?"

Bud squeezed his father's hand.



"WHY, NO, IT WON'T BREAK HIS HEART, MR. FOX"

"I'll never ask you to do *that*!" he promised promptly.

IV

A WEEK drifted pleasantly over the college town, and still no definite step had been taken in the matter that had carried Anthony Fox over so many weary miles of country. If business matters in the Eastern city gave him any concern, he gave no sign of it to young Anthony or Sally, seeming entirely content with the passing moment.

The three were constantly together, except when the boy was in the class-room. During these intervals Miss Mix piloted her friend's father over lovely Palo Alto; they visited museum and library together, took drives and walks. One long evening was spent at the Peppers', where young Anthony was the center of a buzzing and hilarious group, and where Sally, with her black evening gown and her violin, presented an entirely new phase.

On the evening of a certain glorious day, to young Anthony, sitting in silence on the porch steps, came Sally, who seated herself beside him.

"Tony," said she firmly, "what have we decided about our engagement?"

Young Anthony eyed her expectantly, almost nervously, but he did not speak.

"We must either announce it or *not* announce it, Tony!"

"Why, you see, Sally," said Anthony, after a pause, "I wanted to, a while back, but—"

"I know you did," she said heartily, to his great relief.

"But now," he pursued slowly, "it would look pretty funny to the Rogerses, and the Peppers, and all, you know. *Just* now, I mean. I've been up there all the time, right in things, and I've never said a word—"

"Well, well!" said a voice behind them; and to the unspeakable confusion of both, Jerry Billings rose from a porch chair and came down to them.

"I couldn't help hearing," explained that gentleman joyously. "I was there first. I wish you joy, children. Miss Sally, here's my best wishes! I never dreamed you two—and yet I knew *something* had brought father all the way from New York. But I never dreamed of this! This ought to land me the *Star* job, all right! Hasn't that occurred to either of you? Why, nobody has turned in anything to touch it!" He looked at his watch. "I had better be get-

ting down there, too," he said excitedly. "To-morrow's the 1st of May, by George! and the paper goes to press at eleven. And there I've been sitting, cursing my luck for an hour! Here goes!"

"Look here, Jerry," began Sally and Anthony together, "look here—"

"You mean you don't want it announced?" said Mr. Billings blankly. A pained look clouded the radiance of his face. "Isn't it *true*?"

"We don't wish it announced yet," said Sally feebly, as Anthony was silent.

"I call that pretty mean!" ejaculated Mr. Billings, after a pause. "It's *true*," he went on aggrievedly. "I landed it—every old woman in town will be on to it in a few weeks—it's a corking job for me—every one's wondering what Mr. Fox is doing here—and now you two hang back, just because you've not had time to tell your friends! Aw, be sports," he said ingratiatingly. "Please, Miss Sally! I'd do as much for you two. You know I may not be able to make it at all, next year, if I haven't a job! I can have it, can't I? I get it, don't I, Tony? What do you two care—you've got what *you* want—"

"Oh, take your scoop!" half groaned young Anthony Fox.

Sally began to laugh, but it was curiously shaken laughter. Mr. Billings wisely seized this moment for a rapid departure. Mr. Fox, coming to the door a moment later, found the others silent on the steps.

"Now we are in for it!" said Sally ruefully, as they made room for him between them. "What shall we do? Jerry's got it for the *Star*—we couldn't *lie* about it! And oh, we *can't* have it in print to-morrow! Can you—can't you stop it?"

"Too late now!" said young Anthony, with a bad attempt at unconcern.

"Tell me what happened," said his father.

The recent developments were rapidly reviewed, and then Sally, removing herself and her wide-spreading ruffles to young Anthony's side of the steps, so that she might from time to time give his hand an affectionate and enlightening squeeze, confessed the deception of her engagement to him, and, with her blue eyes very close to his, asked him meekly to forgive her.

Young Anthony's forgiveness was a compound of boyish hurt and undisguised relief. It is probable that at no moment of their friendship had she seemed more dear to him.

"But—there's Jerry!" said Sally suddenly, smitten with unpleasant recollection in the midst of this harmonious readjustment. "He—he heard, you know. And we can't deny *that*, and it means so much to him! He'll have told Watts by this time, and Watts will run it anyway—newspaper editors are such beasts about those things!"

And again she and young Anthony drooped, and clung to each other's hands.

"I have been thinking," said the other Anthony slowly, "that I see a way out of this. I *hope* I see one! I'd like—I'd like to discuss it with Miss Sally. If you'll just step down to the—the chicken-yard, Bud, for five minutes, say. We'll call you. And it's just possible that we can—can arrange matters."

Half an hour later, Jerry Billings, who was reveling in the overheated, smoky atmosphere of the newspaper's local-room, approached the city editor's desk.

"Say, about that engagement of young Fox, Mr. Watts," he began, grinning.

"Well, what's the matter with it?" said the editor sharply.

"Nothing's the matter with it," said Jerry, "only it's better than I thought! It's—it's old Fox that Miss Mix is going to marry! Old A. F. himself!"

"Who said so?" snapped the other, suddenly alert.

"Fox did."

"Fox?"

"Yes, sir. He just telephoned. Gave me the whole thing. Said to get it straight."

The editor eyed him fixedly, with no change of expression.

"This is no jolly, Billings? It's Associated Press stuff if it's true, you know."

"Oh, it's true enough," said Jerry, trying not to leap into space.

"Well, we've got his picture—look it up!" said Mr. Watts calmly; but before Jerry turned away, that infatuated reporter heard his superior take his telephone to call the make-up man.

"Hello, Frank!" said Watts gently. "Tell Williams to run that suffragette stuff on the third page. I've got a big story. I want a double cut and a column on the front!"

THE OLD DAYS

The old days, the cold days
Of empty purse and pride,
When all the world sang 'neath our feet,
And courage rode beside;
The cheer days, the dear days,
The days of stand or fall,
When fame upon the mountain peaks
Trilled out her bugle-call!

The old days, the bold days
When fortune had her fling,
And every lass was princess fair,
And every lad a king;
The strong days, the song days,
Too haunting sweet to last;
The do-and-dare, devil-may-care
Days a marching past!

The old days, the gold days
We lost in long ago,
When hope rode forth in lancer red,
With pennons flying so;
The grave days, the brave days
That threw a jest to pain—
God give me back their battle strength—
To ride and fight again!

Gordon Johnstone

THE BONE-CRACKERS

A DIETETIC COMEDY IN ONE ACT

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

AUTHOR OF "PIGS IS PIGS," ETC.

SCENE—*The dining-room of a refined modern home, the home of people who read and think, and who are abreast of the times. The table is set for dinner, with fine china and sparkling glass. The family, consisting of Mr. Adelbert J. Jones, Mariana Culpepper Jones (his wife), Edgar Jones (his eldest son), Frances Jones (his daughter), and Will Jones (a younger son), are gathered about the table, at which they seat themselves as the curtain rises.*

In addition to the Jones family, the dinner party includes Amelia Brown, a meek little person of great beauty, the fiancée of Edgar Jones. As this is her first meal with Edgar in Edgar's home, she is somewhat ill at ease. A servant appears from time to time, as needed.

The only food on the table is a huge platter piled high with bones—any kind of bones will do. The more kinds of bones the better. In presenting this play, it might be as well to use "property" bones, made of papier mâché.

MR. JONES (*heartily*)—"Well! Well! This is good! To think we can have you with us, Amelia, the first night after your return from Europe! It makes us feel that you are really one of the family."

AMELIA (*with shyness*)—"Edgar insisted, Mr. Jones. I told him it was hardly proper—"

EDGAR—"But I said we were going to be married so soon; and then we never were formal, we Joneses. I knew she would be willing to take pot luck, mother. It is all in the family, isn't it?"

MRS. JONES—"Of course. And we are

all so glad to see dear Amelia again. Three years! I suppose you saw a great deal in Europe that was edifying; but you must be glad to get back. I hear that the eating is most indigestible."

WILL (*impatiently*)—"Ain't we going to eat at all to-night? I'm starved."

MRS. JONES (*reprovingly*)—"William, do not be impatient!" (*To Mr. Jones*)—"I think you might as well serve dinner now, Adelbert. Bertha will be in in a minute or two."

MR. JONES (*heaping a plate with bones*)—"Yes, from all I hear, Europe is no place for civilized beings."

(Bertha enters and carries the plate of bones to Amelia, setting it before her on the table. Amelia looks at it with evident surprise. Mr. Jones continues serving bones, and Bertha distributes them to the members of the dinner party. No one notices Amelia's surprise.)

MR. JONES—"I met a man to-day who had just got back, and he says they have no idea of hygienic eating whatever. They eat all kinds of things—sauces and all that. The only thing he saw anywhere that resembled a modern diet was among the poor peasants of southern France. They are eating boiled chestnuts."

MRS. JONES (*taking a large bone in her fingers and crunching it between her teeth*)—"But, father, the nut diet is not hygienic. That idea had been exploded before Amelia went abroad, hadn't it?"

EDGAR (*cracking a bone with his teeth*)—"No, mother. We were eating raw vegetables when Amelia went away. It was the next year we ate nuts. Don't you remember

I wrote Amelia, asking her about the nut diet in Europe, and she said no one ate them as a steady diet there but peasants who are starving?"

FRANCES (*with a large bone well back between her molars*)—"That was a silly fad, wasn't it, that nut fad? I think it was worse than the raw vegetables, although it did not give me such stomach pains. I nearly passed away when we had the raw-vegetable fad! Do you remember the night we had raw parsnips, father?"

MR. JONES (*breaking a bone in two by setting his jaws on it and pulling down on the other end with both hands*)—"Yes, indeed! I thought we were going to lose you, Frances. That was what finally convinced me that raw vegetables were not a rational diet. It awakened me, just as your mother's appendicitis case showed me that oat-hulls were not—" (*Angrily*)—"William!"

(*William, boylike, has been gorging his food without chewing it properly, and a long, thick bone has stuck in his throat. The other end extends into the air, and his face is rapidly turning from crimson to black. Edgar reaches across the table and jerks the bone out of William's throat. It might be as well to have a sword-swallower play the part of William when this play is staged.*)

MR. JONES (*still angry*)—"William, how many times must I tell you to fletcherize your bones before you swallow them? You might as well be eating bread and butter, or roast beef, if you don't fletcherize your bones properly. Chew each bite of bone four hundred times, young man, or I'll get a jaw-meter and make you wear it!"

WILL (*pouting*)—"Well, my stomach feels like a dog-fight now. It feels like—like—"

FRANCES (*quickly*)—"You needn't tell us what it feels like, young man! It is no wonder it feels like it, when you won't fletcherize. If you were my kid, I'd make you eat bone-meal with a spoon."

EDGAR (*to Amelia, in loverlike tones*)—"Why, dearest, you are not eating? Was the fatigue of the custom-house examination too much for you?"

AMELIA (*in confusion*)—"I—no—I—I am not hungry to-night, Edgar."

EDGAR (*solicitously*)—"But try to eat a little, sweetheart, for my sake. You must have some nourishment, dear."

(*Amelia hesitatingly takes a bone from the plate. She takes a small bone, and bites on it. Nothing serious happens to the bone. It seems to be a hard bone. She continues to bite at the bone without hurting it, and her confusion increases. Edgar does not notice this, as he has turned to his father.*)

EDGAR—"Imagine, father, Amelia had not heard of the new tariff law, and if I had not been on the dock she would have had to take the examination all alone. She was just going into the operating-room when I arrived. I tried to get the examiner to accept Amelia's sworn affidavit, but it would not do. He said his orders were doubly strict since the late frauds were discovered. I had to wait outside while the surgeon operated."

MRS. JONES—"The idea! I don't mean that you had to wait outside, Edgar, but that they would not take Amelia's word. Of course, you couldn't have been allowed in the ladies' operating-room. Of course, they found nothing dutiable?"

EDGAR—"Mother! What a question! Certainly not, when Amelia said they would not."

MR. JONES (*in the tone of a man who knows that business is business*)—"Yes, but as long as smuggling goes on, the government has to be severe. People—not Amelia, of course, but people in general—love to smuggle; women especially; and if there is to be a tariff on artificial vermiform appendices at all, it must be enforced. Otherwise the French manufacturers would usurp the trade. Travelers should not mind a little inconvenience when a great American industry is at stake."

MRS. JONES—"But I don't call being cut open by a surgeon a 'little inconvenience.' I call it a most impertinent interference with my private affairs. The government has no right, Adelbert, to cut open every passenger just to search for artificial vermiform appendices. If it is the law, the law should be changed."

EDGAR—"But, mother, then every one would come back from Europe with French vermiform appendices. They are so much cheaper than those made here, and so much better. No one would buy the American make. The American factories would have to shut down, hundreds of appendix-makers would be thrown out of employment. Hard times would ensue. Clothes and everything

would be cheap. "It would be a terrible catastrophe!"

AMELIA (*meekly*)—"They do not search passengers in Europe."

MR. JONES (*scornfully*)—"Oh, Europe! Europe does not count. Why, they don't even eat bones in Europe. They eat plain food—all sorts of food. We can't be judged over here by effete European ideas. Will you have a few more bones, Amelia?"

AMELIA (*politely*)—"No, thank you. I—I haven't eaten all of these yet. You helped me so bountifully."

WILL (*accusingly*)—"Oh, she hasn't eaten a bone yet, not a single bone! I watched her, and she didn't bite a single bone! I'll bet she's a food-eater!"

MRS. JONES (*angrily*)—"William! What are you saying? You will be calling Amelia a coffee-drinker next, and then you'll be sent to bed without having your backbone rubbed." (*To Amelia*)—"Don't mind him, dear; he is a rude, ill-bred boy. He actually scoffs at bone-eating. And once—but no, that is too terrible to tell, even in a family party."

WILL (*brazenly*)—"Huh, I'll tell! I ain't afraid. Ma caught me in the barn eating a piece of white bread!"

(*Mr. Jones half rises as if he could hardly refrain from taking Will in hand at once. Will grins mischievously. The whole family is shocked.*)

MRS. JONES—"Will, what will Amelia think of us now? She will think we are savages!"

WILL (*pointing at Amelia*)—"Well, she's a savage. She doesn't eat bones. She hasn't cracked a bone!"

MRS. JONES (*in her most mollifying tone*)—"Amelia, I beg you not to mind what that boy says." (*Sees Amelia's plate.*) "Why—why—you haven't eaten—"

WILL (*triumphantly*)—"She didn't eat a bone!"

MR. JONES (*looking at Amelia's plate*)—"Why—why—I only helped you once, Amelia, and you have a plateful of bones left!"

FRANCES (*bending forward to look at Amelia's plate*)—"My dear! But you must eat your bones! You have not eaten one of them!"

EDGAR—"You ought to eat a few bones, at least, Amelia!" (*Aside*)—"I hope she is not a food-eater!" (*To Amelia, softly,*

in her ear)—"I wanted you to make a good impression on my family, Amelia. Try to eat a few bones for my sake!"

AMELIA (*blushing furiously*)—"I'm so sorry, if you are all disappointed in me, but I—I never ate a bone in my life!" (*Tears fill her eyes.*) "I don't know how to eat them! I would eat them if I could."

MR. JONES (*taking a bone in his hand and crushing it between his molars*)—"It is easy. See. You put it well back between the teeth and bite hard. You can do it. Like this!"

ALL (*taking bones and crunching them*)—"Like this!"

(*Amelia takes a bone and does as they have shown her. The bone does not break. Tears fill her eyes, but she continues to bite the bone.*)

ALL (*continuing to crack bones*)—"See, like this! This way, Amelia!"

(*Amelia's bone does not crack. Edgar reaches over and picks out a bone from the supply on the platter.*)

EDGAR (*handing bone to Amelia*)—"Here, Amelia, here is a nice, tender bone. Try this one!"

(*Amelia tries the tender bone in vain. The tears run down her cheeks. She holds the bone with one hand, and, while she bites at it, wipes her eyes with a handkerchief held in the other hand. As she continues her unavailing efforts, the faces of the Joneses become serious.*)

MR. JONES (*to Mrs. Jones*)—"Mariana, I do believe she cannot crack that bone!"

MRS. JONES (*much horrified*)—"Oh, Adelbert!"

(*Amelia suddenly puts up a hand and takes something white from her mouth. She puts it under the edge of her plate.*)

EDGAR (*joyously*)—"Hurrah, she has cracked off a piece of the bone!"

WILL (*after peering under the edge of Amelia's plate*)—"Yep! Or—no! It ain't bone! It's a tooth!"

(*Amelia sobs, but gnaws at the bone. She glances around guiltily, while all wait, with their bones in hand, watching her*

anxiously. She puts up a hand and deposits another small white object beside her plate. Will pokes it with his bone.)

WILL (gleefully)—“'Nother tooth!”

(Edgar groans, and hides his face in his hands. When Amelia hears him, she looks up sadly and lays two more teeth beside her plate. But she is game. She smiles sadly at Frances, showing a gap where four teeth are missing, and bites the bone again. Suddenly she bursts into tears, and, dropping the bone, lets her head fall on her folded arms, and sobs aloud. All regard her sternly, except Will, who grins impishly.)

MR. JONES (very solemnly)—“She cannot—bite—the bone!”

ALL (sadly)—“No! No! She cannot! She cannot!”

(All sit dolefully, with downcast heads, in deep dejection and painful thought. At length Edgar raises his head slowly and looks around. His face is white and haggard. He grasps his hair with both hands and looks up at the ceiling, heaven being, in his estimation, in that direction.)

EDGAR (slowly allowing his gaze to fall to his father's face)—“Father, I know my duty, and I must do it! It wrings my heart, but my duty must be done.” (To Amelia)—“Amelia, we must part!”

(Amelia raises her face. It is stained with tears, and she clasps her hands and looks at Edgar with loving, longing gaze.)

AMELIA—“Ah, Edgar! Edgar!”

EDGAR (firmly)—“It must be! I love you, Amelia, but you have betrayed me! You come here, into my father's home, to his table! You are welcomed as one of us. You are given the seat of honor. You are served first—with the best and tenderest bones. We look upon you as a true bone-cracker, and—you cannot crack a bone!”

(His head falls upon his breast.)

AMELIA (appealingly)—“Edgar—”

EDGAR (sternly)—“Wait!” *(Stretches out his arm accusingly.)* “You knew the digestive religion of this family! You knew I could marry none that thought differently! You led me on to believe that you were following me, step by step, in my gradual

progress toward the perfect stomach. Oat-hulls, raw vegetables, raw acorns, pulverized baked walnut-hulls—one by one, as we took up those diets, believing they were the perfect food for man, you wrote that you, too, were eating them, and them only! When we discovered that oat-hulls were not even fit for jackasses, we wrote you that we had discovered that oat-hull eating was but a fad. We wrote you that the highest authorities now advised a diet of raw vegetables and boiled water. You answered that our diet should be your diet. And when we found, through the words of Professor Fakem, that raw vegetables and boiled water were the merest piffle, and that raw acorns and vinegar was the perfect man-food, you wrote that you, too, would live on raw acorns and vinegar. Is it not so?”

AMELIA (with a sob)—“Ye-yes, Edgar!”

EDGAR (angrily)—“And I trusted you! We all trusted you! We thought you knew our motto—‘The perfect food makes the perfect stomach; the perfect stomach makes the perfect life.’ I thought you agreed with Dr. Quacque that insufficient nitrogen in the digestive tract leads to divorce, and that a lack of phosphorus brings separations. I trusted you, and you have betrayed my trust. I wrote when we took up bone-cracking. I told you we had found the perfect food—sufficient nitrogen and phosphorus, sufficient jaw work to set the salivary glands working—a food that was not a fad, but that would make our married life one long, sweet digestive bliss, building up our tissues, and—”

AMELIA (sadly)—“Edgar, dear Edgar, I did not—”

EDGAR (overbearingly)—“The day we found the bone-cracking salvation I wrote you. I told you to keep step with me, beginning that day with tender bones—the bones of squabs and frogs' legs—and to chew them four hundred times before swallowing. I told you to go then to chicken-bones; then, as the muscles of your jaws strengthened, to spare ribs; and so on until you could take a ham-bone and crunch it to powder as a food-eater crunches a water-cracker. I trusted you, Amelia, and see—we serve you a meal of medium strength bones, and you cannot crack the most delicate of them! You break your teeth. You are no modern dietist! You are a fraud! You are a deceiver! You do not, I swear, in the privacy of your own room, fletcherize at all! You do not even eat whole wheat bread. You do not eat vegetables, nor raw

meat, nor nuts. You are a fraud, Amelia Brown, and I want no more of you!"

(As Edgar has become more angry, Amelia's face has become white. The Joneses all draw away from her in horror, and as Edgar ends his denunciation they slip away from the table, and gather in a group around Edgar. They are severe. Amelia stands and faces them. She is trembling.)

AMELIA—"Edgar, one moment, and I will go! I loved you, Edgar. For you, during my three long years in Europe, I ate raw turnips and raw acorns, I ate raw oat-hulls and baked walnut-hulls. One after another I suffered your latest diets to give me pains and pangs below my belt. For, Edgar, I loved you! But the day came when your diets were too much for me. Let me remind you that I am not a cow, Edgar. I am not a jackass, nor a jack-rabbit. I am not an ostrich—"

MRS. JONES (horrificed)—"She blasphemes!"

AMELIA—"Be still! I dieted according to your improved methods until my stomach was wrecked. I was taken to a hospital. For a month I lay like one dead."

FRANCES (scornfully)—"She couldn't have fletcherized! If she was so sick as all that, why didn't she Emmanuelize?"

AMELIA—"It must have been then that you wrote me about the bone-crackers. I never received the letter."

ALL—"You never received the letter?"

AMELIA—"Never! But it is not too late. I love you, Edgar, and I will take up bone-cracking now, unless something else—"

EDGAR (positively)—"There will be no something else. Bones are the perfect food!"

WILL (sneeringly)—"The newest is always the perfect one with us!"

AMELIA (pleadingly)—"Then let me go away for a week—a month—a year—until I, too, can crack bones." (Patting her cheeks.) "See, my jaws are strong! It will mean but a slight postponement of the wedding—"

EDGAR (with joy)—"Yes! Yes!"

MRS. JONES (coldly)—"It cannot be! No, it cannot be!" (All turn toward her.) "Amelia, you have lost four teeth here to-night, and the perfect food cannot be cracked and fletcherized with false teeth."

EDGAR (sadly but firmly)—"It is true! It is too true! Amelia, we must part! We

must part! You are condemned forever to be a food-eater!"

(Edgar buries his head in his hands and sobs bitterly. Amelia looks from one to another, allowing her eyes to rest on each face in turn, but each Jones, as she looks at him, frowns and looks away. Amelia turns to leave the room. Her nose is red, and her head droops. She extends her arms toward Edgar in a last appeal, but he does not look at her. Amelia allows her arms to drop, and moves toward the door slowly. Painful silence. At the door Amelia pauses and looks back pleadingly.)

AMELIA (wailingly)—"Edgar!" (She receives no response. All stand with lowered heads. She places her hand on her heart and speaks wistfully.) "Then—then I must go? Adieu, Edgar, adieu!" (Suddenly she walks back to the table and gathers her four teeth in her hand. She looks at them, and a great rage swells within her. She draws herself up, and her eyes burn.) "So this is your love, Edgar Jones? So be it! I hoped to be your bride, Edgar Jones, and to sit at your table and eat all sorts of indigestible junk, letting fad follow fad as our lives passed happily. But that is not to be! I am driven away, and I will go, but my life is ruined. You have driven me to this, Edgar, and my stomach shall be on your head! I will eat real food! I—I will drink real coffee!"

(Amelia throws her four teeth in Edgar's face. Exit Amelia, weeping. Edgar dodges the teeth, and trembles. He takes a step toward the door.)

EDGAR (calling)—"Amelia! Amelia!"

MR. JONES—"She is gone!"

EDGAR (wildly)—"She is gone! I have driven her away! She will drink real coffee! She will eat real food! Father, mother—farewell! I must go! I must follow her! Her degradation must be my degradation! I, too, will drink real coffee! I, too, will eat real food!"

(Exit Edgar, running hungrily, if he can do it.)

WILL (moving toward door)—"I'll fetch him back—"

MR. JONES (sternly)—"William! Not

a step into that world of food! If any one must follow them, the father of the family must. Mariana, Frances, William, remain here. Finish cracking the bones. I must do my duty. I must follow my son. I must find him. This family must not be torn asunder. I will find them. Instinct tells me where to look." (*Kisses Mrs. Jones.*) "Farewell! Farewell, family and home! You—you may have all the bones! All the bones!"

MRS. JONES (*weeping*)—"Oh, where will you go? Where will you look for them?"

MR. JONES (*heroically*)—"Even in a restaurant, if I must!"

(*Exit Mr. Jones.*)

MRS. JONES (*sadly*)—"He is gone! Adelbert! My husband! He is going to a restaurant! To a restaurant! Quick!" (*Kisses Frances and Will.*) "My place is by my husband's side. Bertha! Bertha, my wraps! Will, Frances, finish the bones. All—you may have them all! I must go to my husband! Yes, yes! What he eats I will eat!"

(*Exit Mrs. Jones.*)

FRANCES (*approaches Will, and attempts to kiss him*)—"Dear brother—"

WILL (*kicking at her*)—"Get out, you fraud. I know what you are going to say." (*Imitates Frances's voice.*) "Dear brother, you may have all the bones! All, all the bones! I must go! You are going out to get something to eat!"

FRANCES (*indignantly*)—"The idea!"

WILL—"Oh, I know you! I know this

whole family. What are you doing, every afternoon in the Golden Plate Tea-Room? Cracking bones? Not much! Bones!" (*He takes a large bone and throws it across stage.*) "Bones!" (*Throws another bone.*) Quite a comedy element could be introduced here by having Will throw the large bones at the audience, if any audience is left by this time. It would not be the intention to hit the audience, for they have suffered enough. The part of Will might be taken by an Australian, acquainted with the art of throwing boomerangs, and by having the bones shaped like boomerangs they would only frighten the audience, and would then return to the stage.) "You are eating food. Bones? What does father do every day when he goes out to lunch? Crack bones? He eats food! Bones? What does mother do after father leaves for the office? Does she lock herself into her room to eat bones? She eats real food." (*Turning to audience.*) "You see! The whole world is insincere; only youth is honest. In her youth America must place her hope. The whole nation is cracking bones, but youth alone is sincere!"

FRANCES—"Yes! Yes! So you may have these bones, William. I am going out to be insincere."

(*Exit Frances.*)

WILL (*to audience*)—"You see? The hope of America is in her youth. We alone are—"

(*Enter Bertha.*)

BERTHA—"Master Willie, your beefsteak and beans are ready in the servants' dining-room!"

CURTAIN

MANNA

No hunger can in any way compare
With hunger of the eyes. Awhile,
Then, let me feed upon this food so fair—
The manna of your smile!

No other hunger wakes and cries anew
Like hunger of the ears. My lays
Await, like flowers fain for sun and dew,
The manna of your praise.

So, day by day, in search of bread and wine,
My weary soul, like carrier dove,
Flies to your soul to seek its food divine—
The manna of your love!

Clarence Urmy

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

XXIX—THE STORY OF THE CARLYLES

BY LYNDON ORR

TO most persons, Tennyson was a remote and romantic figure. His homes in the Isle of Wight and at Aldworth had a dignified seclusion about them which was very appropriate to so great a poet, and invested him with a certain awe through which the multitude rarely penetrated. As a matter of fact, however, he was an excellent companion, a ready talker, and gifted with so much wit that it is a pity that more of his sayings have not been preserved to us.

One of the best known is that which was drawn from him after he and a number of friends had been spending an hour in company with Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. The two Carlyles were unfortunately at their worst, and gave a superb specimen of domestic "nagging." Each caught up whatever the other said, and either turned it into ridicule, or tried to make the author of it an object of contempt.

This was, of course, exceedingly uncomfortable for such strangers as were present, and it certainly gave no pleasure to their friends. On leaving the house, some one said to Tennyson:

"Isn't it a pity that such a couple ever married?"

"No, no," said Tennyson,

with a sort of smile under his rough beard. "It's much better that two people should be made unhappy than four."

The world has pretty nearly come around to the verdict of the poet laureate. It is not probable that Thomas Carlyle would have made any woman happy as his wife, or that Jane Baillie Welsh would have made any man happy as her husband.

This sort of speculation would never have occurred had not Mr. Froude, in the early eighties, given his story about the Carlyles to the world. Carlyle went to his grave, an old man, highly honored, and with no trail of gossip behind him. His wife had died some sixteen years before, leaving a brilliant memory. The books of Mr. Froude seemed for a moment to have desecrated the grave, and to have shed a sudden and sinister light upon those who could not make the least defense for themselves.

For a moment, Carlyle seemed to have been a monster of harshness, cruelty, and almost brutish feeling. On the other side, his wife took on the color of an evil-speaking, evil-thinking shrew, who tormented the life of her husband, and allowed herself to be possessed by some demon of unrest and



THE CHELSEA STATUE OF
THOMAS CARLYLE

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychological problems which they illustrate. Recent articles in the series have dealt with "Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay" (May, 1910); "The Story of Franz Liszt" (June); "The Story of George Sand" (July); "The Story of Rachel" (August); "The Story of Aaron Burr" (September); "King Charles II and Nell Gwyn" (October); "Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen" (November); "Lola Montez and King Ludwig of Bavaria" (December); "The Story of Pauline Bonaparte" (January, 1911); "Robert Burns and Jean Armour" (February); "The Story of Richard Wagner" (March); and "Honoré de Balzac and Evelina Hanska" (April).

discontent, such as few women of her station are ever known to suffer from.

Nor was it merely that the two were apparently ill-mated and unhappy with each other. There were hints and innuendos which looked toward some hidden cause for

Carlyles. Perhaps the result to-day has been more injurious to Froude than to the two Carlyles.

Many persons unjustly speak of Froude as having violated the confidence of his friends in publishing the letters of Mr. and



EDWARD IRVING, WHO AS A YOUNG MAN WAS CARLYLE'S RIVAL FOR THE HAND OF JANE BAILLIE WELSH, AND WHO LATER BECAME A FAMOUS PREACHER AND FOUNDER OF THE SECT OF IRVINGITES

From a portrait by Hoffman

this unhappiness, and which aroused the curiosity of every one. That they might be clearer, Froude afterward wrote a book, bringing out more plainly—indeed, too plainly—his explanation of the Carlyle family skeleton. A multitude of documents then came from every quarter, and from almost every one who had known either of the

Mrs. Carlyle. They take no heed of the fact that in doing this he was obeying Carlyle's express wishes, left behind in writing, and often urged on Froude while Carlyle was still alive. Whether or not Froude ought to have accepted such a trust, one may perhaps hesitate to decide. That he did so is probably because he felt that if he refused,

Carlyle might commit the same duty to another, who would discharge it with less delicacy and less discretion.

As it is, the blame, if it rests upon any one, should rest upon Carlyle. He collected the letters. He wrote the lines which burn and scorch with self-reproach. It is he who pressed upon the reluctant Froude the duty of printing and publishing a series of documents which, for the most part, should never have been published at all, and which have done equal harm to Carlyle, to his wife, and to Froude himself.

Now that everything has been written that is likely to be written by those claiming to possess personal knowledge of the subject, let us take up the volumes, and likewise the scattered fragments, and seek to penetrate the mystery of the most ill-assorted couple known to modern literature.

It is not necessary to bring to light, and in regular order, the external history of Thomas Carlyle, or of Jane Baillie Welsh, who married him. There is an extraordinary amount of rather fanciful gossip about this marriage, and about the three persons who had to do with it.

CARLYLE'S BRILLIANT YOUTH

Take first the principal figure, Thomas Carlyle. His life until that time had been a good deal more than the life of an ordinary countryman. Many persons represent him as a peasant; but he was descended from the ancient lords of a Scottish manor. There was something in his eye, and in the dominance of his nature, that made his lordly nature felt. Mr. Froude notes that Carlyle's hand was very small and unusually well shaped. Nor had his earliest appearance as a young man been commonplace, in spite of the fact that his parents were illiterate, so that his mother learned to read only after her sons had gone away to Edinburgh, in order that she might be able to enjoy their letters.

At that time in Scotland, as in Puritan New England, in each family the son who had the most notable "pairs" was sent to the university that he might become a clergyman. If there were a second son, he became an advocate or a doctor of medicine, while the sons of less distinction seldom went beyond the parish school, but settled down as farmers, horse-dealers, or whatever might happen to come their way.

In the case of Thomas Carlyle, nature marked him out for something brilliant,

whatever that might be. His quick sensibility, the way in which he acquired every sort of learning, his command of logic, and, withal, his swift, unerring gift of language, made it certain from the very first that he must be sent to the university as soon as he had finished school, and could afford to go.

At Edinburgh, where he matriculated in his fourteenth year, he astonished every one by the enormous extent of his reading, and by the firm hold he kept upon it. One hesitates to credit these so-called reminiscences which tell how he absorbed mountains of Greek and immense quantities of political economy and history and sociology and various forms of metaphysics, as every Scotsman is bound to do. That he read all night is a common story told of many a Scottish lad at college. We may believe, however, that Carlyle studied and read as most of his fellow students did, but far beyond them in extent.

When he had completed about half of his divinity course, he assured himself that he was not intended for the life of a clergyman. One who reads his mocking sayings, or what seemed to be a clever string of jeers directed against religion, might well think that Carlyle was throughout his life an atheist, or an agnostic. He confessed to Irving that he did not believe in the Christian religion, and it was vain to hope that he ever would so believe. Here is a bit of self-revelation:

Why do men shriek so over one another's creeds? A certain greatness of heart for all manner of conceptions and misconceptions of the Inconceivable is now, if ever, in season. Reassure thyself, my poor assaulted brother. Starting from the east, a man's road seems horribly discordant with thine, which is so resolutely forcing itself forward by tunnel and incline, victorious over impediments from the western quarter. Yet see, you are both struggling, more or less honestly, towards the center—all mortals are, unless they be diabolic and not human.

Recollect with pity, with smiles and tears, however high thou be, the efforts of the meanest man. Intolerance coiled like a dragon round treasures which were the palladium of mankind was not so bad; nay, rather was indispensable and good.

Moreover, Carlyle had done something which was unusual at that time. He had taught in several local schools; but presently he came back to Edinburgh and openly made literature his profession. It was a daring thing to do; but Carlyle had unbounded confidence in himself and in his

powers—the confidence of a giant, striding forth into a forest, certain that he can make his way by sheer strength through the tangled meshes and the knotty branches that he knows will meet him and try to beat him back. Furthermore, he knew how to live on very little; he was unmarried; and he felt a certain ardor which be seemed his age and gifts.

Through the kindness of friends, he received some commissions to write in various books of reference; and in 1824, when he was twenty-nine years of age, he published a translation of Legendre's *Geometry*. In the same year he published, in the *London Magazine*, his "Life of Schiller," and also his translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." This successful attack upon the London periodicals and reviews led to a certain complication with the other two characters in this story. It takes us to Jane Welsh, and also to Edward Irving.

MISS WELSH AND EDWARD IRVING

Irving was three years older than Carlyle. The two men were friends, and both of them had been teaching in country schools, where both of them had come to

know Miss Welsh. Irving's seniority gave him a certain prestige with the younger men, and naturally with Miss Welsh. He had won honors at the university, and now, as assistant to the famous Dr. Chalmers, he carried his silk robes in the jaunty fashion of one who has just ceased to be an undergraduate. While studying, he met Miss Welsh at Haddington, and there became her private instructor.

This girl was regarded in her native town as something of a personage. To read what has been written of her, one might suppose that she was almost a miracle of birth and breeding, and of intellect as well. As a matter of fact, in the little town of Haddington she was simply *prima inter pares*. Her father was the local doctor, and while she had a comfortable home, and doubtless a chaise at her disposal, she was very far from the "opulence" which Carlyle, looking up at her from his lowlier surroundings, was accustomed to ascribe to her. She was, no doubt, a very clever girl; and, judging from the portraits taken of her at about this time, she was an exceedingly pretty one, with beautiful eyes and an abundance of dark glossy hair.



CRAIGENPUTTOCK, THE LONELY FARMHOUSE IN THE HILLS OF DUMFRIESSHIRE
IN WHICH THOMAS AND JANE CARLYLE LIVED FROM 1828 TO 1834

Even then, however, Miss Welsh had traits which might have made it certain that she would be much more agreeable as a friend than as a wife. She had become an *intellectuelle* quite prematurely—at an age, in fact, when she might better have been think-

When she first met Edward Irving, she looked up to him as her superior in many ways. He was a striking figure in her small world. He was known in Edinburgh as likely to be a man of mark; and, of course, he had had a careful training in many sub-



JANE BAILLIE WELSH AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE TO
THOMAS CARLYLE

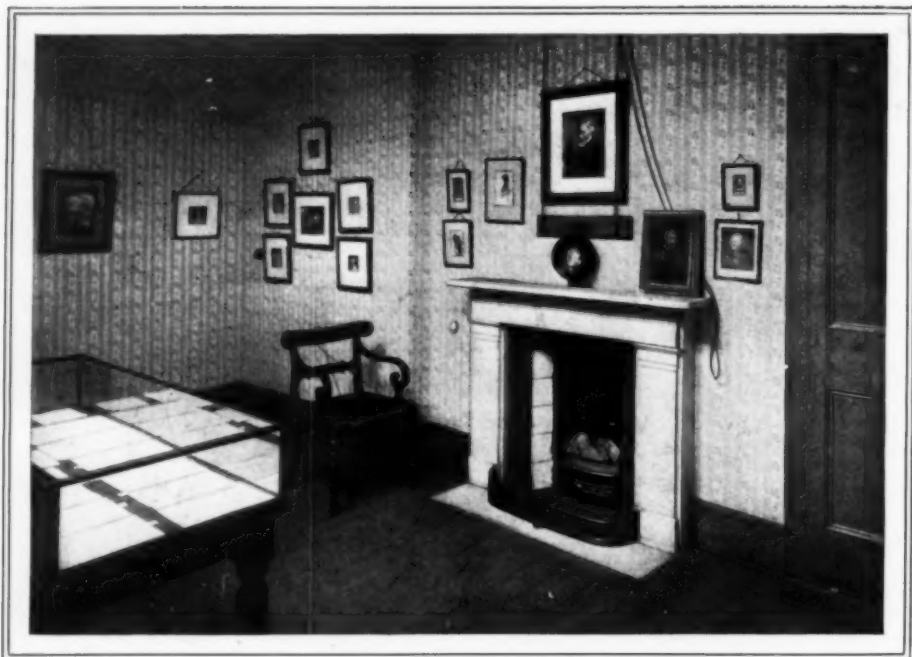
From a miniature by K. Macleay

ing of other things than the inwardness of her soul, or the folly of religious belief.

Even as a young girl, she was beset by a desire to criticize and to ridicule almost everything and every one that she encountered. It was only when she met with something that she could not understand, or some one who could do what she could not, that she became comparatively humble. Unconsciously, her chief ambition was to be herself distinguished, and to marry some one who could be more distinguished still.

jects of which she, as yet, knew very little. Therefore, insensibly, she fell into a sort of admiration for Irving—an admiration which might have been transmuted into love. Irving, on his side, was taken by the young girl's beauty, her vivacity, and the keenness of her intellect. That he did not at once become her suitor is probably due to the fact that he had already engaged himself to a Miss Martin, of whom not much is known.

It was about this time, however, that Carlyle became acquainted with Miss Welsh.



THE FAMOUS SOUND-PROOF STUDY ON THE TOP FLOOR OF CARLYLE'S HOUSE IN CHELSEA, IN WHICH HE WROTE "FREDERICK THE GREAT" AND OTHER BOOKS

His abundant knowledge, his original and striking manner of commenting on it, his almost gigantic intellectual power, came to her as a revelation. Her studies with Irving were now interwoven with her admiration for Carlyle.

Since Irving was a clergyman, and Miss Welsh had not the slightest belief in any form of theology, there was comparatively little that they had in common. On the other hand, when she saw the profundities of Carlyle, she at once half feared, and was half fascinated. Let her speak to him on any subject, and he would at once thunder forth some striking truth, or it might be some puzzling paradox; but what he said could never fail to interest her and to make her think. He had, too, an infinite sense of humor, often whimsical and shot through with sarcasm.

It is no wonder that Miss Welsh was more and more infatuated with the nature of Carlyle. If it was her conscious wish to marry a man whom she could reverence as a master, where should she find him—in Irving or in Carlyle?

Irving was a dreamer, a man who, she came to see, was thoroughly one-sided, and

whose interests lay in a different sphere from hers. Carlyle, on the other hand, had already reached out beyond the little Scottish capital, and had made his mark in the great world of London, where men like De Quincey and Jeffrey thought it worth their while to run a tilt with him. Then, too, there was the fascination of his talk! Take these casual bits, such as he would throw out at any moment, and you will not wonder that Jane Welsh found in him a perpetual source of interest:

The English have never had an artist, except in poetry; no musician; no painter. Purcell and Hogarth are not exceptions, or only such as confirm the rule.

Is the true Scotchman the peasant and yeoman—chiefly the former?

Every living man is a visible mystery; he walks between two eternities and two infinitudes. Were we not blind as moles we should value our humanity at infinity, and our rank, influence and so forth—the trappings of our humanity—at nothing. Say I am a man, and you say all. Whether king or tinker is a mere appendix.

Understanding is to reason as the talent of a beaver—which can build houses, and uses its tail

for a trowel—to the genius of a prophet and poet. Reason is all but extinct in this age; it can never be altogether extinguished.

The devil has his elect.

Is anything more wonderful than another, if you consider it maturely? I have seen no men rise from the dead; I have seen some thousands rise from nothing. I have not force to fly into the sun, but I have force to lift my hand, which is equally strange.

Is not every thought properly an inspiration? Or how is one thing more inspired than another?

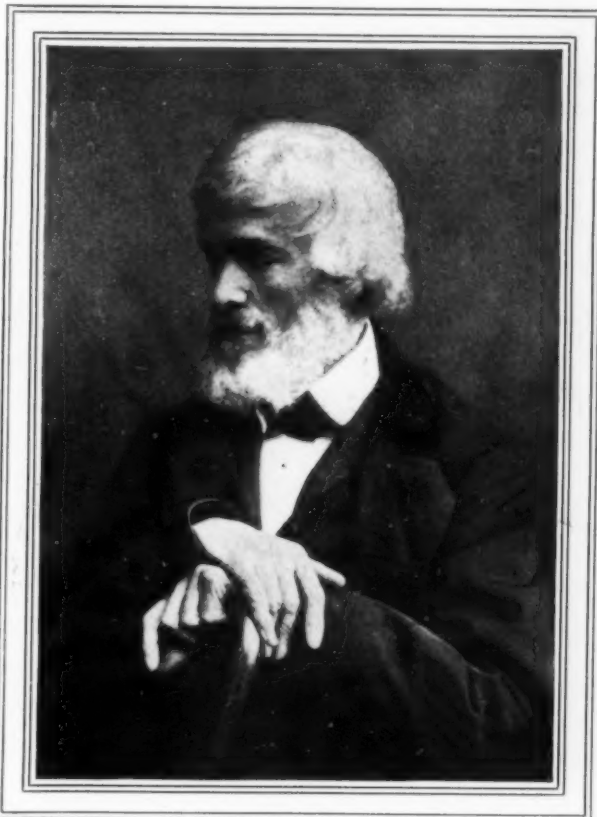
Examine by logic the import of thy life, and of all lives. What is it? A making of meal into manure, and of manure into meal. To the *cui bono* there is no answer from logic.

In many ways Jane Welsh found the difference of range between Carlyle and Irving. At one time, she asked Irving about some German works, and he was obliged to send her to Carlyle to solve her difficulties. Carlyle knew German almost as well as if he had been born in Dresden; and the full and almost overflowing way in which he answered her gave her another impression of his potency. Thus she weighed the two men who might become her lovers, and little by little she came to think of Irving as partly shallow and partly narrow-minded, while Carlyle loomed up more of a giant than before.

It is not probable that she was a woman who could love profoundly. She thought too much about herself. She was too critical. She had too intense an ambition for "showing off." I can imagine that in the end she made her choice quite coolly. She was flattered by Carlyle's strong preference for her. She was perhaps repelled by Irving's engagement to another woman; yet at the time few persons thought that she had chosen well.

Irving had now gone to London, and had

become the pastor of the Caledonian chapel in Hatton Garden. Within a year, by the extraordinary power of his eloquence, which was in a style peculiar to himself, he had transformed an obscure little chapel into one which was crowded by the rich and fashionable. His congregation built for him a handsome edifice on Regent Square, and he

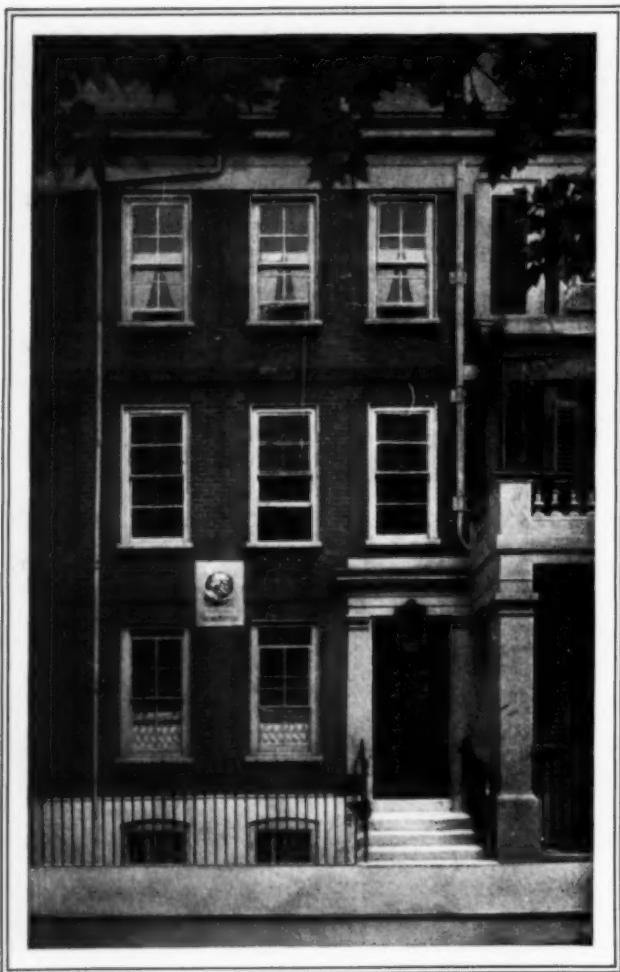


THOMAS CARLYLE IN HIS OLD AGE

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

became the leader of a new cult, which looked to a second personal advent of Christ. He cared nothing for the charges of heresy which were brought against him; and when he was deposed his congregation followed him, and developed a new Christian order, known as Irvingism.

Jane Welsh, in her musings, might rightfully have compared the two men and the future which each could give her. Did she marry Irving, she was certain of a life of ease in London, and an association with



NO. 24, CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, THE HOME OF THE CARLYLES
DURING THEIR LATER LIFE, AND NOW A MEMORIAL MUSEUM

men and women of fashion and celebrity, among whom she could show herself to be the gifted woman that she was. Did she marry Carlyle, she must go with him to a desolate, wind-beaten cottage, far away from any of the things she cared for, working almost as a housemaid, having no company save that of her husband, who was already a dyspeptic, and who was wont to speak of feeling as if a rat were tearing out his stomach.

Who would have said that in going with Carlyle she had made the better choice? Any one would have said it who knew the three—Irring, Carlyle, and Jane Welsh.

She had the penetration to be certain that whatever Irring might possess at present, it would be nothing in comparison to what Carlyle would have in the coming future. She understood the limitations of Irring, but to her keen mind the genius of Carlyle was unlimited; and she foresaw that, after he had toiled and striven, he would come into his great reward, which she would share. Irring might be the leader of a petty sect, but Carlyle would be a man whose name must become known throughout the world.

And so, in 1826, she had made her choice, and had become the bride of the rough-spoken, domineering Scotsman who had to face the world with nothing but his creative brain and his stubborn independence. She had put aside all immediate thought of London and its lures; she was going to cast in her lot with Carlyle's, largely as a matter of calculation, and believing that she had made, in cool blood, the better choice.

She was twenty-six and Carlyle was thirty-two when, after a brief residence in Edinburgh, they went down to Craigenputtock. Froude has described this place as the dreariest spot in the British dominions:

The nearest cottage is more than a mile from it; the elevation, seven hundred feet above the sea, stunts the trees and limits the garden produce; the house is gaunt and hungry-looking. It stands, with the scanty fields attached, as an island in a sea of morass. The landscape is unredeemed by grace or grandeur—mere undulating hills of grass and heather, with peat bogs in the hollows between them.

Froude's grim description has been questioned by some; yet the actual pictures that

have been drawn of the place in later years make it look bare, desolate, and uninviting. Mrs. Carlyle, who owned it as an inheritance from her father, saw the place for the first time in March, 1828. She settled there in May; but May, in the Scottish hills, is almost as repellent as winter. She herself shrank from the adventure which she had proposed. It was her husband's notion, and her own, that they should live there in practical solitude. He was to think and write, and make for himself a beginning of real fame; while she was to hover over him and watch his minor comforts.

It seemed to many of their friends that the project was quixotic to a degree. Mrs. Carlyle's delicate health, her weak chest, and the beginning of a nervous disorder, made them think that she was unfit to dwell in so wild and bleak a solitude. They felt, too, that Carlyle was too much absorbed with his own thought to be trusted with the charge of a high-spirited woman.

However, the decision had been made, and the newly married couple went to Craigenputtock, with wagons that carried their household goods and those of Carlyle's brother, Alexander, who lived in a cottage near by. These were the two redeeming features of their lonely home—the presence of Alexander Carlyle, and the fact that, although they had no servants in the ordinary sense, there were several farm-hands and a dairy-maid.

Before long there came a period of trouble, which is easily explained by what has been already said. Carlyle, thinking and writing some of the most beautiful things that he ever thought or wrote, could not make allowance for his wife's high spirit and physical weakness. She, on her side—nervous, fitful, and hard to please—thought herself a slave, the servant of a harsh and brutal master. She screamed at him when her nerves were too unstrung; and then, with a natural reaction, she called herself "a devil who could never be good enough for him." But most of her letters were harsh and filled with bitterness, and, no doubt, his conduct to her was at times no better than her own.

But it was at Craigenputtock that he really did lay fast and firm the road to fame. His wife's sharp tongue, and the gnawings of his own dyspepsia, were lived down with true Scottish grimness. It was here that he wrote some of his most penetrating and sympathetic essays, which were published

by the leading reviews of England and Scotland. Here, too, he began to teach his countrymen the value of German literature.

The most remarkable of his productions was that strange work entitled "*Sartor Resartus*" (1834), an extraordinary mixture of the sublime and the grotesque. The book quivers and shakes with tragic pathos, with inward agonies, with solemn aspirations, and with riotous humor.

THE CARLYLES IN CHEYNE ROW

In 1834, after six years at Craigenputtock, the Carlyles moved to London, and took up their home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, a far from fashionable retreat, but one in which the comforts of life could be more readily secured. It was there that Thomas Carlyle wrote what must seem to us the most vivid of all his books, the "*History of the French Revolution*." For this he had read and thought for many years; parts of it he had written in essays, and parts of it he had jotted down in journals. But now it came forth, as some one has said, "a truth clad in hell-fire," swirling amid clouds and flames and mist, a most wonderful picture of the accumulated social and political falsehoods which preceded the revolution, and which were swept away by a nemesis that was the righteous judgment of God.

Carlyle never wrote so great a book as this. He had reached his middle style, having passed the clarity of his early writings, and not having yet reached the thunderous, strange-mouthed German expletives which marred his later work. In the "*French Revolution*" he bursts forth, here and there, into furious Gallic oaths and Gargantuan epithets; yet this apocalypse of France seems more true than his hero-worshiping of old Frederick of Prussia, or even of English Cromwell.

All these days Thomas Carlyle lived a life which was partly one of seclusion and partly one of pleasure. At all times he and his dark-haired wife had their own sets, and mingled with their own friends. Jane had no means of discovering just whether she would have been happier with Irving; for Irving died while she was still digging potatoes and complaining of her lot at Craigenputtock.

However this may be, the Carlyles, man and wife, lived an existence that was full of unhappiness and rancor. Jane Carlyle became an invalid, and sought to allay her nervous sufferings with strong tea and to-

bacco and morphin. When a nervous woman takes to morphin, it almost always means that she becomes intensely jealous; and it was not otherwise with Jane Carlyle.

A shivering, palpitating, fiercely loyal bit of humanity, she took it into her head that her husband was infatuated with Lady Ashburton, or that Lady Ashburton was infatuated with him. She took to spying on them, and at times, when her nerves were all a jangle, she would lie back in her arm-chair and yell with paroxysms of anger. On the other hand, Carlyle, eager to enjoy the world, sought relief from his household cares, and sometimes stole away after a fashion that was hardly guileless. He would leave false addresses at his house, and would dine at other places than he had announced.

In 1866 Jane Carlyle suddenly died; and somehow, then, the conscience of Thomas Carlyle became convinced that he had wronged the woman whom he had really loved. His last fifteen years were spent in wretchedness and despair. He felt that he had committed the unpardonable sin. He recalled with anguish every moment of their early life at Craigenputtock—how she had toiled for him, and waited upon him, and made herself a slave; and how, later, she had given herself up entirely to him, while he had thoughtlessly received the sacrifice, and trampled on it as on a bed of flowers.

Of course, in all this he was intensely morbid; and the diary which he wrote was no more sane and wholesome than the screamings with which his wife had horrified her friends. But when he had grown to be a very old man, he came to feel that this was all a sort of penance, and that the selfishness of his past must be expiated in the future. Therefore, he gave his diary to his friend, the historian, Froude, and urged him to publish the letters and memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Mr. Froude, with an eye to the reading world, readily did so, furnishing them with abundant foot-notes, which made Carlyle appear to the world as more or less of a monster.

First, there was set forth the almost continual unhappiness of the pair. In the second place, by hint, by innuendo, and sometimes by explicit statement, there were given reasons to show why Carlyle made his wife unhappy. Of course, his gnawing dyspepsia, which she strove with all her might to drive away, was one of the first and greatest causes. But again another cause of discontent was stated in the implication that

Carlyle, in his bursts of temper, actually abused his wife. In one passage there is a hint that certain blue marks upon her arm were bruises, the result of blows.

CARLYLE AND LADY ASHBURTON

Most remarkable of all these accusations is that which has to do with the relations of Carlyle and Lady Ashburton. There is no doubt that Jane Carlyle disliked this brilliant woman, and came to have dark suspicions concerning her. At first, it was only a sort of social jealousy. Lady Ashburton was quite as clever a talker as Mrs. Carlyle, and she had a prestige which brought her more admiration.

Then, by degrees, as Jane Carlyle's mind began to wane, she transferred her jealousy to her husband himself. She hated to be outshone, and now, in some misguided fashion, it came into her head that Carlyle had surrendered to Lady Ashburton his own attention to his wife, and had fallen in love with her brilliant rival.

Sir James Creighton-Browne expresses this in medical fashion:

Mrs. Carlyle was highly neurotic and childless, and at a critical period of life she became addicted to morphia and other drugs, and ultimately developed morbid jealousy of her husband. No medical man can look carefully into her case without being convinced that she suffered from neurasthenia and climacteric melancholia.

On one occasion, she declared that Lady Ashburton had thrown herself at Carlyle's feet, but that Carlyle had acted like a man of honor, while Lord Ashburton, knowing all the facts, had passed them over, and had retained his friendship with Carlyle.

Now, when Froude came to write "My Relations with Carlyle," there were those who were very eager to furnish him with every sort of gossip. The greatest source of scandal upon which he drew was a woman named Geraldine Jewsbury, a curious neurotic creature, who had seen much of the late Mrs. Carlyle, but who had an almost morbid love of offensive tattle. Froude describes himself as a witness for six years, at Cheyne Row, "of the enactment of a tragedy as stern and real as the story of *Œdipus*." According to his own account:

I stood by, consenting to the slow martyrdom of a woman whom I have described as bright and sparkling and tender, and I uttered no word of remonstrance. I saw her involved in a perpetual blizzard, and did nothing to shelter her.

But it is not upon his own observations that Froude relies for his most sinister evidence against his friend. To him comes Miss Jewsbury with a lengthy tale to tell. It is well to know what Mrs. Carlyle thought of this lady. She wrote:

It is her besetting sin, and her trade of novelist has aggravated it—the desire of feeling and producing violent emotions . . . Geraldine has one besetting weakness; she is never happy unless she has a *grande passion* on hand.

There were strange manifestations on the part of Miss Jewsbury toward Mrs. Carlyle. At one time, when Mrs. Carlyle had shown some preference for another woman, it led to a wild outburst of what Miss Jewsbury herself called "tiger jealousy." There are many other instances of violent emotions in her letters to Mrs. Carlyle. They are often highly charged and erotic. It is unusual for a woman of thirty-two to write to a woman friend, who is forty-three years of age, in these words, which Miss Jewsbury used in writing to Mrs. Carlyle:

You are never out of my thoughts one hour together. I think of you much more than if you were my lover. I cannot express my feelings, even to you—vague, undefined yearnings to be yours in some way.

Mrs. Carlyle was accustomed, in private, to speak of Miss Jewsbury as "Miss Gooseberry," while Carlyle himself said that she was simply "a flimsy tatter of a creature." But it is on the testimony of this one woman, who was so morbid and excitable, that the most serious accusations against Carlyle rest. She knew that Froude was writing a volume about Mrs. Carlyle, and she rushed to him, eager to furnish any narratives, however strange, improbable, or salacious they might be.

BASELESS CHARGES AGAINST CARLYLE

Thus she is the sponsor of the Ashburton story, in which there is nothing whatsoever. Some of the letters which Lady Ashburton wrote Carlyle have been destroyed, but not before her husband had perused them. Another set of letters had never been read by Lord Ashburton at all, and they are still preserved—friendly, harmless, usual letters. Lord Ashburton always invited Carlyle to his house, and there is no reason to think that the Scottish philosopher wronged him.

There is much more to be said about the charge that Mrs. Carlyle suffered from personal abuse; yet when we examine the facts,

the evidence resolves itself into practically nothing. That, in his self-absorption, he allowed her to do household work, and wait upon him like a servant, in the dreary hovel of Craigenputtock, may well be true. She had married him with just that hope—that he would, by his pen and brain, become a genius whom all the world should know. That she grew nervous, and that he became dyspeptic, was only what might have been expected; that her tongue was sharp, and that he was often rough—this is no strange thing. Mr. Froude hints that he actually struck her, but there is no evidence of this, and the mysterious story of "two blue marks upon her arm" enters only to disappear.

The only other charge that has been made against him is one that has been whispered about in nooks and corners, and was spoken of quite frankly by the imaginative Geraldine. Briefly stated, it is to the effect that Carlyle's constitution was such that he should never have married, and that much of his wife's unhappiness, in her early years, came from this source, and from her childlessness. It is not well to say much on this head; for the evidence all rests upon the "tigerish" Geraldine Jewsbury.

It seems to me that a single letter, written by Jane Carlyle at the end of her first twelvemonth at Craigenputtock, during a brief absence from home, disproves this theory, and shows that in the early years of their married life her heart overflowed toward a man who must have been a manly, loving lover. She calls him by the name by which he called her—a homely Scottish name.

GOODY, GOODY, DEAR GOODY:

You said you would weary, and I do hope in my heart you are wearying. It will be so sweet to make it all up to you in kisses when I return. You will take me and hear all my bits of experiences, and your heart will beat when you find how I have longed to return to you. Darling, dearest, loveliest, the Lord bless you! I think of you every hour, every moment. I love you and admire you, like—like anything. Oh, if I was there, I could put my arms so close about your neck, and hush you into the softest sleep you have had since I went away. Good night. Dream of me. I am ever

YOUR OWN GOODY.

It seems most fitting to remember Thomas Carlyle as a man of strength, of honor, and of intellect. It seems best to remember his wife as one who was sorely tried, but who came out of her suffering into the arms of death, purified and calm and worthy to be remembered by her husband's side.

OUR POLICY TOWARD MEXICO

THE RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES AND ITS SOUTHERN
NEIGHBOR, FROM THE BIRTH OF THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC
TO THE EVENTS OF THE PRESENT YEAR

BY FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG

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DURING the century that has elapsed since the establishment of Mexican independence, the attitude of the United States toward its southern neighbor has passed through a series of phases which one may designate successively as cautious solicitude, swelling impatience, open hostility, slowly restored confidence, boldly demonstrated friendship, benevolent encouragement, and, in these latter days, vigilant—even ostentatious—public interest.

Throughout most of the same period the reciprocal attitude of the Mexican government and people has been one of anxiety, not to say distrust, arising out of the enormous preponderance of the northern republic, and, more specifically, out of the recollection of a variety of things that have happened since the two powers began rubbing elbows a hundred years ago.

The United States is, of course, the largest of all of the twenty-one republics of the western hemisphere, in both area and population; Mexico is fourth in area and third in population. Contiguous along a boundary-line a thousand miles in length, two nations of such magnitude must inevitably maintain close and continuous relations, agreeable or otherwise. Until the mobilization of American troops on the Mexican border during the past March, the relations of the two might be considered to have exhibited so many phases that they had run the full gamut of international possibilities. Recent developments, however, have demonstrated afresh that, even in the restricted domain of our Latin-American politics, there is always something new under the sun.

With the original establishing of the independent republic of Mexico it cannot be said that the United States had anything directly to do. Despite the fact that last autumn the Mexican people celebrated the centennial of their independence, it would, indeed, be no easy matter to state precisely at what point Mexico may be said to have begun its national existence.

As in several of the Spanish colonies farther to the south, revolt broke out pretty promptly in Mexico upon the establishment of Napoleon's brother Joseph upon the Spanish throne, in 1808. On September 15, 1810, an obscure priest by the name of Don Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla put himself at the head of a revolutionary movement, and it was this event from which the Mexicans last year computed their centennial. Don Miguel's effort failed utterly, however, and it was not until November 6, 1813, that a congress of patriots—the Patrick Henrys, Thomas Jeffersons, and Sam Adamses of the Mexican states—met at Chilpancingo and formally declared the independence of their country from Spain.

It remained to make the declaration good; and that was accomplished only after there had come to Mexico the stimulating news of the revolution of 1820 in the mother country, whereby a constitutional system of government had been forced upon the king, Ferdinand VII. In 1821, under the leadership of the famous Augustin de Iturbide, the revolutionary party for the first time secured the upper hand. The viceroy opportunely dying, on the 21st of July, 1822, General Iturbide, who in the mean time had procured his own election to the dignity of

emperor, was crowned sovereign of the independent Mexican empire.

The general's ambition, however, proved his ruin. Before the year was out, Santa Anna, an equally aspiring adventurer, set on foot a counter-revolution, the upshot of which was Iturbide's enforced flight to Europe, the immediate collapse of the empire, and, after a little delay, the establishment of a republic, which, with various ups and downs, has survived to the present day.

Meanwhile, in Venezuela, New Granada, Buenos Aires, Chile, Peru, and elsewhere in the farther south, similar efforts produced similar results, and upon the nations of the world devolved a decision as to the attitude to be assumed with respect to this brood of Latin-American fledgelings.

Among the powers of continental Europe, then dominated by the reactionary principles of Metternich, and intimately bound up with the Spanish monarchy in a series of international affiliations, there was an ill-concealed desire to intervene in the interest of a reestablishment of the lost Spanish dominion. Great Britain and the United States alone were in a position to view the situation philosophically.

For a time there was an effort, inspired by the British foreign minister Canning, to bring about a joint declaration of purpose by the two English-speaking powers. But that method very properly seemed to the United States to involve a departure from her traditional policy of isolation, and in the end each government was left to meet the situation in its own way.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE (1823)

From the United States came, in December, 1823, the formal announcement of the so-called Monroe Doctrine, warning the continental monarchies against any policy of interference with the political destinies of those states of the western hemisphere that had made good their assertion of independence. Further, beginning in 1824, there was extended to the various states successively a cordial, even if somewhat belated, recognition of independence. This was done by sending to the several governments regularly accredited diplomatic representatives. Recognition after this manner was extended to Mexico in 1826, when Mr. Joel R. Poinsett, of South Carolina, was designated as minister to the republic.

As late as 1829, Spain made a determined, though fruitless, effort to recover

Mexico; and it was not until 1836, after Mexico had herself suffered disruption through the revolt of Texas, that the Madrid government recognized the republic's independence.

Prior to 1825, the relations which the United States maintained with Mexico differed in no essential particular from those maintained during this formative period with half a score of other newly created Latin-American states. The salient fact, in all cases, was that through her formal pronouncement against foreign intervention, and against further colonization by non-American powers, the elder republic had assumed a modified protectorate of American interests in general, and of the political autonomy of the new states in particular. In the case of Mexico, however, the decade 1825-1835 brought new and complicating developments.

It must be remembered that the Mexico of that day was at least twice as large as the Mexico of our own time. The republic then included all that part of the present United States to the west and south of a line drawn from the mouth of the Sabine River irregularly *via* the Sabine, the Red, the Arkansas, and the forty-second parallel to the Pacific.

This line had been established in 1819 by the same treaty that secured for the United States the cession of the Floridas. For the time the arrangement had been satisfactory, because the object chiefly in mind was the procuring of the Floridas. Very shortly, however, there developed a demand for the acquisition of Texas; and thereupon began a new and momentous chapter in our relations with the possessor of the Texan territory—no longer Spain, but the republic of Mexico.

Fundamentally, the United States resolved to annex Texas, and did annex Texas, because the mass of the American people favored the expansion of the national dominion westward until it should have reached natural limits. If there are some pages in the Texan chapter of our history that we might wish expunged, it will not do to lay the entire burden at the door of the "slavocracy," and so absolve the nation as a whole from responsibility. In the election of 1844 the question whether to annex or not to annex was put squarely to the voters of the country. It may be doubted whether any other national election in all our history ever turned so completely

upon one preponderating, clear-cut issue. When the contest was over, and James K. Polk elected, President Tyler was quite right in his assumption that the nation had registered its verdict for annexation.

With, therefore, on the one hand, the proud but feeble Mexican republic struggling desperately to maintain its integrity unimpaired, and, on the other, a rapidly growing neighbor state advancing with all the certainty of an Alpine avalanche upon the lands that shut it off from the sea, conflict was inevitable. And therein lies the whole philosophy of our war with Mexico.

CAUSES OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO

In the prolonged era of strained relations by which the war was preceded, there were just two subjects of controversy. One was the claims of American citizens against the Mexican government, arising out of wrongful seizures by customs officials, the sale of firearms and ammunition, and the destruction of American property in the republic. The other was Texas.

The one was capable of adjustment without sacrifice on either side. The other could not be adjusted at all without a thoroughgoing surrender of position on the part of one of the two powers.

It is but fair to observe that there were repeated efforts at the adjustment of both questions, and that the war came only at the close of half a generation of fruitless diplomacy. The remonstrances of the United States on the subject of the claims began as early as 1828. Torn by unceasing revolution and factional strife, the Mexican state never got sufficiently upon its feet to be able to maintain law and order throughout its extended dominions. The government was perennially powerless to prevent injuries to foreign property interests, or to carry out its pledges to repair them. Claims—European as well as American—piled up, and in 1838 France actually blockaded the Mexican ports in an effort to enforce a meeting of the nation's obligations.

In the later years of his second administration, Jackson, in his messages, reverted again and again to the Mexican claims. While cautious enough in his Texan policy, he did not hesitate to go so far, at the beginning of 1837, as to advocate reprisals, unless there should be an early adjustment.

In 1839 there was signed a convention between the United States and Mexico where-

by the claims of the former were referred to a joint commission of two representatives of each country, with the King of Prussia to act as umpire in the event of disagreement. This commission met at Washington in 1840, the Prussian sovereign being represented by the minister Baron Roenne. Two years later, when it expired by limitation, fifty-four out of eighty claims presented had been decided.

In 1843 the American minister at Mexico City secured a convention providing for the payment of the awards; but Mexico had nothing with which to pay, and the instalments arranged for came abruptly to an end in 1844. At the same time, the Mexican authorities refused to agree to a reference of the remaining claims to a new commission.

In 1846 Congress quieted certain clamorous citizens by paying the instalments then due from Mexico, thus taking over their claims; and in 1848 all remaining claims were similarly provided for. In 1851 a commission appointed by President Taylor fixed the amount of the claims which had been adjudged valid at approximately three and a quarter million dollars.

Adjustment of fiscal difficulties between the two nations was rendered impossible by reason of the poverty of the Mexican treasury. Adjustment of the territorial difficulty was absolutely precluded by the very nature, but from the outset perfectly hopeless, refusal of Mexico to part with her possessions beyond the Rio Grande. As early as the summer of 1829 Mr. Poinsett was instructed to attempt to purchase Texas; but an offer of five million dollars was promptly refused.

The effort was renewed, with equal lack of success, in 1835. In that year began the Texan revolt, and within a twelvemonth Texas was *de facto* independent. The Jackson administration, however, met with coolness the Texan overtures for annexation to the United States, and throughout Van Buren's administration the projects of the annexationists were also blocked by Presidential opposition. In 1837, however, the independence of Texas was recognized.

THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS (1845)

With the accession of Tyler, in 1841, the prospect of annexation revived, though it was not until after the retirement of Webster from the Secretaryship of State that the way was entirely cleared. Early in 1844 a treaty providing for annexation failed in the Senate; but, after the Democratic triumph in

the elections of that year, the same end was attained by means of a Congressional joint resolution, and in 1845 the Lone Star State took her place in the Union.

The annexation of Texas meant hostilities with Mexico, for the Mexican authorities had all along insisted that it would be an act of war.

It has been the fashion in some quarters to fasten the blame for the Mexican war upon President Polk. Indeed, no one of our Presidents, with perhaps the exception of Buchanan, has been more generally stigmatized than Polk. In a very real sense, however, the Mexican war was preordained when Polk assumed the Presidency. The people of the United States had voted it upon themselves when, at the polls in 1844, they declared for the acquisition of Texas. Polk's policy was unquestionably aggressive, but the war that came was not of the President's making. On the contrary, the diary to which Polk in those days committed his inmost thoughts shows conclusively that he would have been glad enough to avoid war, and that he actually hoped to avoid it.

From the standpoint of the administration, there were four facts in the situation from which it was impossible to get away.

One was that the United States was bent upon acquiring territory in the Southwest. Another was that European nations, particularly Great Britain, might well be suspected of similar designs. A third was that Mexico would be absolutely powerless to prevent the loss of New Mexico and California, not to speak of Texas, whether or not any other power should seek to assert dominion in those quarters. A final consideration was that the claims, whose adjustment the United States had long awaited, could not, or would not, be met by Mexico in money.

From all this the conclusion was swift and sure. Let Mexico, unable to meet her obligations in cash, satisfy the demands of the United States by ceding to that power territories within which Mexican sovereignty was already on the point of collapse.

There are a good many phases of the war with Mexico in which the average American nowadays does not feel obliged to profess pride. The sentiment of General Grant, to the effect that this war was "one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation," still not infrequently finds echo. The time has come, however, for a broader and saner appreciation of the posi-

tion in which the Polk administration found itself in 1846.

That the President did not for a moment countenance the projects of those who were bent upon the complete subversion of the Mexican republic is demonstrated not merely by his reiterated disavowals of such a policy, but by the pertinacity with which he held out against the "all of Mexico" program of Buchanan, Robert J. Walker, and others. If, instead of paying fifteen million dollars for the Californian and New Mexican provinces, which Mexico would have lost in any event, the United States had chosen to absorb the whole of the Mexican territory, she was in a position to do it; and many men of influence urged that she should do it. That the government did not commit such a folly was due in no small measure to the common sense of James K. Polk.

After the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, conditions in Mexico went rapidly from bad to worse. Insurrection was everywhere rife; life and property were nowhere secure. In opposition to the Miramon government, an insurgent party led by the patriot-adventurer Benito Juarez set up what was virtually an independent state, and the two factions stubbornly maintained their ground against each other until 1861.

Again, as before, the interests of American citizens were jeopardized; a new crop of claims and complaints sprang up; and the government at Washington was implored to intervene. In 1858 President Buchanan counseled drastic measures. He suggested that the United States should assume a protectorate over the northern part of Mexico; and in 1859 he asked Congress for authority to "employ a sufficient military force to enter Mexico for the purpose of obtaining indemnity for the past and security for the future."

In view, however, of the critical aspect of the slavery question, the Northern majority in Congress refused to sanction the President's program. The Senate would not even consider two treaties concluded with the Juarez government in December, 1859, under which the United States, in return for the assumption of four millions of Mexican indebtedness, was to take over the control of the Mexican customs.

In her concern for the reestablishment of order and of financial responsibility in Mexico, the United States stood by no means alone. Numerous European powers had grievances and claims similar to the Ameri-

can, some of them dating almost from the beginning of Mexican independence. Exasperated by hollow promises, and perhaps encouraged by the absorption of the United States in her own great Civil War, three of the principal powers—Great Britain, France, and Spain—signed a convention, in 1861, providing for combined operations in Mexico to enforce a satisfaction of claims.

From the military expedition thereupon undertaken, Great Britain and Spain at an early date withdrew; but France persisted. In the hope of being able eventually to recover for France an American dominion, the Emperor Napoleon III contrived, by means of an army of thirty-five thousand men, to gain possession of all the more important parts of Mexico, and to set up as emperor the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, brother of the present Emperor Francis Joseph.

From the outset it was obvious that the success of the project was conditioned upon the triumph of the Confederacy, and after Appomattox Napoleon speedily came to see that there was no way open save to withdraw from the enterprise with such dignity as was possible. General Grant was, indeed, advocating the immediate adoption of military measures for the expulsion of the French. He got so far as to order General Sheridan to Texas, in May, 1865, with instructions to assemble a large force on the Rio Grande; but the civil authorities at Washington believed that the French enterprise would shortly collapse, and that the United States should avoid giving Napoleon an opportunity, by appealing to the honor of his people, to precipitate an international combat.

In May, 1866, the administration definitely recognized the government of President Juarez; though, when the newly accredited minister, Campbell, accompanied by General Sherman, undertook to present his credentials, he was unable to find either Juarez or his government! Diplomatic pressure, however, skilfully applied by Secretary Seward, brought the desired results, and in the spring of 1867 all that was left of the French contingent embarked for home. The unfortunate Maximilian was captured and executed by the vengeful followers of Juarez, and the republic was restored.

AN ERA OF BETTER FEELING

The net result of the French intervention was to produce in Mexico a profound change of attitude toward the United States. Bit-

terness engendered by the war of 1846–1848, by the Mexican losses of territory, and by Buchanan's threats of invasion, gave place to gratitude for protection against European domination. Results of the change of feeling were apparent, not merely in the expansion of trade and industrial relations which dates from this point, but, more specifically, in a notable convention whereby, in 1868, the two powers provided satisfactorily for the adjustment of claims aggregating four and a quarter million dollars.

The good-will of the Mexican authorities was further assured by the magnanimity of the United States in returning to the Mexican treasury large payments made on two claims subsequently discovered to have been awarded through false testimony.

Throughout the long presidency of Porfirio Diaz, which began in 1877, the relations between Mexico and the United States have been, on the whole, of a peaceful, even prosaic, character. Several factors have contributed to the maintenance of reciprocal good feeling. One of them is the recognized statesmanship of President Diaz himself. Another is the fact that during most of this time, until recently, Mexico has been at peace within her own borders, and foreign interests in the republic have been secure.

A third consideration is the increasingly close commercial and industrial relations of the two countries, and the frank recognition in Mexico that the prosperity of the nation is in no small measure dependent upon the capital and enterprise of citizens of the United States. Of eleven hundred foreign mining companies now operating in Mexico, it is said that fifty-seven per cent are controlled by United States citizens; and of the fifteen thousand miles of railway in the republic, more than twelve thousand have been built by American capital.

Throughout the flurry of the past few weeks, the United States has exhibited not the slightest unfriendliness toward the Mexican people or their constituted authorities. Our policy—dictated in part, and, very properly, by consideration of the expediency of being in a position to safeguard American interests in any contingency that might arise—has been distinctly one of encouragement to the forces of law and order. The more responsible element in Mexico has understood it so, and out of the present circumstance it is hardly too much to prophesy that there will come an era of yet more intimate and friendly dealing.

IS THIS THE KIND OF AN "INVESTMENT" YOU WANT?

NEW LIGHT ON THE STERLING DEBENTURE CORPORATION'S
MUCH-DISCUSSED FLOTATION, THE TELEPOST

BY JOHN GRANT DATER

THE Supreme Court of the United States, by a unanimous opinion delivered on March 13 last, upheld the constitutionality of the Federal Corporation Tax Law, as enacted under the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill of 1909.

That decision is one of the highest importance to all corporations and their shareholders, and particularly so to the shareholders of companies that do not make reports of their operations. In addition to assessing a tax of one per cent on the net annual income over and above \$5,000, upon practically every joint stock company chartered or doing business in the land, the statute provides expressly for the filing in the office of the commissioner of internal revenue at Washington of the returns showing the operations and earnings of the companies. Such returns or statements become public records, which, under certain prescribed rules and regulations, are open to public inspection.

I propose to illustrate the importance of the so-called publicity feature of the Corporation Tax Law, using for my purpose the Telepost Company.

I select the Telepost Company for two reasons—first, because in the January number of this magazine we promised to publish a report of the concern, free of all charge, for the benefit of inquiring shareholders, whenever we could secure it; and second, because the company's records, filed in Washington in accordance with the law which the Supreme Court has just upheld, show in a striking manner the great necessity for full publicity concerning the affairs of non-reporting prospectus companies, engaged in

selling stock to inexperienced investors who must necessarily take practically everything on faith, and who can know little or nothing of the enterprises in which they are placing money.

For instance, I believe that practically all shareholders, or rather voting-trustee certificate-holders, of the Telepost Company, are under the impression that there is but one Telepost Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Maine, with an authorized capital of \$18,000,000, which registers as a foreign corporation in other States. Personally I was under that impression until I started out to hunt up the records of the Telepost filed in Washington; for in the literature of the Sterling Debenture Corporation, bearing on the concern, I had seen no mention of other Telepost Companies.

NINE TELEPOST COMPANIES

When, however, I obtained from the Secretary of the Treasury an authorization to inspect the returns, under the recent executive order of the President of the United States, I discovered, greatly to my surprise, that instead of only one Telepost Company, there are nine, and that instead of a capitalization of \$18,000,000, the aggregate authorized capitalization of these nine companies is \$33,210,000.

I have written to the secretaries of state of each State in the Union in which a Telepost Company has been chartered, and I give below a summarized list of Telepost Companies in this country, based on the replies I have received, and arranged according to date of incorporation. There may

possibly be additional companies recently chartered, the reports of which are not as yet obtainable:

1. Telepost Company, incorporated in South Dakota, July 16, 1906. Authorized capital, \$15,000,000.
2. Telepost Company, incorporated in Maine, March 5, 1907. Authorized capital, \$18,000,000.
3. Telepost Company of Maine, incorporated in Maine, September 28, 1908. Authorized capital, \$50,000.
4. Telepost Company of Massachusetts, incorporated in Massachusetts, February 11, 1909. Authorized capital, \$10,000.
5. Telepost Company of New York, incorporated in New York, March 5, 1909. Authorized capital, \$100,000.
6. Telepost Company of New Jersey, incorporated in New Jersey, April 2, 1909. Authorized capital, \$10,000.
7. Telepost Company of Delaware, incorporated in Delaware, April 30, 1909. Authorized capital, \$10,000.
8. Telepost Company of Missouri, incorporated in Missouri, May 5, 1909. Authorized capital, \$20,000.
9. Telepost Company of Illinois, incorporated in Illinois, December 16, 1909. Authorized capital, \$10,000.

The articles of incorporation of the above nine Telepost Companies mention H. Lee Sellers as president, and R. H. Sellers as treasurer, in each and every case, with the exception of the company first incorporated—the \$15,000,000 South Dakota concern—in which the order is reversed, R. H. Sellers figuring as president and H. Lee Sellers as treasurer.

I am not unfamiliar with the practise of organizing corporations under separate State charters, and elsewhere will be found the Telepost Company's explanation of this feature, but in an experience of nearly twenty years of financial writing, I never before encountered just such a situation. Here we have a company offering its stock broadcast over the country through a fiscal agent, referring repeatedly to one corporation, or permitting the inference to be drawn by security-holders that there is but one corporation, with the "modest capital of \$18,000,000," when sworn reports are on file, in the Bureau of Internal Revenue at Washington, of nine corporations, including one organized nearly a year in advance of the concern that is selling stock, and with an aggregate authorized capitalization for the group of \$33,210,000.

This peculiar situation may be susceptible of such explanation as the Telepost Company and the Sterling Debenture Corporation are accustomed to give; but if I were a security-

holder, I think I should insist upon something more than generalities. I should want to know all about the two incorporations in the State of Maine, and about the relative status of the Telepost Company—the \$18,000,000 concern incorporated in Maine on March 5, 1907, in which I had presumably invested, and the \$15,000,000 Telepost Company incorporated in South Dakota nearly a year earlier.

I do not know whether the holders of voting-trustee certificates of the Telepost Company will agree with me or not, but in uncovering the mystifying plan of organization of the company into which they have been putting their money, I think I have demonstrated the necessity for full publicity with the \$18,000,000 concern, or the \$33,210,000 aggregation, which has been making a public offering of stock.

I think, moreover, that I have shown the great importance of the publicity feature of the Federal Corporation Tax Law. It may be stated as a general principle that companies which make no reports have something to conceal.

A SURPRISING SERIES OF REPORTS

But if unconvinced on the matter, conviction may be clinched, possibly, when the shareholders learn that if the Telepost Company—not merely the one corporation, but the whole aggregation of nine—is operating upon a commercial basis anywhere in the United States, it has been doing so only within comparatively recent months. I have been such a close student of the literature sent out by the Telepost Company and by the Sterling Debenture Corporation that it was a matter of genuine surprise to me to find that the Telepost Company nowhere reports any income, and nowhere reports any taxes paid in the year 1909; and that it paid no franchise tax to the Federal government in June, 1910, thereby disclosing the fact that none of the nine companies had a net income as large as \$5,000 in the year 1909.

I have looked back over a vast accumulation of Telepost and Sterling Debenture literature, to see if I could be in error in my impression that the corporation claimed to be operating a system of quick telegraphy on a commercial basis in 1909; and I found my impression verified.

For instance, I consult the prospectus, and read the interesting announcement of the proceedings in October, 1908, "when

President Sellers turned over to public use the first section of Telepost lines" between Boston, Massachusetts, and Portland, Maine. I note the statement that "the company has passed the experimental stage," and elsewhere that "subscriptions for Telepost stock have already placed the company on an operating basis."

Furthermore, on page 7 of my copy of the prospectus, I note a facsimile of the first message, now in the "possession of ex-President Roosevelt," which passed over the lines from Boston to Portland.

Turning back to page 2 of the same picturesque publication, I run across an interesting engraving which shows the historic scene of October 1, 1908, when the message reproduced on page 7—which, by the way, bears the date "October 15, 1908"—was speeded on its course. Though fourteen days seems a somewhat protracted interval for a device transmitting one thousand words a minute to send a message between Boston and Portland, which are not much more than a hundred miles apart, I note in recent literature repeated statements that the company

UNITED STATES INTERNAL REVENUE

RETURN OF ANNUAL NET INCOME

(Section 38, Act of Congress approved August 5, 1909)

RETURN of net income received during the year ending December 31, 1909, by the Telepost Company, a corporation, the principal place of business of which is located at..... in the State of.....

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| 1. Total amount of paid-up capital stock outstanding at close of year..... | \$18,000,000 |
| 2. Total amount of bonded or other indebtedness outstanding at close of year... | |

3. GROSS INCOME

Deductions:

- | | |
|--|------------|
| 4. Total amount of all the ordinary and necessary expenses of maintenance and operation of the business and properties of the corporation..... | |
| 5(a). Total amount of losses sustained January 1 to December 31.. | |
| (b). Total amount of depreciation January 1 to December 31..... | |
| 6. Total amount of interest January 1 to December 31 on bonded indebtedness to an amount not to exceed amount of paid-up capital at close of the year..... | |
| 7(a). Total taxes paid January 1 to December 31 imposed under authority of the United States or any State or Territory thereof | |
| (b). Foreign taxes paid | |
| 8. Amount received by way of dividends upon stock of other corporations, joint-stock companies, associations, and insurance companies subject to this tax..... | |
| TOTAL DEDUCTIONS | |
| 9. NET INCOME | |
| 10. Specific deduction from net income allowed by law..... | \$5,000.00 |
| 11. Amount on which tax at 1 per centum is to be calculated for assessment.... | |

STATE of New York, County of New York, to wit:

H. Lee Sellers, president, and R. H. Sellers, treasurer, of the Telepost Company corporation, whose return of annual net income is set forth above, being severally duly sworn, each for himself, deposes and says that the foregoing report and the several items therein set forth are, to his best knowledge and belief and from such information as he has been able to obtain, true and correct in each and every particular; that the amount of gross income therein set forth is the full amount of gross income, without any deduction whatsoever, received from all sources by the said corporation during the year stated, and that the net income therein set forth is the full amount on which tax is proper to be assessed.

THE \$18,000,000 TELEPOST COMPANY'S REPORT TO THE BUREAU OF INTERNAL REVENUE FOR THE YEAR 1909

NOTE—The above report is not a facsimile, but a slightly abbreviated reprint. The notary's attestation is omitted, as well as certain foot-notes giving instructions as to what constitutes gross income and what deductions are permissible.

This report of the \$18,000,000 Telepost Company does not indicate the State of incorporation. One infers, however, that it is a Maine corporation, because there is a Telepost Company in that State with a capitalization of \$18,000,000. The reports of all the other Telepost Companies, including that of the \$50,000 Telepost Company of Maine, give the State of incorporation and locate their main office at 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. In all other respects, except for the variation in the amounts of capitalization, they are identical with the above report.

has made great progress—commercial progress is presumably indicated—in the last two years.

There can be no mistake on this important point. Both the company and its fiscal agent, when making statements which do not have to be subscribed to under oath, or which do not carry with them severe penalties for false returns, give the impression that the company is operating commercially, and has been doing so for more than two years past, or, possibly, since the fateful days—October 1 to 15, 1908—when the pioneer message passed between Boston and Portland.

Here, for example, is an extract from a piece of Telepost literature, which bears a filing date showing that it was received by an important New York credit institution on February 11, 1909:

The Telepost System of automatic rapid telegraphy may be seen in operation at any of the Telepost offices now open for commercial business.

Certainly it was not too much for Telepost stockholders to expect operations in the year 1909, for I find literature offering stock for sale bearing a filing date as early as September 3, 1907, which states:

The thousand-mile section between New York and Chicago will be put in operation as fast as the contract work can be completed.

I do not find in the later Telepost literature any reference to the completion of the "contract work," which involved an estimated cost of "\$1,373,120, or \$6,236,000 less than it would cost the old companies"; and there is no line in operation between New York and Chicago. I do find, however, countless recent references to the work accomplished in two years, which covers operations in 1909.

One will find such statements in the Telepost Company's four-page reply to my first mild criticism published in the November issue of this magazine. The same inference may be drawn from the assertion that its active commercial operation forced the established companies to adopt a "night letter service," from invitations to would-be subscribers to send their orders for stock by "telepost," and even from a certain statement made on the floor of the House of Representatives.

One of the most imposing "fly-catchers" which the Telepost, through the Sterling

Debenture Corporation, sends out, is a facsimile page of the *Congressional Record*, dated July 29, 1909. In this appears a remarkable forensic effort made by the Hon. Samuel W. Smith of Michigan, who furnished the company with a little free advertising material by asserting, from the floor of the House, that it "is now extending its lines throughout the country, and at this time is in eighteen Congressional districts in the Union."

The Telepost promoters think so highly of this assertion that to the facsimile page of the *Congressional Record* they add a note, which, by way of emphasis, is printed in red ink, and which reads in part:

The Telepost continually operating in eighteen Congressional districts, East and West, is giving the most convincing proof of the excellence and great commercial value of its service.

I think that practically every investor in the Telepost, on reading the extract from the *Congressional Record* and the note appended to the page, must have reached the conclusion that on July 29, 1909, the Telepost was operating commercially in eighteen Congressional districts. It was only reasonable that they should think so, on recalling that a Telepost Company, of which they had knowledge, was organized in Maine more than two years before—on March 5, 1907—and that the first section of the lines had been turned over to the public in Boston in October, 1908. I have read many indorsements, or what purport to be such, from persons claiming to have used the system, not long after the Boston-Portland line was opened.

Naturally, when the returns of the Telepost Company were made available for inspection at Washington, and I found no operating results whatever on the blank devoted to the \$18,000,000 concern, I turned to the blanks devoted to the other Telepost Company of Maine, and to that of Massachusetts. Surely, I thought, the eighteen Congressional districts mentioned as being favored by commercial operations of the Telepost in July, 1909, will include districts in Maine and Massachusetts, where the first section of line was thrown open in October, 1908.

To my further surprise, the forms devoted to the second Maine company and to the Massachusetts company were unsullied by figures, aside from a mention of the amount of capital stock. There were no amounts

indicating bonded or other debt, or gross earnings, or expenses of maintenance; no entry of losses sustained between January 1 and December 31, of interest received, or of taxes paid—not even taxes to the States; and no figures of net income earned during the year, or of anything else.

It next occurred to me that it would be desirable to check up the returns of the companies for these two States as filed with the commissioner of internal revenue at Washington with the reports made by the Telepost Company of Massachusetts and the Telepost Company of Maine to the proper State authorities, for the interval as close to that covered by the Washington returns—the calendar year 1909—as possible.

TELEPOST REPORTS IN MASSACHUSETTS

There are no such reports, I find, covering precisely the same period. The closest approximation that possesses any real value is afforded by the reports filed in the office of the secretary of state of Massachusetts, certified copies of which, witnessed by the great seal of the commonwealth, are now before me.

The following is a transcript of the report filed in Massachusetts on June 30, 1910, which presumably covers most of 1909:

We, H. Lee Sellers, president, R. H. Sellers, treasurer, and Thomas Conyngton, being a majority of the directors of the Telepost Company of Massachusetts, having its place of business at 711 Tremont Building, Boston, in compliance with the provisions of the fifty-first section of Chapter 110 of the Revised Statutes, do hereby certify that the date for the last annual meeting of said corporation was on the 8th day of February, in the year 1910. That the amount of capital stock as it then stood, fixed by said corporation, was ten thousand dollars. That the amount thereof then paid in was ten thousand dollars.

The sentence stating that "the date for the last annual meeting of said corporation was on the 8th day of February, in the year 1910," is an alteration of the printed form on which the above report is written. The printed form originally read that "the last annual meeting was held" on such and such a date. By striking out the word "held" and writing in the words "date for the," it is made to read as given above.

It does not appear, therefore, that the corporation held a meeting on February 8, 1910. The form, as altered, merely notes that February 8, 1910, is the date on which

the annual meeting should have been held. The actual period covered by the report is, in consequence, a question. One encounters mystifying things like this in many documents bearing upon the Telepost.

Here is the last financial statement of the Telepost Company of Massachusetts, however, whatever may be the period it covers:

<i>Assets</i>	
Real estate, viz.:	
Land and water-power.....	\$.....
Buildings.....	
Machinery, etc.....	2,283
Other assets:	
Cash and debts receivable.....	
Manufactures, merchandise, material, and stock in process.....	
Patent rights.....	10,000
Moneys received, including value of collateral, under provisions of Section 81, Chapter 110.....	
Balance, profit and loss.....	
Total.....	\$12,283
<i>Liabilities</i>	
Capital stock.....	\$10,000
Debts.....	2,283
Reserves:	
Balance, profit and loss.....	
Reserve for depreciation.....	
Guarantee fund, under provision of Section 81, Chapter 110.....	
Total.....	\$12,283

The date of filing this report synchronizes well with the requirements of the returns of the Federal Corporation Tax Law, which are not open to inspection until after June 30 of each year. Those for 1909 could not be inspected at Washington until after November 25 of last year, when President Taft issued the executive order prescribing the rules and regulations for the examination of returns. Those for 1910 cannot be consulted until after June 30 next.

On May 25, 1910, the Telepost Company—the \$18,000,000 concern—and the Telepost Company of Maine—the \$50,000 corporation—filed reports with the secretary of state of Maine. The laws governing the returns of Maine corporations to that State require no details of operations, and, beyond indicating the names of officers and directors, and the amount of capital stock, the returns convey no information. But a foreign corporation transacting business in Massachusetts must file a report in that commonwealth, and I have secured a certified copy of the only report of the Telepost Company of Maine—the \$50,000 company—which is on file in Massachusetts. Dated

March 1, 1909, it was received and recorded on March 26, 1909, and is as follows:

<i>Assets</i>	
Real estate	\$.....
Machinery
Manufactures, merchandise, and stock in process
Cash and debts receivable
Patent rights	50,000
Trade-marks
Good-will
Profit and loss
Total	\$50,000
<i>Liabilities</i>	
Capital stock	\$50,000
Accounts payable
Funded indebtedness
Floating indebtedness
Surplus
Profit and loss
Total	\$50,000

My copy of the above report, certified as correct and witnessed by the great seal of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, notes that the Telepost Company of Maine (capital, \$50,000) has paid no taxes to the State of Massachusetts during the preceding year, which assuredly covers the time when the Boston-Portland line was opened, in October, 1908, and which falls close to the period when the statement was made in Congress, on July 29, 1909, that the Telepost was operating in eighteen Congressional districts.

A recent suspension of service at intermediate stations on the Boston-Portland line has somewhat altered the status of the Telepost in New England. The company's offices at Lowell, Lawrence, and Haverhill, Massachusetts; Dover and Portsmouth, New Hampshire; and Biddeford, Maine, together with branches in Boston, have been closed.

"The Telepost has simply cut out a dead end of its business," says President Sellers, as reported in the *Haverhill Record* of March 10 last, and he adds:

These stations were originally opened for the purpose of demonstrating the commercial practicability of the Delany automatic system. . . . They have been used as a training-ground for our operators. Until we could furnish through connection with New York, we never expected them to pay.

For the last eighteen months we have been concentrating our efforts on the extension of the system in the middle West, between Chicago and St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Terre Haute, Indianapolis, Louisville, and intermediate points.

The seven cities mentioned by President

Sellers as centers of concentrated effort during the last year and a half are in five States—Kentucky, Nebraska, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. I have investigated the operations of the Telepost in these States, as elsewhere, with interesting results.

Under the date January 11, 1911, the secretary of state of Kentucky, Ben. L. Bruner, informs me:

I have made a careful examination of the records of corporations, and do not find any record of the Telepost Company, either as a foreign or a domestic corporation.

Addison Waite, secretary of state of Nebraska, in a letter written January 18, 1911, says:

There is nothing of record in this department showing that the Telepost Company has been authorized to do business in this State.

In view of the above statements, I am unable to determine how the Telepost operates in Louisville, Kentucky, and Omaha, Nebraska; though I have seen what purports to be the evidence of its activities in those cities.

From L. G. Ellingham, secretary of state of Indiana, I learn of a somewhat different plan of organization:

The Telepost Company, a New Jersey corporation, with a capital stock of \$10,000, complied with the Indiana foreign corporation tax by filing a certified copy of articles and affidavit on December 28, 1909, representing the proportion of its capital stock in Indiana as \$2,500.

Twenty-five hundred dollars to introduce the Telepost does not seem an excessive capital outlay for the cities of Indianapolis and Terre Haute. The company's officials were equally modest, at the outset, in reference to Chicago, as the Telepost Company of Illinois was incorporated December 16, 1909, with an authorized capital of only \$10,000. James A. Rose, secretary of state of the latter commonwealth, notes in a letter dated January 14 last:

The records of this department do not disclose that a foreign corporation of that name (The Telepost) has qualified to transact business in Illinois under the foreign corporation act.

In several respects the report of the Telepost Company of Missouri is the most interesting of the middle Western group, for the Telepost has recently laid stress on the remarkable growth of its St. Louis business. On January 16, 1911, Cornelius Roach, secretary of state of Missouri, writes:

The annual report of the Telepost Company of Missouri, filed August 31, 1910, and sworn to by R. H. Sellers, secretary of the corporation, names as president H. Lee Sellers; capital stock subscribed, \$20,000; amount of capital stock paid up, \$2,000; par value of stock, July 1, 1910, \$100; actual value of stock same date, \$25; cash value of all personal property in State, June 1, 1910, \$925.76. The report is to the effect that no taxes of any kind have been paid.

A PUZZLING SITUATION

To what purpose, I wonder, does the Telepost Company devote the money received from the sale of its stock? Here are the lines from Boston to Portland, months after they have been declared open to the public, showing no earnings, no taxes paid, and practically no assets; and the same is true of companies in the West. This showing is not made by enemies of the Telepost. The so-called "telegraph and telephone monopoly"—which the Telepost people frequently invoke to freeze the marrow of investors, and to serve as an excuse for withholding financial statements—did not make these reports showing an absence of operations. The reports are official documents, sworn to by officials of the Telepost Company, and filed by that company itself with State and Federal authorities.

That the Telepost, despite the impression created to the contrary in its literature, was not operating on a commercial basis in 1909, is clear. Each of the nine reports to the Bureau of Internal Revenue is sworn to before a notary, and the penalty for a false or fraudulent report is a fine not less than \$1,000, nor more than \$10,000, assessed against an offending company, and a fine not exceeding \$1,000, or a term of imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both fine and imprisonment, for any and each individual subscribing to a false statement.

Personally, I am convinced that the Telepost reports for the year 1909 are correct, for I do not think any two officials connected with any nine companies in the land would run the risk of incurring fines of \$108,000, and nine years' imprisonment, by falsifying corporation returns.

Filed with the reports of the Telepost Company, in the office of the commissioner of internal revenue at Washington, is a statement which may be considered as the company's apology for showing no operations. It is undated, but was presumably made up in the spring of 1910. There is a certain vagueness about it with which a

reader of Telepost literature has probably become familiar. The person or persons who submitted it did not think it of sufficient importance to affix their signatures to the document; or, perhaps, they did not care to be pinned down to their statements:

The Telepost Company is a company operating under the patents granted to Patrick B. Delany for Automatic Rapid Telegraphy, with a capital of \$18,000,000.

Operations have been commenced in various parts of the country on leased lines connected up by lines of its own construction. Valuable terminal facilities have also been secured in several large cities.

Up to the present, the offices and business of the company have been used in training operators and in sundry experimental work, designed to further the interests of the company.

For these reasons the actual telegraphic business of the company has been inconsiderable, hence the company is not as yet operating on a profit and loss basis—i. e., all expenditures being considered as for development of the company's resources and capitalization.

With through connections established to New York and other large centers of population in the country, it is confidently expected that the company will commence operating on a profit and loss basis.

The various subsidiary companies, the returns in connection with which are attached hereto, have been incorporated in several States, with the idea of handling the business expected in a more direct and efficient manner, and also to avoid the disadvantage of operating under the laws governing foreign corporations in force in the various States.

How much of the \$18,000,000 of authorized capital stock of one of the Maine corporations the Telepost Company has sold, I do not know; but recent offerings have been of Series C, with one "convertible." This indicates that nearly \$3,000,000 in stock has been sold, and between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 in the more or less mysterious "convertibles" have been issued.

Series C, with one "convertible," is now offered by the Sterling Debenture Corporation at \$10. The various serial issues are also quoted for purchase and sale by countless "special brokers," as H. Lee Sellers, president of the Telepost, describes the firms which deal in "prospectus company" stocks, on about the following basis:

Telepost, Series A, with three "convertibles" added—\$6.50 bid; \$7.50 asked.

Series B, with two "convertibles" added—\$4.25 bid; \$6 asked.

Series C, with one "convertible" added—\$3.50 bid; \$5 asked.

The reports of the Telepost for the calendar year 1910 are, or should have been, filed with the internal revenue collector for the third district of New York on or before March 1. In due course of time, as I have already said, they will pass to the office of the commissioner of internal revenue at Washington, to become public documents, open to inspection.

The Telepost Company has made many statements as to its progress in 1910, which

some of the shareholders may desire to check up from the official records. Perhaps the company may now realize that since the constitutionality of the Federal Corporation Tax Law has been upheld by the Supreme Court, its returns are open to inspection, and may anticipate matters by making the results of 1910, filed in Washington, public in advance of any inquiring security-holder. It may even go so far as to submit a financial statement, and to disclose the terms of its stock-selling contract with the Sterling De-benture Corporation.

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

THE BUSINESS SITUATION

IMPROVEMENT in fundamental conditions has recently found some reflection in the country's greater industries. Although many manufacturers are no doubt waiting for a larger volume of general business, in order to bring their full productive capacity into operation, one notes a general hopeful sentiment in the business world.

First, in respect to international trade. Thanks to larger exports of cotton and manufactured articles, the situation is vastly better than a year ago. To the value of increased merchandise shipments must be added the money loaned by America to Europe, and the proceeds of extensive sales of securities, which are left on balance abroad, and which make the actual situation better than the trade statement discloses. The United States is piling up an enormous credit balance, and reclaiming its position in the foreign exchanges.

During the month of February, 1910, our imports exceeded our exports by \$5,559,950. In the first eight months of the fiscal year to that date, exports exceeded imports by only \$187,933,250, the smallest balance in our favor for a like period since 1896. On the other hand, in February last the excess of exports amounted to \$54,230,183, and for the eight-month period it was

\$418,145,155, an increase of \$230,211,905. During the same eight months in 1910, gold exports amounted to \$49,000,903, while in the like period this year we have imported \$44,574,161 gold.

In the matter of commodity prices there has also been a marked change for the better. A year ago the whole country was fretting over the high cost of living and the high cost of raw material—two adverse factors which were cutting into the savings of individuals and reducing manufacturers' and traders' profits. For instance, on June 1, 1910, Bradstreet's index number—which is based on an average of the prices of many articles of common use—stood at 9,231, the highest on record. On March 1, 1911, it had fallen to 8,691. The index number is still fairly high, but the tendency is in the right direction.

Comparing the highest quotations of 1910 with the recent wholesale cash prices of leading necessary articles, one notes such changes as these:

Wheat, \$1.33½ to 96 cents—decline, 37½ cents a bushel.

Corn, 76½ cents to 57½ cents—decline, 19 cents a bushel.

Flour, \$6.30 to \$5.10—decline, \$1.20 per barrel.

Family beef, \$19.50 to \$16.25—decline, \$3.25 per hundred pounds.

Pork, \$27.50 to \$21.50—decline, \$6 per barrel.

Lard, 14½ cents to 9¼ cents—decline, 5¼ cents per pound.

Sugar, 5.25 cents to 4.80 cents—decline, .45 cents per pound.

Iron, No. 1 foundry, \$19 to \$15.75—decline, \$3.25 per ton.

Cotton, 20 cents to 14.60 cents—decline, 5.40 cents per pound.

The readjustment in commodity prices is highly beneficial to the country as a whole. It seems destined to proceed somewhat further, in consequence of general conservatism in business, which is impelled by the special session of Congress, and by the economies introduced by important railways in consequence of the Interstate Commerce Commission's veto of an advance in freight rates.

Another cause operating in the same direction may be found in the large reserves of grain now in the farmers' hands, as reported by the Department of Agriculture on March 1. Stocks of wheat, corn, and oats were greater on that date than in 1910 or 1909, and well above the ten-year average—a fact which will tend to keep down the price of food.

The iron and steel industry has felt the beneficial influence of the improvement in intrinsic conditions, as is attested by an increase of 436,000 tons in the unfilled steel orders of the principal producer in the month of January, followed by an increase of 289,624 tons in February. This industry is always regarded as a barometric one, and its improvement gives encouragement to business men everywhere.

Speculative Wall Street has its serious troubles, as is ever the case in that quarter; but money rates rule easy, and promise to continue so for some time to come. In view of the existing uncertainties, confident speculative operations may not prove inviting, but there is nothing to impede investment operations.

Stocks, as gaged by their dividend yields and the prevailing rates for money, are not high. What is known as the "technical market position" is very strong. That is, securities are not in weak hands, and there is no heavy over-extension of loans, such as often occurs when a miscellaneous speculative public is active in Wall Street. The stock market has pretty thoroughly demonstrated, recently, that it is virtually "shock-proof." For instance,

it displayed no hysteria over the sudden massing of American troops on the Mexican frontier.

There is, of course, room for more improvement than has been noted in this brief sketch of the general situation, but it is pleasant to observe that such as has taken place is in fundamentals. Improvement will doubtless show expansion elsewhere whenever uncertainty concerning the industrial trust cases before the United States Supreme Court, which at this writing hangs as a pall over Wall Street, is removed. Of these momentous cases it may be said that the captains of industry view the outcome with less concern than a year ago.

In considering the immediate future, it must be borne in mind that this is a between-seasons period. A great deal depends upon the harvest outcome. As yet, little is known of crops, but the conditions preliminary to plant growth have been generally favorable. The country has had an interval of rest; fundamental conditions are better, and stocks of merchandise are low in manufacturers' and jobbers' hands. In other words, we have a sound basis for improvement. With good harvests, with certainty substituted for uncertainty as to the status of the great corporations, and with some line on what we may expect in the way of tariff revision, the situation seems promising for an expansion of industrial activity.

A NEW GOVERNMENT BOND

THE government of the United States is about to try the experiment, in a limited way, of selling a three-per-cent bond without the bank-note circulation privilege. Authority to do this was obtained by the Secretary of the Treasury in the closing days of the last session of Congress, the issue directly affected being the Panama Canal three-per-cent, \$290,569,000 of which were authorized under the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill of 1909.

It is of more than mere passing interest, this effort to sell a three-per-cent bond at par or better. It is the first occasion in nearly half a century, or since the national banking system was established, that the government has discriminated among bonds issued with the full faith of the United States; for this is practically what is done by depriving the Panama three-per-cent of the circulation privilege.

The new bond is placed in a class by itself among government issues. National banks, the principal buyers of government bonds, cannot purchase the forthcoming Panama three-per-cent for circulation purposes, as they buy the Panama two-per-cents, the consolidated two-per-cents, the Spanish war three-per-cents, or the four-per-cents of 1925. They may buy them to serve as a security against deposits of public money; but if there is no public money to deposit, the government will have to depend upon investors to take the Panama three-per-cents—not the first installment of \$50,000,000, perhaps, which will probably come out in June, but the subsequent issues, and in the end the major portion of the large loan.

Whether the investing public is prepared to purchase a bond returning as small an interest yield as three per cent, even though it be a government bond, is yet to be determined. The loan will not fail, of course. It is a superior bond, as every United States government bond must be. It is tax-exempt, and there are many ways open to the Treasury Department to prevent failure—as, for instance, by agreeing to leave the money obtained from the sale of the bonds on deposit with national banks who subscribe to the issue, and who in turn may pledge the bonds they purchase as security for an equal amount of public money. This is something like having one's cake and eating it too; but it has been done on occasions in the past, and it may be done again.

An agreement of the above character could only be temporary, and would not furnish a very good test of the question whether personal investors are favorably disposed to a three-per-cent government bond which, lacking the circulation privilege, will not have the same broad market as other government issues. If there should be some remarkable patriotic uprising, such as occurred at the time of the Spanish war, the bond, of course, would go like hot cakes, as the three-per-cents did in 1898; but it may be doubted whether the issue would continue for very long above par, after the first flush of enthusiasm had passed away.

There is still outstanding about \$64,000,000 of the Spanish-American war loan, and there is on public deposit about \$46,000,000 of Federal money secured by various securities, chiefly government is-

sues. It is suggested in some quarters that the flotation of \$50,000,000 Panama three-per-cents might be facilitated if the government would call the bonds outstanding of the Spanish war loan, which it has had the privilege of doing ever since 1908.

All this is tortuous finance, and ought not to be necessary on the part of a government like that of the United States, which unquestionably has as high a credit as any nation on earth. It speaks eloquently of the muddle into which the country has got its financial affairs through the operations of the National Banking Act, and especially of the Refunding Act of 1900, in many respects the worst financial measure ever adopted by this government.

The maneuvering is made necessary because the Refunding Act established the false interest basis of two per cent for the bulk of the Federal debt, and because the national banks are loaded up with two-per-cent bonds. They cannot buy any more two-per-cents, for they already have outstanding a redundant circulation; and investors will not take securities bearing so low a rate of interest.

If the government brought out the Panama three-per-cents with full circulation privilege, they would depress the price of the two-per-cent issue, of which no less than \$730,882,130 are outstanding. The men who framed the National Banking Act were very much better financiers than the persons responsible for the Refunding Act of 1900. The former realized that bonds would fluctuate in price, and, in consequence, they permitted national banks to take out but ninety per cent of circulation against the par value of bonds paying from four to six per cent. The Refunding Act changed this, and permitted banks to issue full one hundred per cent in notes against the par value of a two-per-cent bond.

There is really no obligation on the part of the government to maintain its two-per-cent bonds at par or above; but it is feared that the public might become alarmed if the security behind a bank-note should fall below the value represented by the face of the note—that is, if a two-per-cent government bond securing a thousand-dollar bill should fall to \$900 or \$850. It is for this reason that the new Panama threes are to be issued without the circulation privilege.

The entire episode serves as an admi-

rable object-lesson of the unfortunate workings of the National Banking Act, under certain conditions, and speaks eloquently of the great necessity for monetary and banking reform, under some such comprehensive measure as that outlined by Senator Aldrich in his recommendation of the Reserve Association of America to the National Monetary Commission.

FARMING IN THE TROPICS

THAT a disagreeable awakening awaits many persons in this country who have embarked their money in Mexican rubber plantation schemes is clearly indicated from a report recently made by William W. Canada, United States consul at Vera Cruz, Mexico. In writing of the conditions of the rubber-growing industry, with particular reference to American participation, Mr. Canada says:

The amount of American capital now invested in this industry, and in this consular jurisdiction, is a matter of conjecture only. The money invested by shareholders in the United States in rubber-plantation schemes cannot be less than ten million dollars in gold. The amount actually employed in planting rubber, however, is quite another matter. It is my opinion that five hundred thousand dollars gold would about represent the sum actually employed in tree-planting and cultivation.

One of the reasons for this discrepancy between stocks sold and money invested in planting rubber is that when it became evident to a number of companies that tried to raise rubber that their enterprises had resulted in failures, some of the companies diverted their capital into other channels, as for instance, the planting of sugar-cane, sugar-making, and the production of alcohol.

Whether the huge sum of American money which has gone into rubber-plantation experiments will fare any better because some of it has been diverted into other undertakings, remains to be seen. In theory, tropical farming is most alluring to persons living in the north temperate zone, who know nothing about its disappointments, and who are carried away by fanciful tales of choice woods, valuable gums, wonderful mineral wealth, luscious fruits, and riotous vegetation. In practise, it is a different matter, and its results are seldom satisfactory.

In connection with the enterprises that we have in mind, however, the principal drawbacks associated with tropical farming are not inherent in the industry itself, nor in

the climate of the tropics, nor in the unsettled political conditions of many Central and South American countries. They are due to the character of the American promoters and to the management of their undertakings. With but few exceptions, these promotions are conducted along the familiar "get-rich-quick" method, by which very little of the money subscribed for stock ever reaches the treasury of the company, and the proportion that filters through and gets to the tropical country, and to the rubber or banana plantation, is a mere pittance.

When the companies themselves are promoted along such lines, you cannot, as a rule, expect men of a very high order to go out as overseers, or managing directors, or what not, in order to look after the plantation. Even in settled communities, life in the tropics offers few of the comforts to which Americans are accustomed; while in the more remote regions, where most of the "plantations" or "concessions" are located, the hardships and discomforts of existence are well-nigh indescribable.

A man may go to some of the tropical countries of America, to take charge of an enterprise, with every intention of developing it to the best of his ability. He starts off with all the energy he possesses, and seeks to inspire his associates, his foreman, and his laborers with a like spirit, but he speedily finds out that he cannot do so. He probably finds it impossible to induce his men to work more than a few hours a day in the early morning. He thinks he has a lazy, indolent crew on his hands, and perhaps he seeks to replace them. If he is able to do so, which is not easy, he quickly discovers that the second lot is as bad as the first, or possibly worse; and in time he realizes that he cannot better the situation.

It is partly a question of custom extending over centuries, and partly a question of climatic conditions, of environment, and of human nature itself. Men cannot work in the torrid as they do in the temperate zone. In time, each newcomer accepts the general standards of living and of labor. He cannot do otherwise, for every one else has accepted them, and all things are ordered in accordance.

Then, too, he is far removed from his home office; he is not likely to have visits from superiors, living one or two thousand miles away; and it is easy to make excuses. This places a premium on indolence, and on a misrepresentation of conditions.

There are other factors which contribute to the generally poor results of tropical undertakings, such as the venality of government officials and the prevalence of intemperance and lax morality. Satan finds much mischief for idle hands in the tropics. No one who has seen some of the superintendents or overseers of estates, on their visits from isolated plantations to the neighboring Latin-American cities, and who recalls the debauchery which so often marks such visits, can have very much confidence in the general outcome of tropical farming when conducted by foreign corporations and their agents.

The same feature is attendant upon many other enterprises—mining corporations, and the like—in remote districts of tropical or semi-tropical countries. There are exceptions, to be sure, but they are few and far between.

Why, with so many opportunities for safe and profitable investment near at hand

in one's own country, so many people will persist in putting money into rubber and banana plantations, pineapple orchards, orange groves, mining schemes, and the like, thousands of miles away, is a mystery. Even under the most favorable conditions, few such undertakings are successful when conducted by foreigners in alien countries. The possibilities of swindling an investor who, in all probability, can never visit the scene of the alleged enterprise, and who would know nothing about it if he did visit it, are simply numberless.

Eldorado survives: but it is a different Eldorado than that which beguiled Sir Walter Raleigh. This modern Eldorado figures largely in the dreams of the small investor, who pictures illusive treasures derived from tropical farming, and in the schemes of the dishonest promoter, who, with his misleading prospectuses, is raking in greater spoils than were ever won by the old-time pirates of the Spanish Main.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

DR. PARKHURST AND THE TELEPOST

We are in receipt of the following letter from the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst:

A number of stockholders in the Telepost Company have written to me expressing their regret that I had retired from the board of voting trustees, they having got that idea from something published in your magazine.

At one time I did indicate a desire to have my membership canceled, but I subsequently recalled my request, and shall continue to use my best offices to prevent the control of the company from passing into other hands.

The company has my sincere wish for the success to which, so far as my inexperience in such matters enables me to judge, the merits of the Telepost entitle it.

Kindly give this correction publicity through the department of your magazine in which the matter about my supposed withdrawal from the board appeared, and oblige.

Yours very truly,

C. H. PARKHURST.

The material published in this magazine which created the idea that Dr. Parkhurst had withdrawn from the Telepost was, no doubt, a copy, printed in our February issue, of a letter written by Dr. Parkhurst to Mr. C. W. North, of Cherokee, Iowa. The original communication, sent to us by Mr. North with a request that it should be published, is in our possession. It bears the date December 10, 1910, and reads as follows:

I am no longer a member of the board of voting trustees of the Telepost Company. I have discovered that some people who have not realized that membership on that board was no guarantee of the advisability of investing in the stock of that company have purchased stock on the strength of my name.

Discovering that to be the case, I have insisted that I should no longer be advertised as a member of that board. I have no reason to suppose that the company is not an honest one, and although I have no stock in it, I am hopeful that in time it will prove a success and pay fair dividends.

Yours very truly,

C. H. PARKHURST.

As a matter of courtesy to Dr. Parkhurst, we print his correction of the letter in which he informed Mr. North of his resignation from the board of voting trustees of the Telepost Company.

We have still another letter from Dr. Parkhurst, dated February 28, 1911, and dealing with the same general subject. From it we reprint the following paragraphs:

Permit me to say, in answer to your letter of inquiry, that my membership on the board of voting trustees does not carry with it a guarantee of the success of the Telepost Company or the profitability of the investment in its stock. It merely means that I am one of the several who are pledged to prevent the control of the company from passing into the hands of those who are opposed to competition in telegraphy.

I never advise any one to purchase Telepost stock or any other stock. That is a matter which each man must decide for himself on the basis of such information that he can obtain.

That Dr. Parkhurst trusts the gentlemen who are promoting the Telepost, and believes in the enterprise and in the statements made to him of its development, we have not the slightest doubt, or he would not have reconsidered his intention of resigning as a voting trustee.

As a general principle, we regard it as unfortunate when any man who stands high in the community lends his name to an enterprise, unless he actually participates in the administration of its affairs, and acquits himself of his responsibilities by familiarizing himself with the details of the enterprise, financial and managerial. We believe that the records disclose that the most fruitful source of corporation mortality is traceable to directors who do not direct.

We should not refer to this phase of the matter but for the fact that Dr. Parkhurst, in his letter to us, mentions his inexperience in corporation affairs. He is clearly under the impression that, as a voting trustee, his responsibility begins and ends with an agreement to prevent the control of the Telepost from passing into other hands. After a careful study of the company's reports, published elsewhere in this magazine, we do not think there is much likelihood of the voting trustees being called upon to exercise their veto power against would-be purchasers.

Whether no further obligation falls upon the voting trust of the Telepost Company than that announced in its literature, we cannot undertake to say. We do not know under what laws the trust is created. An inquiry directed to the Commercial Trust Company of New Jersey, which figures in the company's prospectus as the agent of the voting trust, discloses the fact that it resigned as such on January 1 last.

THE AUTOMATIC PENNY STORES

Will you please tell me if you consider the Automatic Penny Stores Company a safe investment, and also if you think the agents offering this stock are reliable? They have some questionable stocks on their list.

M. E. H., Hartford, Conn.

We cannot regard this as an investment proposition. It appears that the company was organized last July, with \$1,000,000 capital, half in common stock and half in preferred. In September it began paying dividends on the preferred stock, and is now paying them at the rate of twelve per cent. At the same time it is offering preferred stock at par, and throwing in a bonus of fifty per cent of common stock with the preferred.

It is not necessary to offer extra inducements with a thoroughly sound investment paying six or even five per cent. When inducements are necessary to make a twelve-per-cent stock sell, there must be some question about the company or its selling plan, or some doubt as to the permanency of the high dividend.

Men are judged by the company they keep, and so are stocks. Of course, some men may not know the character of their associates, and that is unfortunate for them. It is unfortunate for the Automatic Penny Stores Company, if it is a good concern, that its shares should be offered on a stock-sheet that contains a long list of wildcat and get-rich-quick companies, and by a firm that makes a specialty of such "securities." Lists of this sort are good things to let alone.

AMERICAN TELEGRAPH TYPEWRITER

I would be pleased to have you peruse the enclosed advertisement and give your estimation of the American Telegraph Typewriter Company, which is offering stock extensively through the West, accompanied by claims of large prospective profits. Is it better than Telepost or "Wireless"?

TRAVELER, Green Bay, Wis.

We have already expressed an opinion of the American Telegraph Typewriter Company, which

Traveler will find under the heading "Printing Telegraph Promotions," in our February issue (page 689). A further comment is permissible and perhaps desirable, in view of an apparent modification in the company's stock-selling plan.

The American Telegraph Typewriter Company is now offering shares, at least in the West, through the medium of a "fiscal agent" located in Chicago, whereas the original offerings came, or purported to come, from the company's executive offices in New York. This places a somewhat different complexion upon the proposition. A company which claims to have a large number of orders on its books, and a plant in operation to make its machines, ought not to be hawking its stock about the country at a discount of thirty per cent. On the basis of its orders, its contracts, and its prospective profits, it should be able to borrow its money from a bank and devote its large earnings, provided they materialize, to the development of the business.

The American Telegraph Typewriter Company may have an excellent machine, but its stock-selling plan is open to serious criticism. The advertisements contain such plays upon credulity as one usually finds in the literature of hazardous promotions. The stock, par value \$10, is offered for subscription for \$7 a share, but one is not surprised, now that a "fiscal agent" has entered upon the scene, to find it advertised for sale at prices ranging from \$3.50 to \$4 a share by brokers who make a specialty—or a pretense—of dealing in the "securities" of "prospectus companies."

We cannot undertake a comparison between Telepost, "Wireless," and Telegraph Typewriter. None of them is listed on the stock exchanges, and this department does not recommend such securities for investment.

SAFE INVESTMENTS FOR A WOMAN

I have deposited my earnings in a savings-bank until I now have about \$3,000 to invest. Would you advise buying real estate or stocks? I know nothing about bonds and very little about stocks. Would you advise buying Atchison, New York Central, Reading, or Southern Pacific at their present prices? Would it be advisable to put all the money in one stock, or to buy a few shares of each? Is there any other stock that would be a good investment?

Miss J. B., Springfield, Mass.

An investor must always determine something about an investment for himself. No stranger can know all the special circumstances surrounding an individual or say offhand whether one should buy real estate or stocks. Investment standards are relative rather than actual; that is, what might be a proper security for one person would not do at all for another person differently situated.

The highest general investment standard is that established by law for the employment of savings-bank deposits and trust funds in New York and the leading New England States. It gives preference to first mortgages on improved real estate, municipal bonds, and first mortgage bonds of steam railways, with certain restrictive provisions applying to each class of securities. These qualifications can be ascertained from an established

firm of bankers or bond dealers, or from bank officers. It is well for a woman to confine her investment operations as closely as possible to the highest investment standard.

A deposit in a savings-bank is in itself an investment, and one of the best that can be made. Miss J. B. will make no mistake in leaving some of her money in her savings-bank.

There are many good stocks, but common stocks are not regarded as the best investment for a woman or a dependent person. As this inquirer knows nothing about bonds and little about stocks, I suggest that she should read the article on "Interest and Dividends," in the April issue, page 143. It will, at least, give her an elementary knowledge of the two classes of securities.

It is always wise to diversify one's investments. Do not put all your eggs into one basket, or all your money into one security.

I should prefer not to advise this inquirer on a purchase of Atchison, New York Central, Reading, Southern Pacific, or any other stock. The railroads named are well-known and established properties, and, personally, I believe that a business man who buys their shares outright for cash will have no occasion to regret it; but then a business man is expected to know that stocks fluctuate in price, and that dividends are not fixed quantities.

It is highly disturbing to most investors—especially, as a rule, to women—to see prices decline, or to learn of a dividend reduction. Such things may happen even with the very best of stocks; and though I am not looking for any general or extensive reductions, I must point out these possibilities to one who professes entire ignorance of securities. Miss J. B. will lose nothing by waiting until she has given some careful study to stocks and bonds; and she will make no mistake, though she may not obtain as large an income, if she confines her investment operations to first mortgages on real estate, or to well secured bonds. Indeed, these are the only proper investments for a woman.

A LEGACY IN RAILROAD BONDS

I am a woman who has never owned securities, but the following have been left to me by a relative:

Minneapolis and St. Louis, first mortgage and refunding bonds, due 1949, paying four per cent.

Toledo and Ohio Central, general mortgage, due 1935, paying five per cent.

Mexican International, first mortgage consolidated, due 1927, paying four per cent.

Would you advise me to keep or sell them? Any information would be most thankfully received.

Miss R. A. S., New York.

In point of desirability as investments the above bonds rank in the following order: Toledo and Ohio Central, general fives; Mexican International, first consolidated fours; and Minneapolis and St. Louis, first and refunding fours.

The Toledo and Ohio Central has been acquired by the Lake Shore, and its general mortgage bond conforms with high investment standards.

The Mexican International first consolidated mortgage fours are a good issue of their class,

which is slightly speculative; and this element is probably accentuated to some extent by the present rebellion in Mexico.

I doubt if a bond expert or a conservative banking-firm would recommend Minneapolis and St. Louis first and refunding fours as a suitable investment for a woman. A business man might take a speculative chance with a four-per-cent bond which sells upon an interest basis of nearly six per cent, but a woman should assume no risks. Still, Miss R. A. S. knows her own circumstances better than I do, and must personally determine the question of selling or keeping these bonds.

THE BONDS OF A BANKRUPT ROAD

Is the Detroit, Toledo, and Ironton first mortgage bond a safe investment?

S. G. S., Somerville, Mass.

No. I don't know exactly what bond you have in mind, as there are several issues, none of which is designated "first mortgage"; but the company is in the hands of receivers, and the interest on the bonds directly issued on the property is in default. In other words, the Detroit, Toledo, and Ironton is bankrupt. Various protective committees are working on reorganization plans, which are impeded by disputes and litigation.

If any one is offering you a bond of the company as an investment without stating that the railroad is insolvent, he is trying to obtain your money under false pretenses. If you own any of the bonds, you should communicate with the proper protective committee.

THE TEMPTATION OF LARGER INCOME

I have \$20,000 invested in railroad and industrial bonds at four and one-half per cent. I wish to inquire if you think it would be more profitable for me to invest either the full or half that amount in some good dividend-paying stock, such as Pennsylvania Railroad, American Sugar, or Boston Elevated Railroad. I have a few shares of Philadelphia Traction Company which pay me six per cent, and I am anxious to invest all my money at six per cent.

D. E. M., Boston.

A man who has \$20,000 invested in railway and industrial bonds paying four and one-half per cent ought to be able to determine for himself a question such as D. E. M. asks. He can invest his money to net more than four and one-half per cent, but whether it is desirable to do so is another question.

D. E. M. does not mention the railroad and industrial bonds that he holds. Personally, I would not give two pins for the opinion of a man who told me to sell bonds without knowing what bonds I owned, what price I paid for them, or their present market value.

It is only natural for an investor to want the highest rate of interest that he can secure; but he must remember that complete safety and a high interest yield do not go together. In fact, as a general proposition, with securities bought strictly for investment, safety is measured inversely by income yield; that is, the higher the interest yield, the greater the risk.

It is always well for an investor to diversify his holdings, and doubtless, if a business man were making an original investment to-day, he might find some securities that pay six per cent without involving undue risk; but they would be somewhat speculative in character.

As a general principle, I do not think it good policy to sell one lot of securities and to buy another lot simply because the latter pays more. There is always some expense or loss in the shift, as well as some risk in substituting a poorer security for a good one. At four and one-half per cent, D. E. M.'s \$20,000 gives him an annual income of \$900, which would be increased to \$1,200 if invested at six per cent; but does not the question narrow itself down to this—should a man risk \$20,000 to gain a possible \$300 more a year?

KANSAS CITY SOUTHERN

Will you be good enough to say a word in the next issue of *MUNSEY'S* about Kansas City Southern stock as a speculation?

J. A. M., New Rochelle, N. Y.

It is not the purpose of this department to deal with speculation, and we can make no exception in regard to the Kansas City Southern road. The company is not paying dividends on the common stock, and a purchase of it at this time would be wholly speculative.

We cannot engage in conjectures of what may happen to this property when the Panama Canal is opened, or whether some larger system is likely to acquire the property. We urge our readers to buy outright for cash good listed and dividend-paying securities. We advise them against buying non-dividend-paying issues, and against buying any securities on a margin.

WHAT THE VINTNERS BUY

I would very much value your opinion on the National Boat and Engine Company, which is engaged in an extensive circularization of this section of the country with a stock-selling proposition. If the company is as prosperous as the management claims, and the business so profitable, why does it part with its stock, and why does it not procure new capital from the banks? A company rich in assets, and having a profitable business, experiences no great difficulty in obtaining funds from its own bank to develop its enterprise.

How about the undertaking, and how about the securities for investment?

J. T. S., Dubuque, Iowa.

When I read a company prospectus, and note the offering, for a trifling price, of shares which the vendors assert will make the purchaser's everlasting fortune, I cannot help thinking of old Omar's lines:

I wonder often what the vintners buy
One-half so precious as the stuff they sell.

Have business men suddenly become philanthropists, that they urge these magnificent opportunities upon total strangers? In what can the promoter invest that will pay him half so well as the shares he sells?

I am informed that the National Boat and Engine Company manufactures good, seaworthy

craft. Any one desiring to purchase a launch or a power-boat will, I am sure, make no mistake in looking over the company's catalogue and examining its wares before making a selection. The flotation of stock, however, is a different matter from the building of boats.

In offering its securities for sale to the public, the company makes some unusual statements, as for instance:

If you can secure a block of stock without the cost of a cent that is likely within a short time to be worth ten dollars a share, would you be interested? That is the opportunity given to you in this letter by one of the big, important businesses of the United States.

In these days, one is not likely to get anything of great value for nothing. Competition is too keen, manufacturing profits are too small, and capital and credit are too precious for that. For aught I know, the stock of the National Boat and Engine Company, which is given away free with a purchase of its six-per-cent bonds, may develop a value as great as the management predicts; but the uncertainties inherent in such an enterprise make the proposition a speculative one.

"BID" AND "ASKED" QUOTATIONS

What is meant by the words "bid" and "asked" when placed over the stock quotation column of a newspaper?

What is the Allis-Chalmers Company? I mean, what is the nature of its business? Has it ever paid a dividend on the common stock? Can you give me a brief history of the company?

G. J., Wallingford, Conn.

The "bid" price is the price that a person desiring to buy a security is willing to pay for it; the "asked" price is the figure at which a holder is willing to sell. The "bid and asked" quotations, ranged in columns in a newspaper, give the measure of the market—that is, the prices at which dealers are willing to buy and sell. If a "bid and asked" quotation is $81\frac{3}{8}$ — $81\frac{5}{8}$, it means that you can buy the stock at $81\frac{3}{8}$, the "asked" price, and can sell it at $81\frac{5}{8}$, the "bid" price. Stocks are always bought at the "asked" price and sold at the "bid" price.

The Allis-Chalmers Company was incorporated in New Jersey, in 1901, with a capital stock of \$50,000,000, divided into \$25,000,000 seven-per-cent preferred and \$25,000,000 common stock. In 1906, to provide working capital, it authorized \$15,000,000 first mortgage five-per-cent bonds, of which \$11,148,000 are outstanding. The company manufactures heavy engines, pumps, dredges, and similar machinery. It has never paid a dividend on the common stock, and has paid no dividends on the preferred since February, 1904.

TOLEDO, WABASH, AND ST. LOUIS

Can you give me any information as to the Toledo, Wabash, and St. Louis Railway, which was started about four years ago?

A. T., New York City.

It was a Burr Brothers promotion, or at least that firm sold stock in the company before they were arrested by the post-office authorities on the

charge of using the United States mails to defraud investors. The Burrs are now out of jail, but they have been indicted and are under bail awaiting trial.

The Toledo, Wabash, and St. Louis Railway is said to have an existence, but you will probably have to wait for the trial in the criminal courts to obtain accurate information as to the status of the firm's various promotions, and of the few companies which have managed somehow to survive the wreck.

THE PRICE OF COPPER

Do you think it probable that the price of copper will advance during the year?

Do you regard Inspiration Copper stock a good investment at \$10 a share?

R. E., Colorado Springs, Colo.

According to the statistics supplied by the Copper Producers' Association, showing the production and consumption of the metal, there is at present a heavy overproduction of copper, but I cannot undertake to prophesy as to the price of copper or any other commodity. I might guess right and I might guess wrong; but even if right, I should be entitled to no credit. It would simply be a lucky guess. If any man could predict the future prices of securities, or of the great commodities, it would not be long before he would become the wealthiest man in the world.

The future of Inspiration Copper is said to be promising by persons familiar with the property, but this department does not recommend mining stocks for investment. Such securities are essentially speculative, and a purchaser must take his own chances.

ON IMPROVED NEW YORK REAL ESTATE

I would like to ask if you consider a bond and mortgage on any house, either in Brooklyn or New York, absolutely good which is guaranteed and sold by the Lawyers' Mortgage Company or the Title Guarantee and Trust Company?

I. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Yes, such a mortgage is as safe an investment as I. W. could well find.

ANOTHER PUBLISHING PROMOTION

Do you consider the "founders' shares" of the Caxton Society, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, publishers of the *Caxton Magazine*, a safe investment proposition? I enclose a prospectus which explains the undertaking and makes numerous references to *Munsey's Magazine*.

H. W., New York.

I find, on examining the booklet used by the Caxton Society in pushing the sale of its stock, all the misleading talk of other prospectus-writers concerning the profits of the magazine business. There are the same stories of quickly won wealth that have been passed from one promoter to another, getting no nearer the truth in the process.

Our opinion of such flotations was set forth in full in our February issue, in an article entitled "Highly Colored Financial Allurements," begin-

ning on page 683. To this we must refer H. W. and several other readers who have inquired about the stock-selling propositions of the *Columbian* and other magazines.

SOME HIGH-GRADE RAILROAD STOCKS

Will you kindly advise me if you think it safe to invest in such stocks as Pennsylvania, Illinois Central, New York Central, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, and Delaware and Hudson?

C. T. P., Los Angeles, Cal.

Yes, provided you buy outright for cash, with the full knowledge of the fact that stocks fluctuate in price, and that a stockholder is a full partner in the enterprise, and must therefore share its fortunes, the bad as well as the good—in other words, that dividends may vary as the company's business varies.

SIX-PER-CENT STOCKS AND BONDS

Will you kindly reply to the following questions?

First, as a general proposition, would you consider a public utility bond, bearing an interest rate as high as six per cent, a prudent investment?

Second, do you regard the six-per-cent bonds of the Citizens' Gas Company, of Indianapolis, as a safe purchase?

Third, what standard railway stocks or preferred industrial stocks now listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and showing a return of six per cent on the money invested, could you advise buying at present level of prices?

R. C. H., Tucson, Ariz.

In replying to the first question, prudence would indicate a lower rate than six per cent for a bond, and absolute safety demands it. There are bonds paying such a rate which probably involve no great risk, but you cannot have both complete security in investment and a high interest rate.

In reply to the second question, we could not undertake to pass definitely upon the bonds of the Citizens' Gas Company of Indianapolis, or those of any other public utility corporation, unless we had a legal opinion as to every feature of the companies' franchises and the legality of the issues. This is said without prejudice to the issue mentioned.

In reply to the third question, a person who buys stock must understand that prices fluctuate, and that dividends are not fixed quantities. No one, therefore, can be sure of a return of six per cent on any stock, unless it should be the guaranteed stock of an exceptionally strong corporation. At the present writing, no standard railway stock is selling at a price to yield full six per cent, though Union Pacific, Great Northern, and Northern Pacific give almost that yield. Among the industrials, the preferred stocks of American Beet Sugar, the American Tobacco Company, the Central Leather Company, the United States Rubber Company, and the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company return six per cent or better, while the preferred stocks of the United States Steel Corporation and the American Sugar Refining Company yield nearly six per cent.

Written March 30, 1911



GRAND DUCHESS
OLGA
(BORN 1895)

GRAND DUCHESS
TATIANA
(BORN 1897)

THE CZAREVITCH
(BORN 1904)

GRAND DUCHESS MARIE (BORN 1899)

GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA (BORN 1901)

THE FIVE CHILDREN OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA

THE BREED AND THE BALL

BY DAMON RUNYON

AUTHOR OF "FEAR," "THE MOB AND THE MAID," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

WITH silken guidons snapping in the June breeze, and a long lane of admiring mothers, sisters, and sweethearts applauding shrilly from the sidewalks, the City Troop rode out of its armory, headed for trouble.

The troop was as fine a body of young aristocrats as ever graced a polo-field. Captain Reginald Van Santvoord, famed as a pitcher on the Hale 'varsity team, sat bolt upright in his saddle, trying to appear unconscious of his position. His battery mate, First Lieutenant Harold Haven-Smythe, clattered handsomely at his side. Young Second Lieutenant Morgan de Courcey, who owned a gold-plated saber scabbard, and was noted as an all-round athlete, brought up the rear.

All the troopers straightened their shoulders and shook up their burnished mounts as the line swung into the wide avenue, and they noted that the clubhouse windows were filmed with faces. Proud fathers watched their posterity march past with feelings of gratification, and ordered refreshment lavishly as the troop hobbled off down the avenue.

The adjutant-general of the State was present receiving congratulations. Proud fathers esteemed the adjutant, not only as a fellow club member, but because it had been his monumental idea that sent the City Troop out strike-breaking. Proud fathers, owners of large interests in the coal-field which had been tied up for months because of an amazing disinclination on the part of the miners to work for the *per diem* stipulated by their generous employers, appreciated the argument of the adjutant when he said:

"The great mistake in sending militia

into the field during strike disorders is that the troops selected are too often of the same class as the strikers, and therefore they soon reach an understanding, which nullifies even the moral effect of the soldiery. Now, if you take a body of men who are in no way in sympathy with that rough element which invariably makes up a crowd of strikers—a body of men of superior mental order and breeding—it seems to me that the desired result will be quickly attained.

"There's the City Troop, for instance. Could any one conceive of these young fellows finding a common plane with coal-miners? I believe not. Blood will tell; the strikers would quickly appreciate that these soldiers are of superior fiber. Not to put it snobbishly, it would be a case of the—er—aristocracy against the peasantry, and we should quickly have peace."

Unkind critics may at this point rise to remark that the adjutant-general was an ass; but since a haughty Governor had seen fit, in the first place, to divert the energies of the citizen soldiers into the business of strike-breaking, what should be expected of an adjutant-general?

"I shall send the City Troop to Tiburon, the hotbed, the chief seat of disturbance in the coal-field," explained the general to the board of directors of the Empire Coal and Coke Company. "If the strike is suppressed there, the backbone of the whole trouble will be broken. I shall place Captain Van Santvoord in complete charge, so that responsibility will make him keen to return results. Tiburon is not the nicest place in the world, I am informed, but I anticipate no violence."

And so Captain Van Santvoord rode forth with his men to Tiburon, a good four days'

cavalry march into the heart of the disturbed district. The blue-blooded young troopers were delighted to escape, for a brief period, the ennui of social duty. The captain vaguely recalled certain orders, certain remarks concerning danger, and certain instructions as to summary treatment of striking coal-miners; but he was too much filled with the rare joy of living in the golden sunshine of early summer to harbor thoughts of turbulence.

Tiburon squats at the bottom of a great mountain bowl—a grimy little town, speckled with coal-dust. Big tipples and gaunt washers sentinel the hillsides, near the mine openings. Over the town hangs a canopy of black smoke. A single narrow street divides the saloons and stores from the box-like houses provided by the liberal mine-owners for the men and their families. The women sit, with their children, on the tiny stoops in front of the houses, which are on the sunny side of the street; the men, in their leisure hours, tilt comfortable chairs against the saloon fronts in the shade of rickety porches.

Captain Van Santvoord and his men, wide-eyed and interested, rode through the narrow street one evening, when the combined population was taking its siesta on porch and stoop. The troop wagons clanked complainingly in the wake of the soldiers. The people watched the coming of the troop without comment. They had seen militiamen before, in parlous times gone by. Dusty and saddle-worn, the young aristocrats were not the superior-looking beings that might be imagined as they sagged in their stirrups, and smiled with friendly eyes at the squalling children.

One-Eyed Bill McGonigle, strike leader of that particular section, arose from a seat on the porch of the Good Day Saloon, and shouted, with no animus, at the troop:

"How'ye, boys? Need any he'p puttin' up them tents?"

"Much obliged," replied Captain Van Santvoord. "I think we can get along all right. Where's a good camping-ground?"

Having immediately met upon a basis of mutual understanding, it is not surprising that the soldiers and the strikers viewed one another with further interest.

Camp duty sometimes becomes as onerous as a cotillion. In three days the soldiers were writing home that strikers were not such terribly bad fellows as might be imagined, and that some of them were excellent

pool-players. In four days, Captain Van Santvoord, fully appreciative of his name, social position, breeding, and all the rest, no doubt, but deeply interested in his fellow man, was sitting on the porch in front of the Good Day, talking to Bill McGonigle.

"Cap," said he of the single orb, "it's pretty dull around here. Do they happen to be any ball-players in your bunch?"

"Ball-players?" replied Captain Van Santvoord. "Ball-players? Well, I should say so! I used to pitch a little at Hale—I've got my old catcher with me; Jimmy Hannibal was second baseman at Portsmouth for two years; Freddie Parsons was as good a short-field man as you'd want to see when he was in prep school, and I wouldn't be surprised to see him make the 'varsity team at Hale next year. Then there's Tommy Delancey, Howard Ord-rich, and—"

"Listen!" interrupted One-Eyed Bill.

II

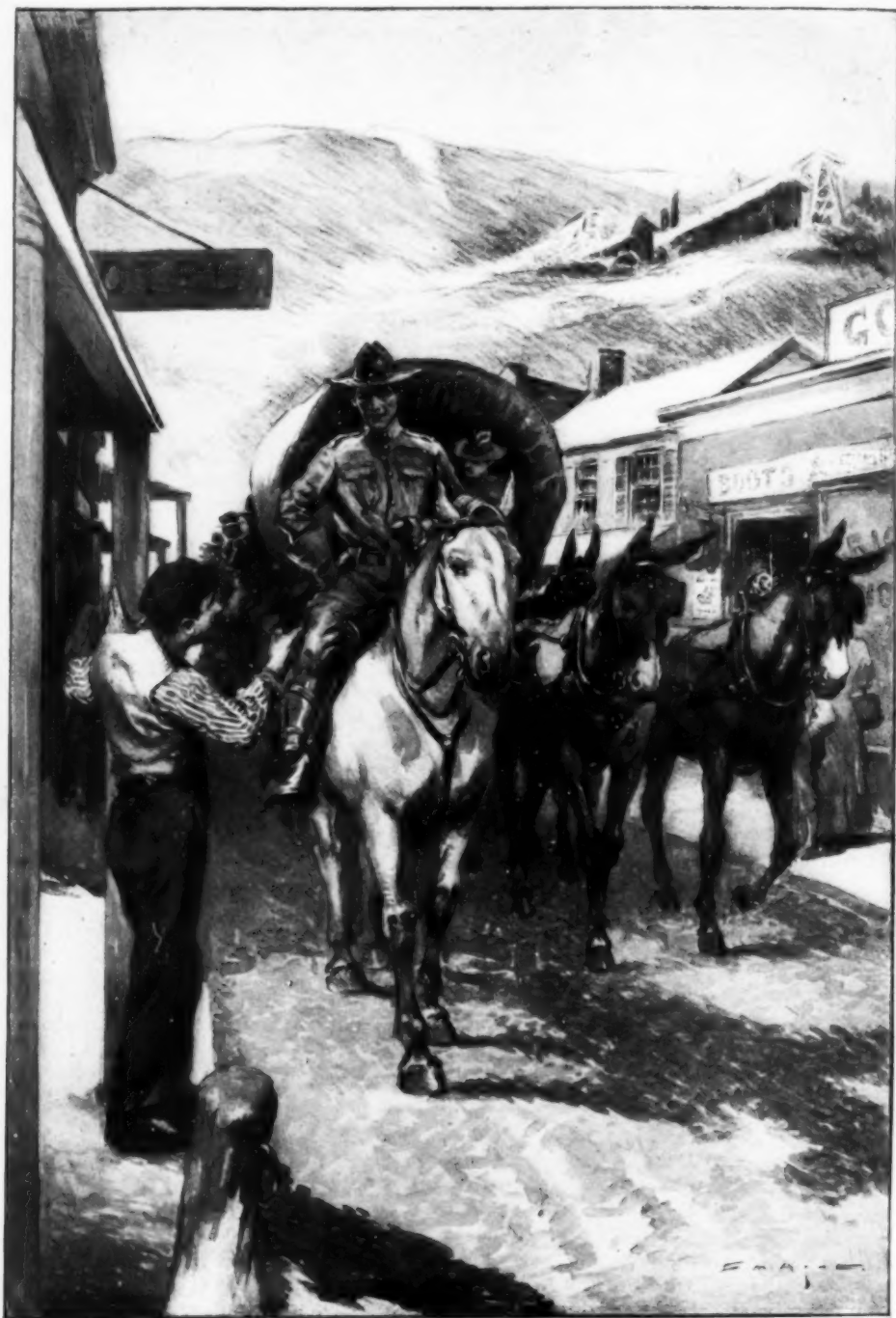
JUNE wore into July; July was hard upon the heels of August, and the strike still raged in the coal-field, with what might be termed peaceful fervor. There was no trouble anywhere. Tiburon was as quiet as a deacon's backyard, but no work was being done, and the miners' union made no advances for a settlement.

"I don't understand it," said the adjutant-general. "They didn't have much money in their treasury a few weeks ago; now they seem to have plenty, and I know for a fact that their national organization is not assisting them. You can't break a strike as long as the strikers are able to live without working. Captain Van Santvoord reports everything very quiet in Tiburon, but the men are still out, and still in the place. He says everything is satisfactory, but it's not—not to me—not to the State—not to the coal company. I believe I shall make a personal investigation!"

III

THE board of directors of the Empire Coal and Coke Company was in session. Fifteen grave gentlemen listened with deep concern to a report from the adjutant-general, delivered in an aggrieved tone.

"Gentlemen, I have been to Tiburon," said the adjutant. "Some things which were a mystery to me are now quite clear—and it is not a pleasant story that I have to tell. When I got to Tiburon, after a miser-



"I THINK WE CAN GET ALONG ALL RIGHT. WHERE'S A GOOD CAMPING-GROUND?"

able journey by wagon, I found the town totally deserted. Not even a stray dog roamed the single street; the stores were closed, the houses locked up. It looked as if the population had departed in a great hurry. I could not find a single soldier. I went to the troop camp, and not even a horse was in sight; no guards, not a sign of life! Imagine such a condition of affairs in a military camp!

"Finally I ran across a young man in overalls, who seemed in a great hurry. I accosted him, inquiring the whereabouts of the people.

"They're at the ball-game," he said, looking at me in manifest surprise.

"Where are the soldiers?" I asked.

"Where have you been all summer?" demanded the young man. "They're at the game, too. Don't you know that this afternoon we're playing the seventh and deciding game of the series between the militiamen and the All-District team for the championship?"

"I assured him that I did not, and he kindly explained further.

"Why," he said, "those soldiers cleaned up Tiburon and all the other teams in the district this summer. Then we organized the All-Districts from the beaten teams, and we've got the militiamen tied, three games and three, on the series."

"He added that the All-Districts confidently expected to 'clean up' the soldiers, as he put it, in this final encounter. The young man was on his way to the game, and I decided to accompany him. Such a situation had never before confronted me, in all my military career, and I hardly knew what steps to take. The ball-grounds were some distance from the town, but I could hear a great roar of voices long before we reached them, and my companion assured me that hundreds of people had come in from all over the coal-mining district for the event.

"It was a strange sight that greeted my eyes when we reached the ball-grounds. They were laid in a natural basin, at one end of which stood a large grand stand. The surrounding hills formed a fence, and they were black with people; but to get a view of the field one had to pass under the stand, and there a man demanded and received one dollar admission. I paid for my companion and myself, and we went into the stand together.

"On one side I saw the horses of the City Troop in a picket-line, with the troopers sit-

ting about on the ground. Near by was a long bench, upon which sat another group of soldiers, strangely attired. They wore riding-trousers without leggings, flannel service shirts, and little caps. On the other side, on another bench, sat a singular collection of men in grimy baseball uniforms, with the names of different towns printed across their shirt bosoms—Tiburon, Clayville, Starkton, and others—only one or two being the same.

"Among the soldiers on the bench I saw your son, Mr. Van Santvoord; I saw your son, Mr. Haven-Smythe; and yours, Mr. Hannibal. I saw the sons of half a dozen more of you gentlemen who sit about this table. Men and women were shrieking and howling; a veritable pandemonium prevailed. It was fearfully hot, but these people, who were manifestly of the coal-mining country, did not mind the heat.

"Finally a big, one-eyed man, whom I recognized, from his pictures, as McGonigle, the infamous strike leader, advanced to the middle of the field and raised his hand, an act which brought instant silence. Then he roared:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the batteries for to-day will be, for the City Troop, Reginald Van Santvoord and Harold Haven-Smythe; for the All-Districts, Pietro Hulaniski and Mike Flaherty—play ball!"

"And, as I am sitting here, gentlemen, your sons proceeded to engage in a game of baseball with those coal-miners—a game which was characterized by such excitement as I have not seen since '88, when our team whipped Hale—you'll remember the circumstance, Mr. Van Santvoord; I recall that you played for Hale—and you, Mr. Hannibal, if I mistake not.

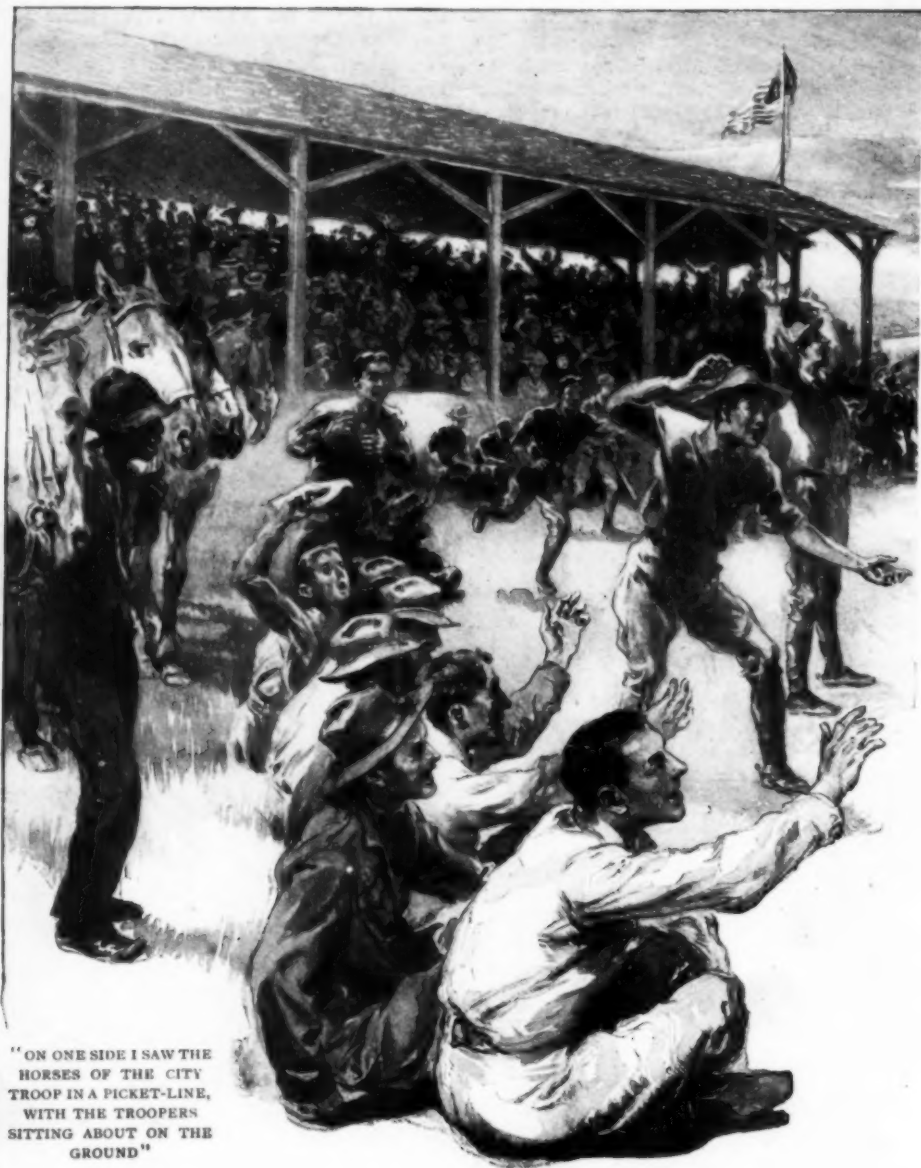
"Reginald Van Santvoord stood in the center of the diamond, the baseball poised delicately upon his finger-tips. Before my eyes crouched Harry Haven-Smythe—a fine young fellow, too—masked and padded, and smacking his fist into a glove as he cried:

"Come on, Santy; let's get at these fellows!"

"And this, if you please, was a first lieutenant speaking to his captain! Down along third base line, Second Lieutenant Morgan de Courcy was making brief runs back and forth, calling:

"Make 'em hit, old top; make 'em hit!"

"Charging around second base was Private James Hannibal, shrieking to his superior officer:



"ON ONE SIDE I SAW THE HORSES OF THE CITY TROOP IN A PICKET-LINE, WITH THE TROOPERS SITTING ABOUT ON THE GROUND"

"Nice pegging, kid; nice pegging!"

The adjutant-general's eyes shone. The room, and the circle of grave faces, now beaming with strange excitement, faded; he was sitting on the hard boards of the grand stand at Tiburon; before him lay a player-studded field heaving with action. He was no longer an officer, no longer an ass—he was simply a fan. His voice rose, and hu-

man speech flowed over the wonted barrier of lingual reserve.

"Reggie Van Santvoord used a slow curve ball that had the miners breaking their backs; but a long, loose-jointed Italian who slabbed for the coal-diggers was there with a south wing that smoked 'em over so fast that our boys were also swinging wild. Once in a while they would connect, and



"A GAME WHICH WAS CHARACTERIZED BY SUCH EXCITEMENT AS I HAVE NOT SEEN SINCE '88"

lam that ball up against the fence, but fast fielding kept them from scoring.

"It was a grand game; it was positively a peach of a game! The miners had a Mexican second baseman, and believe me, he was a speed marvel! He covered a world of territory, and had a whip that would set the big league afire. Our boys did some swell fielding, too, if anybody asks you. Herbert Rensselaer, who played first, is a pippin, and—I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I beg your pardon; I fear that I have digressed."

The adjutant-general was back again in the directors' room.

"But this is not the worst of it—by no means the worst. Between innings my com-

panion looked over the crowd, manifestly delighted.

"There's a good twelve hundred dollars here," he said. "That'll run the total on the series away up, to say nothing of what the other games brought."

"A faint light dawned upon me.

"Who gets this money?" I asked. "The winners?"

"Winners, nothing!" the man said. "Those soldiers wouldn't take a cent. All receipts go into the strikers' benefit fund. How do you suppose this strike has been running, anyway?"

"And now, gentlemen, of course I shall have to recall the City Troop," continued the adjutant-general. "To get your mines

working on winter production by fall, we shall have to—"

"Wait a minute!" interrupted J. Drexel Van Santvoord, a big, aggressive man, who had been leaning far across the table, chewing

wildly at a huge, unlighted cigar. "Never mind the strike—who won that game?"

"Aye!" chimed in the company directors in sustained chorus. "Who won that game?"

NELLIE

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

AUTHOR OF "BRAZOS," "ROMANCE AND MISS ANTWERP," ETC.

IT was early March, and all the broad country of sage and aspen was filled with the bleatings of the sheep, as through alternate mud and dust and snow and shine they trailed on and on, bound from winter quarters to the shearing-pens and the lambing-range.

Hombre, the Mexican from the Big B outfit, sat with me in the tent that evening, and sampled my concoction of *chile con carne*—poor stuff it must have been to him, the artist—while we exchanged herders' gossip. Nellie, John the Swede's sheep-dog, lay at ease, dreaming behind the warm camp stove.

Outside there uplifted plaintively the mutterings of four thousand Circle K woollies—the band over which John and I were in charge—bunched for the night upon the bedding-ground near-by. The wind blew gustily, and a half-moon shone from amid scudding clouds. The air was keen with the breath from league upon league of hill and peak, still snow-clad, surrounding; but in the creaking tent upon the desolate plateau Hombre and I were very comfortable.

"Leesten!" bade Hombre.

Above the gusts and the bleating and the creaking arose the long, yapping howl of a coyote—a curious eery outburst of yelps and barks and whimperings, like a mad jackal or a foolish puppy. Behind the stove Nellie growled.

"I t'ink you have ol' fiend, too," spoke Hombre. "We had ol' fiend coyote follow us t'ree days. But I get up very early, one mornin', an' peek, 'fore sunrise, when it gettin' light, an' I see him on little hill near, lookin' down on beddin'-ground. I poke

out my gun, an' I settle *dat* coyote. He beeg she coyote. Four sheep he keeled—*si!*"

The challenge had ceased. But another sound broke in—the sound of horse's hoofs, betokening the return from town of John. Nellie knew. She crawled backward from her retreat behind the stove, and passed through the closed tent-flaps to greet her master.

Throwing aside one of the flaps, we let the lantern-light shine forth, as our welcome; but we said naught, for the sheep-range is a lonely range, and a herder soon grows tongue-tied, accustomed to repression.

John dismounted rather laboriously, and started to unsaddle. It was plain that his trip into town had done him no good. Liquor was in him. As he stepped back, he stumbled upon Nellie, who was sniffing, dumb dog fashion, at his overalls, waiting to be recognized. For this John, this great, flaxen, viking John, Swede sheep-herder, was her one acknowledged friend, her one partner, her one captain, and her god. Between them was only love, and for love she obeyed him; but, stumbling, with an oath he kicked at her. His heavy brogan grazed her silky black side, and with a yelp of astonishment and alarm she sprang aside.

In silence John finished unbuckling the girths, ripped off the saddle, blankets, and bridle, and turned his horse loose to join mine, grazing, hobbled, near. Then he entered the tent. Nellie stayed outside.

"Dat dog, she spoilt now," remarked Hombre solemnly. "She no good!"

John, his broad face red and his thin yellow mustache untidy, snarled at him surlily, even contemptuously.

"Bes' sheep dog in dis coountry," he said. "Five hoonder dollars not buy my dog!"

"*Bueno*," answered Hombre the imperturbable, through his black beard. "You see, meester. You keek her, she never forget!"

John had squatted before the supper, but he stood again and stuck his head out of the open doorway. He whistled.

"Here, Nellie!" he called. "Coom here!"

Nellie did not come. Looking out we could see her, a vague, black, low shape in the dusk—could see her eyes, faintly aglint, as she gazed at us from her vantage a dozen yards off among the sage.

"By t'under," growled John, "you stay out, den! You coom in here, you get an-odder kick. I kick you head off. Why don't you mind, hey? Coom here, I say!"

But as if well advised by these contradictory suggestions, Nellie budged not; and after casting about a moment for a chunk to throw at her, John vengefully closed the flaps, and in further foolish bravado buttoned them tight.

"She stay out, now!" he threatened; and settled again to the *chile con carne*, eating noisily.

"Five hundred dollar, huh!" commented Hombre. "Not five hundred cent!" And he was still calmly insistent when he left to ride to his own camp, eight miles across country.

II

I WATCHED John, and tried to read his mind, as we washed and wiped the supper dishes. He was a big, tow-headed, blue-eyed Swede, who had worn overalls and brogans on the range for ten years. I saw that he was uneasy; Hombre's words had struck through to his sense.

As every sheepman knows—yes, as every dog-man knows—you cannot treat a collie as you may treat the common run of dogs. A collie is like an Indian—he never forgets a blow, and rarely forgives it; and of all collies the trained sheep-dog is the most sensitive. Perhaps the long, close companionship, alone with the herder upon the vast open, has mingled, with his superhuman instincts, instincts too human.

John lighted his pipe. His head was clearer after eating. We talked of many things in the news that he had gathered in the little town. We spoke of the sheep to be shorn at the Petersen pens this season—

sixty thousand, he had heard; of the prospect of grass; of the new dead-line established by the ever inimical cowmen; of the death of Long Mike in the blizzard last month, when two thousand of the Three Bar sheep perished with him, stoutly though he fought to save them. This and other talk he retailed, and I discussed.

But he was uneasy. Like me, who had no voice in the matter—Nellie being his own jealous property—he missed her behind the warm stove where, her day's faithful work done, she was entitled to take her rest. Several times he stood at the flaps, peeping out through a crack—ostensibly to spy upon the sheep. Once he clucked with his lips. No Nellie came; and without mentioning her we turned into bed, and doused the lantern.

Before I went to sleep I heard the coyote barking again, but I did not hear Nellie answer.

I woke up about midnight; herders get this habit. John was snoring hard. The wind was still gusty, shaking the tent; the air within was dense and chill. My ear caught a babbling little murmur—this may have been what prompted me—querulous, interrogative, rising from the bedding-ground, and I heard also a whimpering, eager and puppyish, just outside the tent. A moving body even brushed it. There came a soft patter of padded feet, and more whimpering.

"Nellie!" I spoke. "Oh, Nellie!"

Instant silence, except for the wind and the sheep-notes, followed, but John aroused.

"What's the matter?" he demanded, thickly.

"I thought the dog was trying to get in."

He murmured in Swedish, and snored again. For a few minutes I lay, disliking to get up in the cold and investigate. The whimpering was renewed, so was the patter of light feet; then, as it seemed to me, they receded. The complainings of the sheep gradually died, only the wind and John's snores were left; and soon I, too, was sleeping, probably snoring.

The morning dawned raw and bleak. No Nellie was behind the sheet-iron stove, and no Nellie was curled, out of the wind, against the tent. As we moved about, to the bedding-ground, and for water and wood, no Nellie emerged from the brush at sight of us, nor did the sizzling of breakfast fetch her.

We trailed seven miles that day, and camped at night without her.

"By t'under, I t'ink she roon off!" declared John; and with the unreasonableness of the brutish man who knows that he is in the wrong, and holds that by keeping in it he denies it, he began to hate her.

Yet I was sure that deep down was remorse; thus I interpreted those furtive glances with which he scanned the rolling brush before and on either flank, and which he cast back into our wide wake.

We made good time to the shearing-pens, and three weeks brought us there, but still without Nellie. I know that John, like myself, rather anticipated finding her attached to some other camp; but all of her that we encountered, in our casual visiting around where six outfits and twenty thousand sheep were collected within a radius of ten miles, was the report by a Double Circle herder that he had twice sighted a black wolf while he was crossing between the Big and the Little Blue. The Blues were twenty miles south of our own trail.

From the shearing we pushed for the lambing-range. Travel was slow, for the babies, born and unborn, made us let the toiling ewes set their pace as suited them. But one late afternoon of the first week of May, the shaggy, panting columns of the Circle K poured down upon the well-remembered lambing-range, to halt and stay a while.

The coyotes had not bothered us much, save in a desultory way. However, when we had been in camp two or three days, word came from the Double Circle, our neighbors, denoting the presence upon that section of the range of an old fiend.

Now, coyotes all love mutton as a bear loves pork and a cat loves fish. But occasionally a particularly vicious coyote, possessed of the killing mania, pesters the sheep-range—usually a bachelor; sometimes, however, a very bold female. The lambing-range is its delight, but it will stick by a band upon the trail, and everywhere will take its daily toll with the most exasperating regularity. It will kill at midday as at sunset; and of fat ewes it will eat perhaps only the udder, for a titbit, and leave the rest.

Such a coyote is called an "old fiend." When day after day it wantonly destroys its two and three sheep—ewes, wethers, lambs, always the best—the herder watches, waits, thirsting to catch it with a meat-buried hook, or to shoot it through the body and gibe at its whirlings.

The old fiend haunting the Double Circle had been sighted several times. He was a large dog coyote; and again the Double Circle herders stoutly insisted that they had glimpsed a black wolf in company. That must be Nellie, who had never returned, nor joined another camp. It explained the whimperings about the tent, weeks ago, when in the night, disregarding the frightened muttering of the sheep, the coyote had come courting.

John bitterly cursed her. To him she was a traitress of the worst type. He sent out word to have her shot on sight. A sheep-killing sheep-dog is deemed lower than even an old fiend coyote. But I found it difficult to believe in Nellie's blood-guilt. Rather, it was natural to believe that the thin bletherings of the new lambs—sweetest music in the world to a sheep-dog of the range—had drawn her to the lambing-grounds as the homing pigeon is drawn to its nesting-cote. And from reports Nellie herself had tender cares impending.

Soon after this, I met her. It was at twilight, and I was trudging through a copse of pleasant aspens, driving forth the unwilling sheep. As I descended into an open little hollow, warm and fragrant, Nellie loped out opposite, as if disturbed from the other side, where John was working and shouting.

Her formerly sleek, silky coat was rough and full of burrs, her flanks were now gaunt. I whistled.

"Nellie, girl!" I called.

At the summons she halted short. One moment she stared, wistful, hesitant, ears pricked; then, with a lowering of her brush, she wheeled, and sprang, and was gone. I was glad that I had spoken, rather than shot; and I did not tell John.

That night the coyote barked. The Double Circle had made it too hot for him; twice had herders creased him with a bullet; and here he was, on our range, to pester John and me.

The next day I again saw Nellie, upon a little hill. She was gazing down and across the sheep, quietly surveying that lush, comfortable domain where the wethers busily cropped and mothers baaed and babies bleated and gamboled; and where she herself had been accustomed to rule so wisely and so well with John.

When she found that I was noticing her, she trotted back into the timber.

At the evening round-up and drive, we

discovered a dead lamb and a dead ewe, both mangled and wasted. John went to sleep vowing vengeance on coyote and dog alike. It was too much that Nellie should be party to mutilating her own former charges.

Remembering the gentle art with which she would hold even the smallest of lambs, using her forefeet and mouthing with utmost care, I scarcely yet would admit, though I could not understand.

III

THE twain—if twain it was that worked—had grown very bold and vindictive. Nothing, so far as we could ascertain, was killed in our band the next day; but the following morning, just as the sheep had left the bedding-ground, there arose a great commotion.

Sheep start off the bedding-ground with the first ray of the rising sun. Old and young, they straggle into the brush to graze. The herder's business now is to be up and alert, so that he may shape their foolish steps aright, and direct them toward the pasture selected for the day. Then, with the sheep headed as they should head, he may return to his tent, or wagon, for breakfast.

This John and I had done; and we were sitting down to coffee, spuds, and mutton, when sharp and high sounded an unmistakable but confused volley of sheep cries. Out we tumbled, John grabbing on the way his ready rifle.

Along the hill-slope beyond the bedding-ground, and above, the sheep were running wildly hither thither through the sage; bursting like quail from a central spot in which three figures, white, brown, and black, were struggling together, rolling upon the ground, bleating, whining, growling. The air was clear and still, the sun was up, we could hear and see.

John dropped to his knee. The distance was a bit over two hundred yards, air-line. The three figures were in the same violent agitation, wrestling and tumbling amid the brush, when he fired. The bullet smacked instantly with a round thud. He fired again, quick. The figures writhed but stayed; their movements ceased.

John stood up.

"Got dem both!" he exclaimed jubilantly.

Across we hastened, John with rifle cocked; but there was no need of caution. As we approached, the white figure staggered up, and a lucky wether with the Circle K—our brand, Nellie's brand—stamped plain upon his rump, and upon his shoulder a red stain where fangs had struck and grazed, went galloping off.

The brown and the black objects remained there, prone, motionless, body upon body. One bullet had pierced each—but Nellie, Circle K sheep-dog in the end as in the beginning, still had the coyote fast gripped by the throat!

THE TALE OF THE YEAR

HEAR ye the voice of the wind in spring?

Listen, and hear;
Knowing no care,

Wantonly careless what time may bring,

See how the breeze

Plays through the trees,

Questioning—wondering—soft through the spring.

Hear ye the voice of the autumn wind?

Listen, and hear;

Laden with care,

Seeking the rest it may never find,

Bruised senses numb—

Winter to come—

Chill on our hearts lies the sad autumn wind.

List, and have pity on winter's pain,

Mark in the blast

Hopes that are past;

Hopes that have died, and can ne'er come again.

Gone, spring's shy kiss,

Summer's fierce bliss,

Autumn's long anguish—God, is it all vain?

May Fraser

IS THE PURITAN RACE DYING OUT?

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D.,

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Let us study so to walk, that this may be our excellency and dignity among the Nations of the world, among which we live: That they may be constrained to say of us, only this people is wise, an holy and blessed people. What can we excell in, if not in holiness? If we look to number, we are the fewest; if to strength, we are the weakest; if to wealth and riches, we are the poorest of all the people of God through the whole world. We cannot excell (nor so much as equal) other people in these things. Be we an holy people, so shall we be honourable before God, and precious in the eyes of his Saints.

THIS was the candid if somewhat indulgent view of the Rev. Peter Bulkeley, minister of Concord, Massachusetts, in 1651. That the New Englanders continued to appreciate the blessings of their superior endowment was shown, a century and a quarter later, by John Adams's claim for his native section:

New England has, in many respects, the advantage of every other colony in America, and, indeed, of every other part of the world that I know anything of.

The people are purer English blood; less mixed with Scotch, Irish, Dutch, French, Danish, Swedish, etc., than any other; and descended from Englishmen, too, who left Europe in purer times than the present, and less tainted with corruption than those they left behind them.

This confidence at the beginning of the colonial epoch that the New Englanders were going to be a notable people, this conviction at the end of the period that they had preserved a pure and vigorous English stock, continued undiminished for more than another century. During all that time New England's part in the crises of national life was great out of proportion to her numbers. Such men as John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, Charles Francis Adams, Phillips Brooks, and Charles W. Eliot have taken a leading part in the nation's controversies and crises.

Of late years New England has grown a little less certain of its apex position. People allege that New York has a bigger public library; that Chicago contains more people mentioned from week to week in the *Literary Digest* and the *Publishers' Weekly*; that the Insurgents of Indiana have supplanted the Mugwumps of Massachusetts. Philadelphia claims more ancestors, Chicago thinks she has better schools than Boston. The Western State universities claim to be as good as Yale, and may become as good as Harvard.

Above all, New England is confronted and a little daunted by the overwhelming, indubitable fact that a considerable part of the local population is no longer descended from selected members of the select Anglo-Saxon race. The "Scotch, Irish, Dutch, French, Danish, Swedish, etc.," whom John Adams so airily set aside, have settled in New England, and have brought with them a host of other races, the names of which John Adams hardly knew.

A PEOPLE OF ENGLISH BLOOD

Down to the beginning of immigration after 1830, substantially the whole population of New England was of English descent. Recent studies show that out of 992,000 white persons in New England included in the census of 1790, 943,000 had English names. Of 200,000 Scottish names in the whole country, only 35,000 were found in New England. About 9,000 of apparent Irish descent are enumerated, and about 4,700 of all other races.

The list of surnames in the census of 1790 is studded with unconscious humors. Among them, for instance, are Fatyouwant (probably anglicized from a French name); Crampeasy, Voices, Creed, Bible, Psalms, Miracles, Heavens, and Hell; Laughinghouse, Nuthammer, Coopernail, Tenpenny, and Milldollar; Crackbone, Flybaker, and

Witchwagon; together with such extraordinary combinations as Joseph Came, Peter Wentup, Sarah Simpers, Barbary Staggers, Sermon Coffin, Unity Batchelor, Booze Still, Hardy Baptist, Sillah Jester, Abraham Singhorse, and Mercy Pepper.

Tradition sets forth the great size of the families of a century ago. The statistics show that in 1790, out of 37,000 families of more than nine persons, New England, with only one-fourth of the national population, had 16,000, or nearly one-half; and one-third of all the New England families were composed of more than six persons. For years, many such large families continued in New England, and among the offshoots of New England in the West. The writer's father, born in Ohio in 1821, son of a Connecticut settler, when a young man had about twenty uncles and aunts and fifty first cousins; while his son has but five first cousins.

Down to about 1830, the growth of the New England population was little affected by any foreign race. A few French Huguenots, like Governor Bowdoin, chose to dwell in that part of the world; but the total volume of immigration was very small.

In the half-century from 1740 to 1790, by natural growth, under the prevailing easy conditions for raising children and starting them in the world, Massachusetts increased about sixfold. In the next half-century, from 1790 to 1840, the population little more than doubled, while that of the whole country quadrupled. Fifty years later, in 1890, New England had little more than doubled again, while the total population had again quadrupled. In the last twenty years, however, the growth of New England has kept pace with the average growth of the other States.

The slackening of the growth of population is not by any means confined to the Puritan race, or to the New England States. The average family in the New England of 1790 was of about six persons; the present average is between four and five, but the falling off of large families is more marked in New York than in New England. The average number of children under sixteen years of age in New England families in 1790 was 2.7. In 1900 it had fallen to 1.3; but in the Southern States the number fell from 2.8 in 1790 to 2 in 1900.

Throughout the civilized world, the tendency is for families to grow smaller, and, consequently, for the number of adults to in-

crease over the number of children. The main reason for this change seems to be a higher standard of living, and a consequent larger expense for bringing up children. A very high birth-rate is always accompanied by numerous deaths among young children, as is the case at present with the colored population; and the fact that children are more likely to live, under modern conditions of health-protection, makes parents more anxious that there should be a sufficient income for them to live upon.

The same tendency toward a decline in the number of children is seen in the immigrant races. The families of Italians, Slavs, and Scandinavians will be smaller in the next generation than at present.

This slower growth of all races in the United States is conclusively shown in the total census figures. For three-quarters of a century, from 1790 to 1865, the total population of the United States doubled every twenty-five years; but in 1890 the population, which should have been, on that basis, 64,000,000, was found to be only 62,500,000; and in 1910, the population of the continental area was 92,000,000, instead of about 115,000,000. Slow growth in New England, therefore, is no evidence that the Puritan race is dying out.

ALIEN BLOOD IN NEW ENGLAND

On the other hand, rapid growth is no proof that the Puritan race is advancing, because in the last sixty years several million immigrants have come into New England. In 1900, out of the 5,600,000 people in New England, 1,450,000 were foreign born, and 1,580,000 more were children of a foreign parent; besides several unenumerated hundreds of thousands of grandchildren of foreign parents. The proportion of foreigners has doubtless enlarged during the last decade. There is evidence of a rapid increase in this element of the population; and perhaps it is the only increase.

Exact figures on this complicated subject are hard to get; but from a set of tables compiled for the purposes of the present article, it appears that of the total white population of 67,000,000, reported by the census of 1900, about 35,000,000 were descended from people who were in the United States a century ago, while about 32,000,000 are immigrants or the descendants of immigrants who have come in mostly since 1830.

The descendants of the white people of 1800 in the whole United States are about

seven times as numerous as their ancestors of a century ago. In the Southern States, there are more than four times as many of the English stock as there were a hundred years ago. In New England, there are barely twice as many. Out of the five and a half million people in New England in 1900, census authorities calculate that only two to two and one-half millions were descended from the old New England stock.

A similar slowing down of the growth of the original race is shown by statistics of relative birth-rates. In 1890, the population of New England comprised, roughly speaking, 3,500,000 native-born whites, including those born of foreign parents, and 1,140,000 foreigners. Yet 50,000 children were born in that year to the 1,140,000 foreigners, and only 44,000 to the 3,500,000 native-born. In other words, while the average birth-rate of the whole native-born population of the United States was 20.4 per thousand, the birth-rate of the native-born in New England was only 12.5 in the thousand, while for the foreigners in New England the rate was 43.9.

Furthermore, in 1900 the birth-rate of native parents had gone down to 12.1, while that of foreign parents had risen to 53.2. Visibly the birth-rate of the Yankee race is low and diminishing. It is low in proportion to that of the native race of English stock in other parts of the country. In Maryland, for instance, the birth-rate for natives is 14.6; in West Virginia, 32.8; in the north central group of States, 18.5. On the other hand, the foreign birth-rate in New England is very much in excess of that in most other parts of the country.

ARE THE PURITANS HOLDING THEIR OWN?

The ground is now cleared for a discussion of the main question—whether the Puritan race is not only relatively behind the immigrant races in fecundity, but is having difficulty to hold its own.

A standard for this question is to be found in the comparative increase in population of native antecedents and in population of foreign antecedents in the ten years from 1890 to 1900. The population of foreign parentage in New England, including immigrants and the children of immigrants, increased in that decade by 480,000. The native element, about equal in number to the foreign, decreased by 37,000, the only State in which there was any increase being Massachusetts. There were a few States in

which the negro population declined during the decade; but not a single State outside of New England failed to show a considerable increase in the native population of native parentage, as well as in the native population of foreign parentage.

Perhaps a more startling piece of evidence is a comparison of total births and total deaths in the native element in New England, as compared with the native element in other States, and also with the foreign element in New England.

In Massachusetts, in the decade 1890-1900, the annual excess of births over deaths, per thousand of population, for the native element, was 3.8, while in Illinois it was 22.8, and in Texas 38.7. In every other New England State reported there were fewer children born of native-born parents—including, of course, children and grandchildren of immigrants—than there were ten years earlier. Vermont lost an average of 8.8 per thousand each year.

At the same time, the increase of children of foreign parents in Vermont was 23.2 per thousand, and in Massachusetts 45.6. Nowhere else in the United States is there a loss in any element of the population, except with the negroes in a few cases. The conclusion is irresistible that within the limits of New England the native element is no longer making good its own losses by death.

Some evidence goes to show that the loss is greater among the most highly educated element, which has the largest opportunities of usefulness. Upon this point the following little table throws light:

HARVARD HOLDERS OF A. B. DEGREE AND THEIR SONS

Class	Original Graduates	Sons Born	Graduates Living in 1910	Sons Living at Last Report
1860 ...	110 ...	110 ...	46	84
1865 ...	88 ...	74 ...	44	62
1870 ...	131 ...	140 ...	92	117
1875 ...	142 ...	123 ...	95	106
1880 ...	175 ...	145 ...	144	131
1885 ...	193 ...	129 ...	166	114
1890 ...	302 ...	180 ...	267	175

This table takes the classes at five-year intervals, and is based upon the class reports. It omits members who did not graduate, and whose children would probably be fewer in proportion, inasmuch as many of these men withdrew because of ill health, or were removed by death. The significant thing is that whereas the classes up to 1870 had practically one son for each graduate,

after that date there is a marked decline in the number of sons. The class of 1880, of which the writer has special opportunities of knowledge, has a little less than five sons to every six graduates. The class of 1885, twenty-five years after graduation, when practically all are married that are likely to be married, has only two sons for every three graduates.

These figures are subject to various slight corrections. In some class reports the names of children no longer living are probably not inserted; but the fact remains that if every Harvard graduate sent all his male children to Harvard, that institution would decline in numbers unless it was filled by the sons of non-Harvard men.

The ordinary husband and wife, coming from families which have the old-fashioned New England ambition to give their sons a first-rate education, are not replacing their two selves. Many of their children will die unmarried, and the case will be still worse in the next generation. That there is ground for Colonel Roosevelt's assault upon race suicide is clear. If the families that for three centuries have furnished leaders in New England no longer keep their numbers good, what is going to become of the Puritan stock?

NEW ENGLANDERS IN OTHER STATES

One answer is that practically every State in the Union is in part a Puritan State, because of the presence of New Englanders. In 1900, 378,000 people born in New England were living in other parts of the United States, and the greater part of these are undoubtedly of the English strain. In every enumeration of New England's numbers, therefore, these absent sons and daughters must be counted in; and that considerably raises the proportion of survivors of the native element. We must also consider the children and grandchildren of those New Englanders who for a century have been going out to other parts of the country. The 35,000 New Englanders in Illinois are certainly not as much as the fifth part of the people of New England descent who live in that State.

Perhaps quality of race product should count for something, as well as quantity. In an article in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for November, 1907, attention was called to the achievements of the New Englanders who have spread their community abroad in the West—such men as Manasseh Cutler, Ru-

fus Putnam, Stephen A. Douglas, the brothers Elihu B. Washburne and C. C. Washburn, Salmon P. Chase, Lewis Cass, Lyman Trumbull, Long John Wentworth, and a host of others. Mrs. Mathews, in her recent volume, "The Expansion of New England," shows how, as early as 1860, a belt of New England settlements had spread through central and western New York, northern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and southern Michigan and Wisconsin, with many outlying colonies on and north of the Ohio.

The empire of New England is not simply a territorial area, whether east or west of the Hudson River; it depends on the extraordinary activity of the Yankee element—or, rather, on the extraordinary activity of a community which, though now mixed in origin, is transfused with Yankee activity. Every New England State, except Vermont, which in its blissful permanence of population resembles Iowa, is steadily going ahead in population, in wealth, and in education.

New England is peopled in part by Puritan Irishmen and Puritan Scandinavians; in another generation or two, at the most, there will be Puritan Italians, and perhaps Puritan Canadian-French.

Taking into account the emigrants from New England to other States, and those who are at least in part the descendants of Puritan ancestors, but who are not counted as of that race, the Puritans are actually increasing from year to year. At the same time, their rate of increase has diminished and is still declining; in some sections of the community it has passed the base-line, and is turned into an absolute decrease. The Puritan race will never wholly die out; but as a remarkable strain of vigorous men and women, derived from a selected set of Englishmen and Englishwomen, there is every probability that in future it will be a lesser part than heretofore in that mixture of races which will some day be fused into the new American race.

In one sense, the Puritans can never disappear, for theirs is the influence of New England traditions, standards, and achievements. This will never die out while men remember the names and the works and deeds of such national New England men as Sam Adams and John Adams; of Bancroft, Parkman, and Henry Adams; of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Who knows but old New England may be famous yet?

THE FATHERS

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "WITH THE ABETTING OF BETTY," "THE PEARL," ETC.

YOUNG Arthur Hardenbrook, who usually breakfasted alone, was surprised when his wife came downstairs while he was finishing his coffee.

"I saw your traveling-bag in the hall," said she. "So you believe that your father will actually trust you to go!"

Hardenbrook assented with an uncomfortable laugh.

"That is condescending of him," she murmured. "I presume you feel important at last. The toast is cold, Bridget. It seems quite impossible to hire a good waitress in this wretched village! Shall you see Mr. Palliser in the city, Arthur?"

"Yes, I've wired Palliser to meet me at the hotel to-night. Palliser moves quickly—and who knows? To-morrow I may be his partner, and next month we may be living in New York, Isabel. And I sha'n't any longer be a mere machine of a shipping-clerk for the Hardenbrook mills!" With a strange scorn, Arthur gazed around at the expensively furnished dining-room. "A shipping-clerk," he repeated half to himself, "on a salary of five thousand a year!"

"Why don't you call it an allowance, as I do?" demanded Isabel. "I called it an allowance the other day, right before your father, and he glared savagely, I'm happy to say. I wish now that I'd called it a bribe. That's what it is—a bribe to keep you out of the management of the mills—our reward for being provincial and obscure!"

Her voice had become a trifle shrill; and Hardenbrook glanced at her soberly. She was a modish, pretty woman, although her face was petulant and at times rather artful. Hardenbrook, who loved her deeply, did not often see these disfigurements. He frowned, and pushed back his chair.

"Well, good-by," said he. "Take care of the yearling in the nursery, dear. No harm must ever happen to Philip. It was nice of you to get up to see me off."

"Oh, I'm up at this unearthly hour because Aleck—that is, Mr. and Mrs. McHale have asked me to go motoring," explained Isabel; and she smiled coolly, and allowed her husband to kiss her lips.

Hardenbrook carried his bag across the green to the factory office. At one end of the green, dominating Brentham village like a feudal castle, stood the great, ugly house where Arthur's father, old Rufus Hardenbrook, had lived in solitude since the marriage of his only child. Rufus had wished the young couple to make it their home; but Isabel, naturally enough, had objected.

One could fancy that the great house resembled old Rufus; it was built of stone, and almost brutally ungraceful. It fairly screamed of six per cent, as Isabel was informed by Mr. Alexander McHale, who owned a summer place in the neighborhood.

When his son entered the dingy office, old Hardenbrook looked up from his desk. He was a tall, ponderous man. According to his habit, he wore no coat during working hours, of which there were ten for him every day; and a cheap cigar was tucked in the corner of his square mouth.

"Hello, Artie!" he grunted. "We've been drawin' up kind of a schedule for you to follow on this trip. You take the nine forty-two, get to the hotel at noon, in season for dinner, and see Prokasky & Traeger sharp at half past one. You're to tell 'em about that last shipment, and—here, Saint, have you got that memo wrote out?"

St. John, a veteran factotum whom Arthur envied and detested, came forward with a slip of manuscript.

"Full instructions, Artie, so's you can't go wrong," said he.

"I should think not," muttered the young man grimly, as he read the paper. "This business could all be arranged by correspondence, couldn't it?"

St. John nodded, with a patronizing wink;

but Mr. Hardenbrook ignored the question. Arthur sat down at his unobtrusive table in the dark corner and picked up a sheaf of order blanks. He had nearly an hour to spare, and in that short time he often accomplished the day's work which his father permitted him to do.

II

ARTHUR sank into his parlor-car seat with a sigh of satisfaction. The deference of the porter had pleased him. A well-dressed gentleman across the aisle invited him to bridge; and Hardenbrook, although he did not play, was childishly elated. He was glad to be among people who were unaware that he was only a little more important than an office-boy.

But he told himself that, even had they known it, they could not truthfully ascribe his lack of importance to lack of willingness or ability. He had ranked fairly in his various college activities, including scholarship; and his father's adequate allowance had not been wasted. For six years, after graduation, he had performed his simple tasks at the mill thoroughly and capably. Over and over again, he had begged for more to do, suggesting work whereby he might earn his so-called salary. And he had been consistently rebuffed. The memory of those curt interviews with his father made Hardenbrook shift uneasily in his Pullman chair.

Well, there would be no more of them, at any rate. This partnership with Palliser, a prosperous classmate, meant salvation to him.

At a Fifth Avenue hotel, he broadened his contented mood by a luxurious lunch; but his contentment did not carry him through the irksomely trivial errands of the afternoon without damage to his self-esteem. Prokasky & Traeger turned him over to a clerk, and Hull Brothers kept him half an hour in their anteroom. He swore inwardly when old Hull, who once worked for his father, called him "Artie," and congratulated him upon the fact that he had been entrusted with a business commission in the city.

"You're getting on, Artie," said Hull. "You'll be in St. John's shoes next"; and Hardenbrook could have choked him.

That evening, however, he disdained these episodes, when he was seated with Palliser in the brilliant restaurant of the hotel. Palliser, a keen and industrious young millionaire, had brought to dine with him an elderly

gentleman whom he introduced casually to Hardenbrook as Mr. Lype. Several minutes passed before it dawned upon Hardenbrook that this was Caldwell Lype, the famous promoter, whose name was so often in the financial journals. It appeared soon that Lype was the head of the enterprise in which Palliser had offered Arthur a working partnership.

"Of course, Mr. Hardenbrook, I know your father by reputation," observed Lype, cutting the end of his after-dinner cigar. "I've got great respect for his judgment, too."

"I guess Hardenbrook inherits it," put in Palliser courteously. "Anyhow, Art, here's a big chance for both of us. The papers are down at my office. How are you fixed for engagements to-morrow morning? Do many people want to see you?"

Hardenbrook, embarrassed, sipped his liqueur.

"I presume you manufacturing fellows are high busy this time of year," said Lype; "but if we three could make a date to-morrow to go over this matter—eh?"

"I'm ready," agreed Hardenbrook.

Although he understood that Palliser's proposal was based on college friendship, he was none the less flattered. He leaned back and proudly surveyed the fashionable throng of diners. Some men near by were evidently gossiping about Caldwell Lype, for they glanced almost reverently at the financier and his two companions. Hardenbrook flushed happily when Lype, with an intimate hand on Arthur's shoulder, offered him a fresh cigar from a pocket case.

But suddenly the reverence in the men's glances was changed to quiet mirth. A lady facing Arthur at the next table nudged her neighbor, and he smiled at something behind Lype. Hardenbrook looked around.

"Hello, Artie!" said his father.

"Why—why, hello!" gasped Arthur blankly. "What's wrong?"

Old Rufus was an unseemly figure against the background of an onyx pillar. His ill-fitting clothes were disordered; a dusty handkerchief was tucked in his collar; and beneath his rough slouch-hat his forehead and cheeks were streaked with grime of the railroad.

"You come out o' here, Artie! Me and you'll go up to your room. I'm goin' to take you back home to-night. Come on—don't you hear me?"

The lady at the next table laughed softly.

Arthur turned, with what little composure he could muster, to Palliser and Lype.

"You—you'll excuse me," he faltered. "Perhaps you'll wait? I'll be right down again, and we can arrange that date for to-morrow."

Palliser nodded; but there was a queer, thoughtful expression on his face, and Caldwell Lype grinned frankly.

III

IN the elevator, Arthur might have smiled also at the absurd interlude, had it not been for his recollection of Palliser's serious expression. He knew that Palliser and Lype valued Rufus Hardenbrook's judgment of men and affairs; and now they had seen Arthur's father publicly treat his grown son as he would a useless office-boy.

"We're bound to wait an hour and a half for the next train," said Mr. Hardenbrook, at the bedroom door. "Set down a while, Artie." His stern mouth twitched oddly. "I'll be packin' your grip," he added.

Arthur walked wrathfully to the open window. The lighted city beckoned to him, promising him a man's work and free activity. He drew a deep breath, and looked down.

"I'll miss that train, father," said he. "I shall stay here to sign partnership papers with Palliser, if he doesn't withdraw them after seeing how you insulted me this evening. I sha'n't live in Brentham any longer, and be supported by you!"

He heard the bed creak as if some one dropped on it.

"And in time I'll pay you back what you've called my salary, and wouldn't let me even attempt to earn. You may have meant it kindly, father, but in fact you shame me and dwarf my life. For Isabel's sake, and for Phil's, I must try for a career. I believe there's no other way out of it than this. We've got to split, and we may as well split here and now. God knows, I don't want to part in anger, but there's a limit!"

"Don't talk like that to-night, Artie!" The old man's voice was harsh with tense protest. "You're only a youngster," he blurted; and the familiar jeer broke the last thread of his son's self-control.

"A youngster?" was the hot retort. "Maybe I am, but I understand, right enough—understand that you came here to belittle me, and to show that you can't trust me. I've endured it for the last time. We'd

better not speak of this again, father. Good night, or good-by, as you choose."

"For God's sake, Artie!"

Rufus lumbered to his feet; he seemed to have become in a moment tremulous and infirm.

"How can I tell you, with such words flyin'?" he said unsteadily. "But I—I've got to try, I reckon." His bewildered eyes wandered to a photograph of Isabel and her baby, which lay in a leathern frame on the dressing-table, and a painful frown wrinkled his forehead. "I guess—guess you don't recollect when you was Phil's age," he hesitated. "Do you, Artie?"

"I've never been much older, sir, according to your treatment of me."

"Yes, yes. Well! Your mother had just died when you was Phil's age. She might be livin' now, if I'd had the money then that I've got to-day. Why, to-day I could buy the best surgeon in the land, and yank him on a special engine with a right of way clean across the State, for old Rufe Hardenbrook's woman! Think of that, hey?"

Arthur sat down wearily upon the arm of a chair.

"Money doesn't mean everything, father."

"It means a lot, Artie. The honest makin' of money is somethin' to hitch to, anyhow. Without somethin' to hitch to in this life, Artie, a man's liable to tumble into no 'count, mis'erable emptiness. After your mother died, I had nothin' to hitch to, 'cept the mill—and you.

"I remember one evenin', 'bout a week after Mary went, of pickin' you out of your cradle and carryin' you over to the factory. The nurse allowed I was crazy, and so I was, a'most. The mill was runnin' nights, and I stood out in front, on the canal bridge, with you on my shoulder.

"Well, here we are!" says I to the three of us—to you, and the mill, and myself. 'Here we are,' I says; 'the three of us, alone against the world, and if we split, what then?' and I looked down into the swift, black suck of the canal, and I was afeared.

"But the factory wheels snored away, true and faithful, like they said:

"All right, boss—we're with you!"

"And your little warm, bare arm kind o' cuddled around my neck, and I seen my salvation. You and the mill! As sure as heaven's above us, Artie, you and the mill held me from a coward's deed that night. The two of you got fixed together in my life, same as a governor on an engine.

"Have I kept a tight hold on the mills? You bet. Have I kept you close at home? Yes, I have. Selfish? I shouldn't wonder. Fathers—and mothers—one way of takin' 'em, are pretty selfish, I guess, when they're the most lovin'. But who's goin' to judge 'em? Not you nor me. I needed the mills, and I needed my boy. Your turn will come soon enough. Figure it out. You see, I—I've lost my wife. Give me your hand, Artie!"

Young Hardenbrook's eyes were moist; but at the same time he strangely resented the homely appeal. Through the open window of the bedroom drifted the gay music of the orchestra in the restaurant below, where Palliser was waiting. Arthur raised his head resolutely.

"I'm sorry, father. I can't see it—can't figure it out. I must have my own life, for Phil and Isabel."

"No—but give me your hand, Artie. There! That's good. You've got to see it. I couldn't telegraph or phone you. I judged it was better to come and fetch you.

Isabel—she's—there was an accident—to McHale's automobile. And Isabel's been taken from us, Artie, for a little while."

"Dead?" whispered Arthur.

"Aye, dead. There warn't no chance. The doctor said she couldn't have suffered an instant. Brave—be brave, Arthur. And try to think of Phil, as I done of you—on the canal-bridge—thirty years ago!"

In the hotel dining-room, Lype looked up inquiringly at Palliser, who had just returned to the table after having been called to the telephone.

"It was young Hardenbrook," said Palliser, laughing. "He's changed his mind about the partnership. He's leaving on the next train—going back to live and work with the old man. He asked me to excuse him from explaining at present—talked confused, like a whipped schoolboy."

"Exactly," commented Lype. "That poor fellow is tied to his father's apron-strings, just as we thought. Well, let's pay the check, and move on!"

THE REARGUARD OF THE DEAD

(Memorial Day)

Nor with the martial swing of old they come,
 Their comrades' tribute of respect to pay;
 Scarce can their shuffling feet march to the drum,
 Their dim eyes follow those who lead the way.
 What is there left of soldier in these few,
 Little and old and bent, feeble and worn?
 Can withered hearts thrill as they used to do
 At sight of battle-flags, war-stained and torn?

Stiffly the escort stands by, at salute,
 Exulting in their youth, fresh and untried;
 Hushed is their drum, their life and bugle mute;
 Outranked, in silence must they stand aside.
 What do the old men feel, in passing these?
 Contempt, perchance, for play-time soldiery,
 Scorn for unfaded uniforms of peace,
 Or envy for the strength of years gone by?

Shed not unthinking tears, then, for the dead!
 Whether they gave their lives for fatherland,
 Or, reckless, boylike, rushed where danger led,
 They had their little moment, vivid, grand!
 That was a lifetime—why, then, should it last?
 Yet while a nation's thanks to them we give,
 Look on the tragic rearguard marching past—
 Weep for the lonely souls of those who live!

Alice Windsor Kimball

THE KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD*

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

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SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

WHEN Matthew Broughton is left an orphan, his uncle, an admiral in the United States navy, gets him a nomination to Annapolis. Here the boy does well until he is dismissed as the result of a hazing affair, and, being cast off by his uncle, he ships as an ordinary seaman on a collier bound for the South Pacific.

After a shipwreck and other adventures among the Pacific islands, Matt finds himself captain of a schooner owned by a mysterious individual known as John Mort. Mort lives in absolute seclusion and a good deal of luxury on the lonely island of Lotoalofa, sharing his retreat with a beautiful and equally mysterious girl, Mirovna. When Broughton decides to return to civilization, his employer tries to dissuade him; failing to do so, Mort gives him a valuable ruby ring and the schooner of which he has been in command. At the same time, the reclusive pledges Matt to absolute secrecy as to the whereabouts of his island retreat.

Matt's ship is wrecked on the voyage to California; but Snood & Hargreaves, the San Francisco jewelers, lend him a thousand dollars on the security of his ring, and promise to pay him forty-five hundred more for it if he should decide to sell. With his little capital he goes back to Manaswan, his native town in Connecticut, to make a fresh start in life. While looking for an opening, he takes up his quarters at Mrs. Sattane's boarding-house, where the most important of his fellow boarders is Hunter Hoyt, a bibulous newspaper man who was once a sensational journalist of some celebrity. The most attractive business opportunity that he can find is a project for breeding mules, in partnership with Victor Daggancourt, a mulatto who owns a garage in Manaswan.

While preparing to embark upon this venture, Matt is not a little surprised and annoyed by the publication, in a New York newspaper, of a distorted and highly sensational story—for which Hunter Hoyt is responsible—of his adventures in the Pacific. This centers on him a great deal of attention, most of it very unwelcome; but it also leads to a romantic friendship with Christine Marshall, daughter of General Marshall, the richest and most influential resident of Manaswan. Matt calls upon her at Fair Oaks, the general's home, and the two young people declare their love for each other; but when Miss Marshall informs her father, the general is furiously indignant, and makes her promise to hold no communication with Matt for three months. She writes to tell her lover of this, assuring him that she will remain true, and bidding him to find some employment that will enable him to support a wife.

On the day of Matt's eventful visit to Fair Oaks he has a mysterious visitor—a Mr. Kay, as the stranger calls himself. Kay displays a miniature which Broughton, to his great surprise, recognizes as a portrait of John Mort. The stranger makes Matt a most lavish offer—raised, finally, to a hundred thousand dollars—for information as to the present whereabouts of the original of the picture; but Matt, mindful of his pledge of secrecy, refuses to admit that he recognizes the portrait.

Further surprises are in store for him. Having asked Snood & Hargreaves for the rest of the money promised for his ring, he gets a telegram saying that the ruby has been found to be flawed, and that the firm must cancel its bargain. This misfortune makes the mule-breeding venture impossible; and Matt's efforts to find other employment are strangely unsuccessful. Every time he secures a position, some mysterious influence—possibly that of Mr. Kay—seems to be at work to oust him. When he becomes the paid drillmaster of the White Cadets, a corps of Manaswan mill girls, he thinks himself safe from the machinations of his enemies; but the corps breaks up in a tempest of angry disorder when the sixty-three cadets find that each one of them has received an ardent love-letter purporting to be written by Matt.

XXV (Continued)

ALAS for the love that had turned to hate in sixty-three heaving bosoms. The White Cadets might have been sixty-three tigers, and they yowled as bloodthirstily. Guns flew, old boots, chairs, tin swords,

the regimental records—with Matt dodging like a monkey on a stick, and rending the air with frantic protestations of innocence. But even when the tumult finally began to die down no one would believe him except Célestine, who took his part like a little heroine, repeating every word he said in a

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shrill staccato, and adding torrents of her own.

Then Matt grew angry at being so misjudged. He was smarting and sore, both inside and out. He dropped to the floor, and faced them with the intrepidity of a man whose temper was boiling.

"I am done with you!" he cried. "You are a lot of fools! I have told you the truth, and all you do is to hoot and yell. I'm sick of explaining and not being believed. I resign! Do you hear? I resign!"

He stalked slowly to the stairs, a lane opening out before him, and not a soul lifting a finger to check or attack him. But he had scarcely taken a dozen steps before he heard them behind him, as, with locked arms and four abreast, they followed, compact and revengeful.

At the bottom of the first flight the murmur of voices resolved itself into a sort of chorus.

"Boo, boo, Mr. Boo! Boo, boo, we're onto you!" they chanted in unison. "Boo, boo, Mr. Boo! Boo, boo, we're onto you!" till the huge, empty building reechoed in every cranny with the lugubrious refrain.

It continued to the street, all the ruff-raff joining the procession, and pleased to add a hearty concurrence to the hounding of that hatless, collarless, torn, scratched tatterdemalion who limped along in front.

"Boo, boo, Mr. Boo! Boo, boo, we're onto you!"

Windows opened, people ran, saloons poured out their mouth-wiping customers, and all mill-town was frantically astir. It is difficult to estimate the precise slur conveyed by "Boo, boo, Mr. Boo! Boo, boo, we're onto you!" but as a means of expressing public disapproval it was hideously effective. Not daring to run lest he should unloose an avalanche behind him, and become the victim of a mob that increased in size and anger at every yard, Matt was compelled to lengthen out the agony and endure, as best he could, the most mortifying experience that had ever fallen to his lot.

"Boo, boo, Mr. Boo! Boo, boo, we're onto you!"

Block by block; up one street and down another; across the bridge, and past the dark, wide river—no respite, no mercy, no help from anywhere. One lone figure leading; unnumbered hundreds marching behind; and that never-ending refrain. At last, however, as the lights grew far apart,

and residences and gardens loomed on either side, the ranks wavered and thinned; the chorus diminished; mill-town legs lagged, and mill-town throats gave out. Matt strode on unattended.

Soon his own footfall was the only sound that disturbed the stillness of the night; he increased his pace to a trot, and in a few minutes more was safe on Mrs. Sattane's porch, and awaiting his chance to slip up unobserved to his room.

XXVI

It must not be supposed that the boarders had failed to follow Matt's career with a keen and palpitating interest. They would not have been boarders—nor human—had he not become the most engrossing subject of their thoughts. The decline of the Kanaka king to overalls and wages had been regarded with an absorption only comparable to that of a savant with a new microbe under his microscope. Every development was excitedly discussed; sympathy and advice were poured out in unstinted quantities; his battle to earn a living in Manaswan, and his successive defeats, roused that little household to an unimaginable degree.

The boarders were much more concerned with him than he was with the boarders. In his intense preoccupation, they became mere chattering phantoms, and hardly distinguishable from the wall-paper behind them. Mr. Crowther fell ill; Mr. Crowther had a crisis and rallied; Mr. Crowther had a crisis and died—and it all slid past Matt like water off a duck's back. A lover is the greatest of egoists; cities may fall in ruins; tens of thousands of Japs may kill tens of thousands of Russians; political convulsions may shake and thunder—and what does Mr. Lover care? Just nothing.

Of course, in some vague, dim way Matt knew that Mr. Crowther had been gathered to his fathers. In the same vague, dim way he was sorry for Mrs. Crowther, who still bicycled over to lunch and dinner. Even to his absent attention, she appeared to be supporting her bereavement with unusual calm. Everybody had told her to "try and bear up"—and she had borne up, with a demure and increasing cheerfulness.

"He has gone to a better country," said Mrs. Sattane, looking out on Jefferson Avenue with an air that implied Manaswan and the State of Connecticut.

"He has, he has," the widow replied, as if, perhaps, after all, it was for the best.

"More to be envied than grieved for," added the landlady.

"That's what I keep telling myself," agreed Mrs. Crowther, rolling up her pretty blue eyes, and wiping them with a very dry lace handkerchief. "He is better off where he is."

This digression is necessary to explain the events that came after Matt's resignation—to put it gracefully—from the command of the White Cadets.

Lying on a sofa, court-plastered all over, and bandaged like a survivor of a railway wreck, he found himself alone with Mrs. Crowther after lunch. She had a business proposal to make to him, she said, and she prefaced it by stating the difficulties of her position.

"It isn't that I don't know the business inside out," she explained. "Poor dear Charley wouldn't have been anywhere if it hadn't been for me. I have been the brains of it for years, for my father belonged to the same profession, and almost my first memory was playing peek-a-boo among the coffins. It isn't that, Mr. Broughton. But people who send for us expect a man—must have a man. They expect somebody grave, somebody tall and friendly and mournful, who will touch their dear ones with reverence, and arrange the sad formalities in a Prince Albert coat. I lost the Townleys on that account—very tony people—who were good for a two-hundred-dollar casket. They sniffed when they saw it was only a woman, though we had buried Mr. T.'s mother, and Mrs. T.'s G.A.R. uncle; and there they were, telephoning for the Pritchard Undertaking Company before I was out of the house. If the business and connection is to be kept together, you see, I simply must have a man. The boarders have been talking it over, and they said, 'Why not you?'"

An undertaker! Matt's goose-flesh shivered at the idea. It was less a dread of corpses, and coffins, and half-suspected horrors, than actual shame. How could he ever show himself to Chris in that mortuary garb? Romance could confront hardships without a murmur, meet them bravely, sustain itself under every adversity of fortune. But an undertaker! Love would shudder and fly. There was no room in Matt's paradise for an undertaker. An indescribable odium, or rather something grotesque and grimly ridiculous, was attached to such an occupation.

No, he couldn't be an undertaker; he simply couldn't be an undertaker; personal dignity, a sense of humor, an invincible repugnance—all forbade.

But Mrs. Crowther was very persistent. The work was light, she said, and the salary so large. She had meant to offer sixty a month, but Matt's resistance induced her to increase it to a hundred. A hundred a month—how could he expect to do better in Manaswan? She would tell him how to do everything; he wasn't to be the least bit afraid of that; just do what he was told, and be very solemn and kind in his Prince Albert coat.

It was a gentleman's business—that was what made it so hard to get assistants—that was why she had come to Matt. He had the right personality; Mr. C. had often remarked on it—the ideal personality. It was awful to have a jarring personality at a death-bed. People who would grudge a hundred and fifty dollars to a jarring personality wouldn't haggle over three hundred, and four horses, to one they could lean on in their trouble. They spread it about, and that helped the connection; and she had noticed that he didn't drink. Drink was the curse of the profession. People expected an undertaker to be on a higher plane. It was what she had said—a gentleman's business.

Matt listened with an increasing indecision. A hundred dollars a month was not lightly to be thrown away. He might find it no easy matter to get half as much. He had canvassed Manaswan pretty thoroughly, and knew what a paucity of openings it presented. He had been meditating day's work on the docks—stacking lumber or unloading coal—by no means a pleasant or remunerative prospect.

Besides, the mysterious enmity that everywhere surrounded him would find itself baffled by this little woman, whose need of him was so real, and whose position was so unassailable. She would give him a two years' contract, which he could break at a month's notice, while she was held rigidly for the full term. She conceded this not unwillingly, imparting the extra information that she had three thousand dollars in the savings-bank, and owned the property in which the "parlors" were situated.

Matt questioned her with the assurance of a man who was loath to close the bargain with an understanding sharpened by his recent trials. His unseen foes had shown how

formidable they were, and here appeared an opportunity of resisting them successfully. Why not be an undertaker, with an iron-clad, bomb-proof contract, and smile at his persecutors? He would leave the final decision to Chris, and meanwhile hold tight to that hundred dollars a month.

But he would want the contract drawn up by a lawyer—no home-made affair, full of legal holes—but brass-bound, double-riveted, and securely bolted and nailed down by an expert. The little widow had no objection. Instead, she rippled with satisfaction at having gained her point, and called him a dear for consenting.

Indeed, she was so pleased, so overflowing, that Matt felt himself a villain for imposing such harsh conditions. But the White Cadets catastrophe, with its attendant blackness and blueness, had instilled caution. He remembered the Y.M.C.A., too, and the garage, and the speed with which his services in both had been dispensed with. He would protect himself this time from any repetition of his former experience, however exacting he might seem to be. Steel should meet steel—and Mr. Kay might gnash his teeth in vain.

From this aspect, becoming an undertaker was not without stimulation. He saw himself, not as a ministerial individual, brooding darkly over clamminess and decay, but as a fighter, hurling back those insidious forces that would destroy him.

As he did not care to show his scratched face on the street, the lawyer was brought to him, and the contract forthwith drawn up and signed. Mrs. Crowther, if anything, was more eager than he to have it settled; and afterward she came bicycling back, conveying a tailor, who took Matt's measure for a frock coat and trousers of grayish black, and was pledged to finish them with feverish hurry.

The boarders, impressed but jocular, took great credit to themselves for achieving an arrangement which they deemed so decidedly advantageous to both the high contracting parties. At supper there were congratulatory speeches; Mr. Goldstein opened bottled beer; Mr. Price, always humorous, foretold a tenderer partnership, and closed a peroration that caused immense merriment by asking impressively:

"Oh, grave, where is thy sting? Oh, death, where is thy victory?"

Good taste was the only thing lacking in an evening of general hilarity; but as no one

noted the omission except Matt, he did not consider it his part to be offended. Mrs. Crowther certainly laughed as gaily as the rest, and though she colored at some of the allusions, it was not in reprobation.

XXVII

BEHOLD Matt, a week later, a full-fledged undertaker, with a wide band of crape around his silk hat, and in mourning for all humanity. Manaswan was one of those deceptive little places that are a great deal bigger than they look, and this was borne in on Matt by the press of business. People died in astonishing numbers; the dead-wagon was seldom idle; the daily funeral became almost as much a matter of course as any other daily function. He rehearsed pall-bearers; could rattle off the price of caskets with ready and deep-toned fluency; knew all about death-certificates, the use of ice, the graduated perishability of human clay, and how stiff and stark it looked in cold storage.

There was, indeed, a dreadful interest in the work. It carried him into many strange houses, and brought him in contact with many strange people. He moved amid grief, sometimes affected, sometimes so real that it overwhelmed him.

Incidentally, he was very successful. Awkward secrets had sometimes to be told, and discreetly understood. There were night funerals as well as others, and worthy people to be mercifully shielded from public and evil curiosity—interments by lantern-light, and in graves that might never bear a headstone.

Matt was shocked at the intolerable expense of it all, especially in the case of the humbler people and those least able to afford it. Poor widows, with nothing above their heads but a mortgaged roof, had to be persuaded against ordering rosewood coffins and solid silver handles and name-plates. The bereaved, on the whole, were so helpless, and so easily preyed on; they met imposition half-way, and in their pious folly encouraged it. It may not have been quite loyal to Mrs. Crowther, but Matt would not let some of his clients be victimized, even by themselves—suggesting economy, and cotton velvet, and stained pine, when a word the other way would have trebled or quadrupled their bill.

Not that they were always like that, however. One keen Yankee showed him bids from the Pritchard Undertaking Company

and the Necropolis Mortuary Parlors, saying:

"If you can cut under both of them, go ahead!"

Their horses, by an arrangement with the Fashion Stables, were all "jobbed"; that is to say, they did not belong to Mrs. Crowther, who paid a monthly hire for them, and owned merely the hearse and the dead-wagon. Their two men were almost as much "jobbed" as the horses, being paid by the hour when on duty. One was the janitor of the Masonic Temple, and the other a nondescript creature, who could usually be found fishing off the end of the wharf. When he was not fishing off the end of the wharf, you could be positive that he was leaning against the bar of the Good Fellows' Grotto. He wobbled between the two, more often than not with a pail of minnows.

Mrs. Crowther remained on in her solitary apartment above the "parlors," refusing, with a mild obstinacy, to move altogether to Mrs. Sattane's. Matt fell heir to Mr. Crowther's bicycle, and accompanied his employer to and fro for their meals. She was a quiet, self-possessed little person, and most capable, posting her books every Saturday, and striking a weekly balance in red ink. It was invariably on the right side, for the business was very profitable—more profitable than any one save Matt had any conception of.

This was a period of great depression for the latter. No convict ever hated stripes more than he hated the livery of that distasteful occupation. The word "undertaker" ground into his soul. He understood now why it was so largely a hereditary caste. One had to be fortified by an undertaker descent; one needed, like Mrs. Crowther, to have played peek-a-boo among the coffins, and lisped one's lessons at a paternal undertaking knee. To become at one bound death's twin brother was to outrage every susceptibility.

Could Chris stoop to so ignominious a husband? Would it not make her hot with shame? An undertaker! Yet she might see it differently; women were so brave where their affection was at stake; and in a certain sense he had succeeded beyond their wildest hopes. A couple could make out comfortably enough in Manaswan on a hundred dollars a month; could be warm and snug and happy on a hundred dollars a month. Why, then, should he be so unutterably wretched?

Chris was growing very far away. She was receding into the void, with an ocean of heartache and silence constantly widening between them. There were times when Matt could not bear to think of her at all, and felt himself forgotten; when it was of the smallest moment whether he were an undertaker at all in the comparison of that more terrible disaster. She would never come back, he knew; she would never write to him again; some day he would hear that she was married.

In the retrospect, her willingness to come to him seemed utterly incredible. It was a girl's ephemeral fancy, as filmy as a bubble, and destined to vanish at a breath. This was not a world where such things happened; lovely princesses no longer condescended to—cowherds, or remained true to lowly lovers through thick and thin; they chose men as desirable as themselves, who could give their wives as much as they received. Money, family, social position—what a triple-barred Port Arthur for one little Japanese to scale!

The little Japanese was exceedingly depressed. He regarded those towering battlements in the distance, and then hung his dispirited head.

Before long, however, Matt was spared any further bitter self-communion as to the business in which he was engaged, and had no reason again to weigh his hundred dollars against his craped hat and that seat on the dead-wagon.

One day, returning with what had once been a grocer before apoplexy and fate had combined to strike him down, Matt found the "parlors" shut. After much knocking, none of which served to rouse Mrs. Crowther within, he scrambled to the second story by means of a gutter-pipe, and invaded the apartment. Ordinarily so neat, it presented a sight of the utmost confusion, as if thieves had ransacked it from end to end. Clothes were heaped on the floor; boots, odds and ends of women's finery, torn-up letters, old magazines—all the litter that attends a hurried packing and a precipitate departure. Mrs. Crowther had gone, and with her the three trunks that used to block the little hall containing shrouds and household linen. Gone!

He galloped off to Mrs. Sattane's—dead grocer and all—hoping for some explanation, some enlightenment. But the landlady was as perplexed as he, and could tell him nothing; nor was there more to be gleaned

from the Fashion Stables, which were thrown into a flutter, and convinced that the poor lady had met foul play.

Mr. Merrick, the proprietor, followed the dead-wagon at a run as it tore back to the "parlors," with Matt now thoroughly alarmed. A man was in the act of unlocking the front doors as the former arrived, and he vouchsafed the extraordinary information that the property had been sold to Mr. Farely.

"But where's Mrs. Crowther?" demanded Matt.

"How in thunder do I know?" returned the man, who was a surly person of the bailiff species. "I am here to take possession for Mr. Farely, who has bought out the premises, lock, stock, and barrel."

Failing to get any further satisfaction, Matt called up the money-lender over the telephone.

"Who's that, you say?"

"I am Mr. Broughton—"

"Vell, what you want?"

"I am Mrs. Crowther's assistant."

"Mrs. Crowther, the lady undertaker?"

"Yes, yes."

"She has given up business. Did she not acquaint you with that?"

"Then it must be true that you've bought the place?"

"Certainly, I buy it, and the two carriages also, and four sets of harness—everything."

"Where can I find her?"

"Why, ain't she there?"

"You know she isn't, Mr. Farely. Where is she?"

"My dear young man, you astonish me. I do not keep the lady in my pocket. She sell me the property in a big hurry, and I buy it in a big hurry—and that's all I can tell you."

"Did she say that she was leaving Manaswan?"

"She never say anything."

"But you must have some address—some way of reaching her?"

"Vell, I took it she was at the boarding-house on Jefferson Avenue; though what for should I reach her? The title was searched, and I have her receipt for the money. Excuse me if I ask you to ring off."

"Hold on, please; hold on a moment!"

"Vell, what more?"

"I have a body in the dead-wagon, and all arrangements were made to lay it out in

the mortuary, and have the funeral take place from here the day after to-morrow."

"You mean you have a dead person?"

"Yes, right here in the dead-wagon."

"Vell, don't you put him in my premises, or I will sue you for trespass, and send an officer to throw him out!"

"But, good Heavens, man, what am I to do with it?"

"That's your lookout!"

"See here, Mr. Farely, I'm tired of this! If you've bought the business, you have taken over the liabilities as well. If you won't assume any responsibility, I'll drive round to your office and leave the coffin in your doorway."

"Oh, *mein Gott*, no, no!"

"Those people deserve proper consideration, and you've got to show it to them."

"But in my office—no, I forbid it!"

"You send word at once to the Pritchard Undertaking Company to take charge, and at the price I fixed, and if you haven't by the time I get there, I'll drive to your place and leave the coffin on the floor!"

"Oh, my dear young man, I will do it precisely as you request!"

"And I won't have Mrs. Cowles charged a cent over eighty dollars. If the Pritchards make any difference, you must pay it."

"I will, I will!"

"And state it in writing."

"Yes, in writing. Most faithfully will I perform it, if only you will keep your dead man away from my office!"

Of Mrs. Crowther nothing was ever seen again, though there was a rumor, which could not be confirmed, that her name had appeared on the passenger-list of an outgoing Boston liner. Consultation with a lawyer gave no hope of holding Farely accountable for her breach of contract. Matt could not recover either his wages or the amount he had spent on clothes. The property was securely in the money-lender's possession, and could not be attached.

The bank, under the threat of an injunction, opened its books, and proved that Mrs. Crowther had withdrawn her deposit in notes on the day before she had disappeared. Her outstanding accounts had either been settled at a discount, or sold to a collection agency. There was as little to distrain upon as if she were the Arab who silently folded his tent. Sand, metaphorically speaking, was all that remained.

While every one wondered and speculated and racked their bewildered heads, Matt

alone said nothing. For him there was a writing on the wall, invisible to the others, and it was in three letters as bright as flame—K-A-Y.

XXVIII

GETTING a job on the water-front was as easy as Matt had anticipated; but what he had not reckoned on was the overmastering, crushing fatigue that made it impossible to keep it.

A man unaccustomed to severe and prolonged manual labor has little chance on the docks. Swollen muscles seared Matt's back like fire; the skin came off his hands till they were gummy with blood and dirt; to stoop became a torture, and his feet, unused to the heavy weight they were forced to carry, caused him the most poignant distress. One may be a good all-round athlete, and in excellent physical condition, and yet give out like a woman when it comes to unloading bricks all day, or holding up your end of three-inch planks for hours at a stretch.

Matt's opinion of the social fabric underwent a revolution. He began to ask himself why those who toil the hardest should be the worst paid. Everything is piled on the laborer; he bears the world on his straining shoulders; he is the *Man Friday* of civilization, while *Crusoe*, nicely got up in goatskins, and jingling his money, berates him as the laziest nigger under the sun, and grudges him the pittance that keeps body and soul together.

Matt, working one day and often recuperating for two, exerted every nerve to find less killing employment. Mr. Doty, who might have helped him, was absent at a Chautauqua conference; and Matt had no one to lean on save Providence and himself. There were openings here and there for skilled men, but seemingly none for him.

He was unpleasantly conscious, too, that he had lost caste; he was under some strange ban; people froze at his approach and were glad to see him leave. Goldstein confided to him that "there was a lot of gossip running around the place," and that "somebody seems to have it in for you, old man, and have it in good and hard!" Nothing could induce the bookkeeper to be more specific.

"Oh, what's the use?" he said, shying off the subject. "The town's got a down on you. Let it go at that!"

One of the few that did not have a "down" on Matt was Sullivan, the boss

stevedore. Sullivan was a burly, bullying giant of a man, whose original aversion had turned into a genuine liking, and to whom Matt was indebted for many kindnesses. He had been quickly promoted from "Hi, you there," to "Sonny," which represented the two poles of boss-stevedore consideration. As "Hi, you there," Matt had been singled out for anything specially disagreeable; as "Sonny" he was, comparatively speaking, a pampered pet. His efforts to better himself, as the phrase goes in that class, were sympathetically followed by Mr. Sullivan, who was also "keeping his eye open" in the young fellow's interest. It opened—very ineffectually, as it turned out—on the municipal watering-cart; on a secretary's job down at Fowler & Beale's; on a position as chucker-out at the Oriental Café.

One day, Sullivan beamingly announced a new possibility.

"A fellow has been down here from the Mountain View quarry," he said. "They are opening it up again, and expect to put in a shift of four hundred Hunks. He was a nice-appearing fellow, with a rubber-tired buggy and a diamond pin, wanting me to figure on loading sandstone by the cubic yard, and would I make a contract if I was guaranteed a monthly minium. One thing led to another, and then I put in a good word for you as gang foreman, or in the office, and he wrote down your name, very pleased, on his cuff. You're to drive out on Sunday morning and talk it over, though he said he wouldn't promise nothing positive till he saw you."

This was cheering indeed, and gave Matt renewed hope at a moment when hope was nigh gone. As it happened, he remembered the deserted quarry very well, having passed it in the Jonesmobile in the course of his random travels. It was a desolate, out-of-the-way place about sixteen miles from Manaswan, with long wooden shanties in the last stage of dilapidation, and rusting tramway-tracks leading to rusting chutes. It had stuck in his memory as dismalness personified, and he recalled having given shout after shout to hear his voice reecho from the steep, gashed hillside.

But a job was a job, and four hundred Hungarians were likely to lighten the somber picture, and restore a teeming and busy life to a spot that had lain undisturbed for twenty years or more. Its distance from Manaswan was in itself a recommendation, and might make it impossible for those un-

seen enemies to hound him so far. It was a Boston enterprise, representing Boston capital and Boston initiative, and its only connection with Manaswan was by way of an outlet for the dressed stone. The more Matt considered it, the better he was pleased, and he thanked Sullivan with all his heart.

Sunday, however, was a couple of days away, and a man can do much reflecting in two days, even if they be spent in the hold of a scow-schooner, passing bricks. The Mountain View quarry, thus reviewed, was not without some disturbing features. Neither Price nor Goldstein, for instance, had heard of its reopening, and this was the more curious as both were in situations where such news would be seized on with avidity. The local newspaper was dumb, and Hunter Hoyt said that the "boys" did not believe it was true.

These facts, in addition to Matt's growing doubts, counseled some thinking before leaping. The old quarry had a bad name; There was a legend of a murder having been committed there; its isolation fretted Matt with vague misgivings. He determined, at last, to beg Daggancourt to accompany him, and this gradually included—in his mind—a car, the two mechanics, and a shotgun for each.

Victor, met at a stealthy rendezvous under the cemetery bridge, acceded to the plan with his usual good-nature. He was pleased at the prospect of a picnic, and volunteered to provide the auto, the mechanics, and the guns, as well as cold ham and bread and butter—though he was frankly skeptical as to the adventure being anything but a pleasant jaunt.

"Those old quarries are opening up all over the country," he said. "What galls me is that I didn't light out, and risk a few hundreds myself. There it was right under our noses, and to be had for a song, while it was left to Boston folks to see it was a good thing and grab it!"

"All the same, I don't care to go out there alone," objected Matt. "If they are on the square, it will look natural enough for us to have brought our guns, with the idea of picking up some rabbits. If they aren't—well, they won't care to meddle with four of us. But don't you tell Mack or Louey that it's anything except a picnic in the woods."

Victor laughed.

"No, *sir*," he declared emphatically. "The best way to make a dog fight is to

crowd him into it, and it's no different with a man. But Lord bless you, Marse Broughton, it ain't in sense or reason to expect any trouble."

"I can't help it, Victor; I'm nervous."

"What could anybody want to hurt you for?"

"Didn't Farelly get me out of the garage? Didn't he have a lot to do with Mrs. Crowther's disappearance?"

"Coincidences, maybe."

"Coincidences! And what of the Y.M.C.A. and the White Cadets? As soon as I get something, and am sure of it and comfortable—it's out you go, Mr. Man!"

"It's mighty queer, Marse Broughton. I'll allow it's mighty queer."

"And how do I know this isn't a trap?"

"Marse Broughton?"

"Yes, Victor."

"We'll load up those guns with buckshot."

"But Mack and Louey will ask why."

"That's easy—say it's for bear."

"Bear? Who ever heard of a bear in this country?"

"Mack and Louey will, before I'm much older—a small black one. If I made it too big, they mightn't come."

"You'd better reduce it to a cub for Mack."

"Then he might scare at a mother bear being around somewhere. No, I'll give them just the kind of bear that four of us could easily get away with, and carry home on the tail-rack."

"And Victor?"

"Sir!"

"If it came to a scrimmage, you would stand up to it, wouldn't you?"

"Shoulder to shoulder, Marse Broughton—never you doubt that!"

"And I don't think you had better pick me up in town. Farelly mustn't see that we are friendly."

"That's right."

"Suppose I wait for you at the crossroads beyond the dairy?"

"Van Wyck's dairy?"

"Yes, Van Wyck's."

"What time?"

"Oh, suit yourself."

"Ten o'clock?"

"Yes, ten o'clock goes."

"Then that's settled—ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"At the crossroads."

"Yes, at the crossroads."

"And the guns? Will you have any bother to get them?"

"Not a bit—and all twelves, so that the same cartridges will fit. The gunsmith will rent them to anybody he trusts. And if it is too late for ham, may we make it chops and hard-boiled eggs?"

"Oh, yes, anything."

"And we'll take the old tow-wagon. How's the road, Marse Broughton?"

"Bad! Stick in an ax, for there is corduroy here and there, and some of it has rotted."

"Need chains?"

"It's always good to have them."

"You know what I think about it, Marse Broughton?"

"No, what?"

"That we'll get out there, armed to the teeth, and find Hunkville running full blast, and a superintendent smoking a cigar in front of a nice white-painted cottage."

"Very likely."

"Why, it ain't in reason that it will be anything else. You've had a run of bad luck, and it has flustered you. We'll skin home with a tidy job all ready for you to go to on Monday, and the biggest kind of a laugh at the fuss we worked ourselves into."

"I dare say you're right."

"I'd better get back now, and breed that bear. Can't I give you a lift?"

"Too dangerous, Victor—we mustn't be seen together; but thanks, all the same."

"Nothing makes me happier than doing something for you, and that's the truth. Good night, Marse Broughton, and I only wish it was more."

They shook hands and separated, and Matt, slowly returning to Mrs. Sattane's on foot, called down an unspoken blessing on the old darky's head. Such unquestioning and humble devotion touched him to the quick, and to have inspired it raised him in his own esteem.

XXIX

THE battered old tow-wagon, true to time, came whirling up in a cloud of dust, honking joyfully. Daggancourt was at the wheel, Mack and Louey sat in the tonneau, and there was about all three an appearance of festivity that accorded with the bright spring morning.

The two mechanics, one Scottish and the other French, were in uproarious spirits, greeting Matt noisily, and showing him,

with great gusto, the guns and packages at their feet. Matt jumped up beside Victor, and with a nudge of his leg, which the other answered with a wink, asked for the latest bulletin of the bear. Since overnight it had become a very real bear, reported by woodchoppers, and confirmed by an imaginary individual named Sam Bacon. The mechanics were eager for the fray, and Louey had equipped himself with a hunting-knife for the express purpose of skinning the bear. Victor, giggling at the wheel, contributed further Sam Bacon particulars, and altogether they were very jolly indeed.

Spinning blithely along, waving their hats at every one they passed, they at length swung off the main road and into the hills. The country hereabouts was sparsely settled. Instead of farmhouses and barns, the rare dwellings shrank to mere cabins, and fields gave place to wretched patches. Soon they were beyond all cultivation, in a region of woods and scrub, with sandy hollows, in which they sank to the rims.

Matt reached over and secured a gun, gladder than ever that he had not come alone. This prompted Mack and Louey to do the same, and it was in this warlike manner that they reached the quarry.

It was as deserted as Matt had remembered it. Not a sound broke the silence; and the tumble-down buildings, with their broken windows, showed no sign of occupancy. Matt looked at Victor, and Victor stared back. Where were the Boston people? Where were the four hundred Hungarians? It was a tomb of abandoned endeavor, crumbling and decaying beneath the scarred mountain.

The spell of the bear was upon the two mechanics; the spell of something yet more mysterious and intimidating was upon Matt and the mulatto. They turned off the engine, descended, and advanced, gun in hand, close together and alert, every finger on a trigger. For a dozen minutes they prowled about, searching the shanties in turn, climbing up rocky buttresses, dislodging bats in cavernous workings, and skirting pools of muddy, yellow water.

All of a sudden, Mack, more venturesome than the rest, came running toward them in unmistakable agitation.

"Let's get out of here!" he gasped, displaying a piece of new black cloth in his hand. "Look at that, boys—look at that!"

Except for its newness, which was singular in a spot so wholly deserted, Matt saw

nothing to stare at in the black cloth, which was smaller than a napkin, and of some cheap, cotton material, slit in several places.

Victor and Louey were equally surprised at the Scotsman's terror, and eyed him and his discovery with surprise.

"You gawks!" cried Mack, beside himself. "Don't you see it's a mask?"

Laying his gun on the ground, he set the thing to his face, and glowered at them through the apertures. Instantly he was transformed into a bandit, and a shiver passed through his companions. It was but a trifling bit of cloth, yet it made their hearts beat like sledge-hammers. It was the symbol of murder, of dark and violent deeds, of blood and outrage. To stumble across it here was to people the quarry with lurking desperadoes.

They examined it whisperingly, and cast apprehensive looks over their shoulders. It might have been made an hour before; the edges were sharp from the scissors; neither dew nor sun had impaired the crispness of the fabric.

"Let's get out of here!" repeated Mack. "I've had all the bear I want."

Matt and Victor stayed together, retiring in good order, but the others fled for the car like rabbits.

"It's a pretty good thing you came with me," said Matt. "Victor, that's what I'd call a close shave."

"I can't make head or tail of it, Marse Broughton."

"But that is a mask, isn't it?"

"Sure, it is a mask."

"And wasn't I told to apply here for a job?"

"Perhaps it was a joke."

"Who would go to all that trouble? I tell you, Victor, that mask was dropped by one of a party who moved back before us, and are hiding somewhere in the scrub this very minute. And it was a party that was expecting *me*!"

"And were scared at seeing four of us with guns?"

"Precisely."

"And the whole talk of starting up the quarry again was just moonshine?"

"Yes, to inveigle me here."

Daggancourt whistled.

"I believe it was," he said solemnly. "It can't have been anything else. It just can't have been anything else!"

They increased their pace, urged to hurry by Mack and Louey, who had cranked up

the car, and were calling frantically. The two mechanics were panic-stricken, and in a frenzy to be off; and as Matt and Daggancourt took their seats in front, they, too, caught the contagion, and were as madly eager as the others.

The engine roared to the advancing levers; the low gear slipped swiftly into mesh, and with a grind and a jump the sturdy old car tore round, and retook the road by which it had come. Corduroy, sand, rocks, or tree-roots—nothing deterred Victor, who, crouched over the wheel, and bracing himself against it, flung the car forward at a breakneck speed, never relaxing until the open country was reached. Nor even here would he consent to stop and camp. Six miles was still too close to the quarry. The vote, on its being put, was three to one to continue to the outskirts of Manaswan, and picnic on the bank of the river.

Choosing a shady place among some willows beside the highway, they ran the car in, and unpacked their lunch. But they were too much upset to eat, so smoked instead, and reclined on the grass, debating the extraordinary discovery of the mask, and wondering whether or not they should inform the police. Matt joined in but little except to negative the suggestion, and this was more to prevent his silence causing remark. He was very thoughtful and moody. For the first time he felt his own powerlessness; he was surrounded by an implacable enmity that struck at him in the dark, and against which he had no weapons.

"What was he to do? What was to become of him? Had he gone alone to the quarry that morning, he shuddered at the fate that might have been in store for him. He saw the body of a man floating in one of those turbid pools, and the man was himself. It shook his nerve. He had to admit that he was frightened.

He looked up as he heard the sound of horses' hoofs growing nearer at a trot; sprang up, as Mack, whose position gave him a view of the road, said something about a young lady on horseback. It was a young lady, indeed! It was Chris, riding beside her father, and approaching briskly!

She saw him as quickly as he saw her, and at that recognition, so unexpected and sudden that it seemed to pierce his heart, he took a step forward, and raised his hat. All that happened after that was like a dream; it had the bewildering quality of his first fight—the same incoherence and mistiness.

He found himself holding her bridle—talking and listening with breathless animation. She had not been able to stay away longer; she loved him, and would say it before the world, promise or no promise; it had been unbearable, and she was twenty-three and her own mistress, and, oh, had he succeeded in what they had planned?

No, he had not; it was a bitter confession, but he had not; they had got him out of one thing after another; had forced him to his knees; he had been persecuted and hunted till he was well-nigh crazy. Over all, was another voice, stridently crying:

"Let go my daughter's horse, sir! Do you hear, sir; let go my daughter's horse! Let go my daughter's horse!"

It was a voice vibrating with passion, and yet immeasurably distant, and as unconsidered as the drone of a wasp.

Suddenly there was the flash of a whip, and a stinging blow cut across Matt's face; another flash; a scream; and he had wrenched the whip from a wrinkled old hand, and was about to lash out with it himself on that convulsed and raging figure. To his dying day he was thankful he threw it from him instead, dizzily refraining as he realized it was Chris's father, and that he must not strike an old man.

But he was furious, nevertheless; two livid stripes screamed for vengeance; his voice came in sobbing bursts as he clung to the general's horse and told him that his action was shameful; that no one calling himself a gentleman could insult one who—

The horse reared and plunged as the general's spurs dug into its flanks; the old man was trying to ride him down. It was then that Matt had a vision of Daggancourt leveling a gun at Marshall. Every shred of civilization seemed to have dropped from the mulatto; all the savage in him was roused to frenzy; his bloodshot eyes were taking sight; his yellow-black finger was drawing back the trigger; with murderous deliberation he was awaiting his chance to fire.

It was Louey who averted a tragedy. He leaped at Daggancourt, and threw up the gun, which exploded harmlessly in the air with an ear-shattering detonation. As it did so, the horses took fright and bolted, hurling Matt to the ground, from which he looked after them on one elbow, oblivious of everything but Chris's safety.

She was as good a rider as her father, and as spirited as her own thoroughbred. She was keeping her seat in that headlong

gallop, and, leaning back like a little jockey, was jerking manfully at the curb. But nothing could have checked those horses; they were uncontrollable in their terror; straining neck and neck, they diminished and disappeared in the distance, leaving Matt sick with fear.

He was assisted to his feet, and supported to the willows, where they laid him down and examined him. He was not seriously hurt; no bones were broken; he was only bruised and sore, and the descending steel had fortunately glanced instead of crushing him. Horses will not step on a man if they can possibly avoid it. All cavalymen will tell you that.

Daggancourt wore the air of a whipped dog; was mumbling and explanatory; had never meant to shoot; "honest to God," he declared, he had never meant to shoot. He was so cringing and conscience-stricken that Matt could not reproach him. He accepted his hand instead, and told him to shut up.

"Let's get to town," Matt added, beset by a grinding anxiety. "I—I have to find out if anything has happened to Miss Marshall."

In a fever of impatience, and staggering like a drunkard, he drove them into the automobile, and commanded Victor to make haste.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!" he cried, in an exasperation of suspense. "The car's good for a mile a minute, and she has to do it!"

XXX

THERE was no news of the runaways till they reached Main Street; it was in a turmoil, and knots of people were gathered in front of the shops, talking excitedly. A passer-by informed them that there had nearly been a bad accident.

"A man and a girl on horseback, going like the wind, and my, if there wasn't a scurry to clear the way! Been going yet if a hay-wagon hadn't pulled square across, and brought them up all standing."

"But nobody hurt?" asked Matt, full of dread.

"Naw! But they were lathered to beat the band, and it was a wonder nobody was killed. The old gentleman, he give the driver a dollar, patted his horse a bit, and then went on like nothing had happened."

"And the young lady?"

"Oh, she went along, too, though her hair was down her back, and she looked ready to drop."

Matt breathed a sigh of relief, and, after

verifying the report from another eye-witness, begged the mulatto to take him home. He was glad to creep in and hide himself in his room. Terribly tired, terribly humiliated, the first thing he did was to gaze at his face in the glass. No trace remained of the whip except a slight discoloration on the forehead. Here was another cause for thankfulness, for he dreaded lest he might be marked for days, and be condemned to an ignominious seclusion.

He spent the afternoon in bed, unspeakably wretched, and at an utter loss to know what to do. Chris was further from him now that she had been in Washington. To meet her again would be almost impossible. To write was to incur the risk, almost the certainty, of his letter being intercepted—and what could he say if he did write? Only that he had failed, and he had already told her that. There was no way out; no possible solution; he could see nothing but a deep-water ship, and an eternal farewell.

After supper that night he was told there was a lady outside in a buggy, asking for him. He ran out bareheaded, not daring to think it was Chris, yet unable to conceive how it could be any one else.

If not Chris, could it possibly be Mrs. Crowther? What other woman could be seeking him? But it was neither. There was a glimmer of spectacles, and he looked up at a thin, sallow countenance that reminded him of Miss Gibbs. A middle-aged woman, plainly and poorly dressed, similarly faded, and with the same aspect of quiet decision.

She eyed him searchingly, begging to know if he were Mr. Broughton. On his replying that he was, she handed him a note. He read it by the light of the lantern on the dash, deciphering the penciled writing with difficulty.

MY DARLING:

I am sending you this by my Swiss maid, Flexner, *whom don't trust too much*. She will tell you what I have planned, for I am so used up, so distracted, that I cannot write it, though I have tried twice. I am at the end of my courage and everything, and if we don't snatch at our happiness now we shall lose it forever. It was wicked of him to strike you—wicked, wicked, wicked! Let Flexner do all the talking till you understand. Don't think she is devoted; it's because I promised her two thousand dollars, and that is a fortune in her country, where I suppose, she will settle down and yodel for the rest of her days. *She is very sharp, so be cautious*. Oh, if

I could only talk to you myself! But I love you, and she will show you how much. Adieu,

CHRIS.

P. S.—When I shall have paid her the hundred dollars she insists on in advance, I shall have eighty-two dollars left.

Matt pondered a moment, and then inquired:

"You are Miss Flexner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you give me your message?"

The woman hesitated, moved in her seat, and then replied in a low voice:

"Had we not better move away from the gate? People may see us here."

Matt assented, and walked beside the buggy as it was slowly driven beyond Mrs. Sattane's, stopping opposite a vacant lot. He kept reminding himself that this Flexner was "very sharp" and "not to be trusted too much." He was stirred and uneasy, and in a state of suppressed excitement. Something was on foot—something vital and peremptory; he was devoured to learn what it was.

"My young lady wishes to do a very foolish thing," said Flexner, with a disapproving pursing of her mouth. "Insists on it like the spoiled child she is. In my country we would lock her in a room, and send for the pastor to lecture her, or whip—oh, yes, whip! She wants you to run away with her to-morrow morning."

"Run away with her?"

"She says you are to get a carriage—or, better, an automobile—and pick her up to-morrow morning at four o'clock at the Fair Oaks entrance. Previously, I shall have packed a small portmanteau and placed it outside the house, and all next day I will inform papa that she is ill and cannot be disturbed. By this means you reach Middleborough without trouble, and get married, and then take the train to New York. Then you will travel to that city—that city where you were cheated of your ring—"

"San Francisco," said Matt to himself.

"And there you stay, no matter how poor, how starving, till the opportunity arrives to go to that place where you have a friend—a very rich, queer man, whom once you served, and who will take you back in employment."

"John Mort," said Matt to himself.

"She says it must be now or not at all, for she cannot be so brave twice; she says desperate people have to take desperate chances; she asks you to answer yes or no."

Matt made a hasty calculation. He had almost a hundred dollars; this, with Chris's eighty-two, would easily get them to California, with something to spare. Answer? It was yes, of course, a thousand times yes, though his temper rose at the Swiss maid's rapacity.

"You are to be paid two thousand dollars for helping us?" he protested. "Isn't that a very great deal?"

Miss Flexner, betraying animation for the first time, could not admit that it was. Was she not losing an excellent position? Was she not going against her conscience? What would be the value of that promissory note were *mees* to die before she came into her property? Miss Flexner considered two thousand dollars, at six per cent compound interest, a most moderate remuneration.

Matt, whose real purpose was to save that hundred dollars in money—a hundred dollars that might be of priceless importance to him and Chris in the extremity of their fortunes—objected and haggled with a persistence very unbecoming in a young *Lochinvar*.

But the inflexible Swiss would not abate a penny of her demands. A hundred dollars in cash, and nineteen hundred in a promissory note, at six per cent, due in three years, was her price. She was losing an excellent position; *mees* might die; her own conscience, and so forth—a bargain was a bargain.

Attacked on the side of sentiment, Flexner confronted him with her own little romance. She meant to return to Zurich, and marry a faithful cuckoo-clock-maker. That was what made her so blind to duty and conscience. The sallow, middle-aged creature had her Carl; Mr. Broughton must not think he was the only one that loved. The Swiss, too, had hearts, and every week Carl wrote, and asked her how much money she had saved up. She would earn her reward, never fear, and then misdirect the pursuit to Bridgeport; she would manage everything with secrecy; she would assure them of a whole day's start. The real question was, yes or no?

Matt longed to write a note to Chris, but he was afraid of the attention it might attract in the boarding-house. The boarders were always so curious, so nosing, especially where he was concerned. Besides, he had to see Daggancourt, and arrange for that flitting at dawn. He told Miss Flexner that his answer was "Yes," and put into the word a warmth that he hoped she would carry to her mistress.

She was to say that he had ninety-seven dollars, and would carry out his instructions implicitly; was also to say that Chris was the pluckiest girl in the world, and that if it were a desperate chance he would promise that they would be desperately happy. It was like talking to cold veal, but all the same he talked and talked—and cold veal listened, mentally computing nineteen hundred dollars for three years at six per cent, compounded semiannually.

She drove off, leaving Matt in a whirl. Chris and he were to run away! Chris and he were to be married at Middleborough! His pulses throbbed; he could scarcely grasp it; he could scarcely believe it. How superbly reckless of her! How incredible! How unworthy he was of such an amazing sacrifice!

Yet it was the only way out, mad as it was. She had appreciated that boldly when he had been despairing. Could they but hold their own in San Francisco, the opportunity would surely present itself of reaching the South Pacific. Once into Tahiti, Samoa, Raratonga—anywhere in the islands—the rest would be comparatively easy.

One was readily trusted in the South Pacific. He could charter a vessel and pledge John Mort's credit without the least danger to the latter. And with what a welcome he would be received—he and Chris! Here was the one spot on earth where he was assured of welcome.

Moreover, he would return with the glory of having baffled Mort's mysterious enemies, of having successfully resisted and defied them. Mort would appreciate that. Yes, everything pointed to Lotoalofa.

(To be continued)

AT DAYBREAK

STARS that fade slowly; the faint scent of roses;
Silence unbroken for a breathing-space;
A tremulous song through all the shadowy closes,
Then, in the gloaming, oh, my love—your face!

Clinton Scollard

THE STAGE

THE "AMERICAN DRAMA" FETISH

IT is doubtful whether the continued discussion of "the American drama," and the determined effort to create a school of native theatrical art, really promote the purpose in view. Some of the recent attempts to awake our enthusiasm over made-to-order "American" plays and operas are almost as absurd as the movement, some thirty years ago, to compel us to abandon "The Star-Spangled Banner" in favor of a new "national anthem" especially composed for us by the Irish band-leader, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore.

Which reminds me that Victor Herbert, composer of the widely heralded "Natoma," is an Irishman, who was born in Dublin, who received his musical education in Ger-

many, and who was nearly thirty when he first came to America as a violoncellist. John McCormack, the tenor of the production, is also Irish—born in Athlone and trained in Italy. Of the other leading masculine performers, Sammarco is Italian, Crabbé is Belgian, and Huberdeau and Dufranne are French. Mary Garden, the prima donna, is Scottish; Andreas Dippel, director of the company, is German; Campanini, the conductor, is Italian.

In fact, save for Lillian Grenville, the only other American factor in the enterprise is Joseph D. Redding, author of the libretto, which, from a literary viewpoint, is so poor as to be almost laughable. Moreover, it seems to be somewhat of a strain upon the term "American" to apply it to a drama of Spanish California.



MAUDE ADAMS AS CHANTECLER, IN EDMOND ROSTAND'S FAMOUS DRAMA OF THE BARN-YARD

From a photograph by White, New York—copyright, 1911, by Charles Frohman, New York

In the same week that "Natoma" was first presented in New York—after its *première* in Philadelphia on February 25—the New Theater produced the last offering of the stock company at the present house.

chief worth of the venture, to my mind, lay in its wonderful mounting.

The period of Mrs. Austin's play is prior to the white occupation of California; its locale, the foot-hills of the Sierras. The



MRS. TERESA MAXWELL-CONOVER, WHO IS MRS. FRAMPTON IN THE NEW THEATER COMPANY PRODUCTION OF "NOBODY'S DAUGHTER"

From her latest photograph by Lawson, New York

This was "The Arrow Maker," by Mary Austin, billed as a "drama of American Indian life." The truth would have been more nearly served had the program read "a drama of American scenery," for the

scenery was beautiful, the costumes were realistic, and the actors did all that was possible in the way of turning themselves into red men and women. But Mrs. Austin's aborigines were too absurd for serious dis-



CHRISTIE MACDONALD, STARRING IN ONE OF THE BIG MUSICAL HITS OF THE SEASON,
"THE SPRING MAID"

From her latest photograph by Hallen, New York



JANE GREY, WHO IS FLORA DALLAS IN "THE CONCERT," THE PLAY THAT IS FILLING THE WHOLE SEASON AT THE RELASCO THEATER, NEW YORK

From her latest photograph by White, New York

cussion—mere puppets dressed up in blankets and feathers, mouthing the same sentiments they might have spoken had they been playing the everlasting French triangle on the boards of the Théâtre Français.

If such work as this comes of spending years among the people depicted—as the preliminary announcements stated that Mrs. Austin did—she would better have trusted to evolving drama from her inner consciousness, with the aid, perhaps, of a bunch of flowers. For she told a newspaper man that there were days when she went without lunch in order to buy flowers for her desk.

Just one week later, with no flourish of trumpets, and no claims to being a reflex of our national life, there was introduced into the bill at the Hippodrome a three-scene "Southern story of old plantation times" which is more truly American than all the "Natomas" and "Arrow Makers" that could be assembled. Carroll Fleming wrote and staged the spectacle, which he calls "Marching Through Georgia."

Although the scene is laid in Civil War time, there is no fighting, and not a shot fired on the stage. We first see a cotton plantation in Georgia—a beautiful vista, with rows of real plants melting into their painted duplicates on the back drop. A Confederate spy comes home wounded, and his sister takes his place in an effort to throw the Yankees off the track. In the last scene we look upon the old-style river steamboat, and watch the boys in blue build a pontoon bridge across the big Hippodrome tank, over which their army afterward marches. The soldiers are not the spick and span fashion-plates that we are wont to see in

comic opera, but travel-stained, dust-coated replicas of the actual war-time article.

No attempt has been made to provide original music, but Manuel Klein has rearranged the old familiar melodies of North and of South. "Marching Through Georgia" may be poor drama; as a matter of fact, it does not aim to be drama at all, but if a visitor from other shores wished to obtain a specimen of simon-pure American life in one of its most picturesque phases, I strongly recommend this concluding feature on the present Hippodrome program.

I say American life in one of its phases,

and just here lies an obstacle in the pathway of truly national drama. Our country is so big that we are obliged to take it piecemeal if we wish to obtain anything like a complete presentation of its characteristic features.

These vary so widely that they cannot be blended into a faithful composite picture. It takes several plays to cover the whole, as, for instance, "Way Down East," representing New England; "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," the Middle West; and "The Girl of the Golden West," the Pacific slope.

The late Professor Moody, I am reminded, realized this national diversity, and made an effort to contrast the East and the West in "The Great Divide."

THE MENACE OF THE PICTURE PLAY

In the first days of March, a year ago, Frank McKee, of the Savoy Theater, in New York, grew tired of the procession of failures, and handed the house over to motion pictures, to which it has been devoted ever since. Just twelve months later, Charles Frohman seems to have experienced the same weariness of spirit in regard to his Garrick Theater. Rather than turn it over to the picture game, however—which is so profitable that there is little chance of a return to the legitimate fold—he preferred to close the doors and await another season, which may possibly be of rosier hue than that of 1910-1911. Judged by the results thus far, I spoke in true prophetic spirit when I headed my first item for last October "Drama's Off-Year."

In the realm of light music, the offerings of the present season seem to have been either very good—as, for example, "Hans, the Flute Player," "Naughty Marietta," "The Spring Maid," "The Slim Princess,"



KATHERINE KÆLRÆD, PLAYING HER ORIGINAL RÔLE OF THE VAMPIRE
IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF "A FOOL THERE WAS"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

and "The Pink Lady"—or quite excruciatingly bad, like "The Happiest Night of His Life" and "Jumping Jupiter." The latter serves Richard Carle as scurvy a trick as the former does Victor Moore. Singularly enough, both are under the management of Frazee & Lederer, who with their "Mme.



CATHERINE PROCTOR, WHO MAKES HERSELF LOOK PLAIN AS MISS MERK IN "THE CONCERT"

From a photograph

Sherry" have perhaps made more money this past winter than any other firm in the business.

I left "Mme. Sherry" out of the merit list, however, because I fail to understand wherein it deserves the immense furor it created. Its success, I believe, surprised the management as much as it did myself. A revamped version of the old farce, "Jane," it is nowhere near as funny as the play, and I could mention several musical shows of the season that possess a far more abundant supply of catchy airs. Yet facts are facts, and "Mme. Sherry" filled the big New Amsterdam Theater, in New York, from August 30 to March 11, and then moved on Philadelphia for an extended term. Meanwhile extra companies were playing it in different sections of the United States. Stranger than all, the critics' notices were almost universally favorable.

Speaking of motion pictures, the charge for admission is seldom more than ten cents. To offset this, however, from the manager's point of view, he has no exorbitant headliners' salaries to pay, no orchestra, no seat coupons to print, and only one or two ushers to hire. Besides, he need not advertise in the daily newspapers.

There are, moreover, no disputes to settle with the performers about the locations of dressing-rooms or positions on the bill, and no regular treasurer need be engaged. In his place, the moving picture impresario needs only a neat-looking girl cashier, posted in a glass cage as close to the sidewalk as the law will permit—in order, I suppose, to get a patron's money before he has time to change his mind about going inside. For there is no denying that the film habit distinctly lacks "class."



RITA STANWOOD, WHO IS KATHLEEN LLEWELLYN IN THE SUCCESSFUL FARCE, "EXCUSE ME"

From a photograph by White, New York

Managers go into the game because the risk is almost nil, and thousands of people patronize it simply because they haven't the price to pay for flesh and blood entertainment. In fact, cheapness is rampant all along the line of the kinetoscope, even to the pay that writers of the scenarios draw. Although it is much more difficult to devise a



DOROTHY BRENNER IN "THE SWEETEST GIRL IN PARIS," A WESTERN MUSICAL COMEDY

From a photograph by Moffett, Chicago

good wordless play than one in which dialogue can be used, the authors receive for the most part only ten to twenty-five dollars per piece.

It may be contended that it costs a good

world, the original cost becomes a mere bagatelle in proportion to the possible returns. Is it any wonder, then, that the salaries paid to the men who arrange the posing before the camera are far beyond any re-



IRENE FENWICK, WHO MADE A HIT AS KIKI IN "THE ZEBRA," A FRENCH FARCE WHICH FAILED IN NEW YORK

From her latest photograph

deal of money to prepare the films, especially those that call for the costumes and scenery of other centuries; but when one remembers that the tiny pictures—each the size of a postage-stamp before they are magnified for the screen—can be duplicated many times, and sent broadcast through the

ceived by those employed in similar capacities at the regular theaters?

Resolved to be perfectly fair to the moving-picture people, I went again the other night to one of the hundreds of film theaters with which New York is dotted. Situated in a residential neighborhood, this is a well-

conducted place, lighted during the running of the pictures, and adequately ventilated. The audience seemed to consist mostly of well-to-do people. In front of me sat a mother, holding in her lap a two-year-old child, who kept begging to be taken out. When the villain of "The Snake in the Grass" was held up at the point of the pistol, the little girl cried out in terror and hid her face. When one recollects that young children are constantly brought into these places, as their parents cannot leave them at home alone, and that most of the films are of the melodramatic sort, one may imagine that the coming generation will be familiar with stories of crime.

I have heard that in some neighborhoods the picture shows have proved formidable rivals to the barrooms, but I have no satisfactory proof of this, whereas that little child's cry of terror still rings in my ears.

I went into the theater at half past eight, and remained until I had seen the whole round of the half-dozen films on the program—a point reached at twenty minutes to ten. The intervening period was punctuated by two songs, rendered by a voiceless girl from the box-office, once in a spot-light, and again with the assistance of the magic lantern.

Reverting to "The Snake in the Grass," a drawback to the vraisemblance of the thing was the fact that night episodes take place in broad daylight, as the camera would otherwise be unable to reproduce them. In order to show that the scene is supposed to be dark, the characters carry lanterns.

The highest price for seats at this particular theater was ten cents, which means that there must be many audiences in the course of the day in order to turn a profit. It is in these cheap-priced houses that the worst features of the picture play are to be found. At the places where fifteen-cent and twenty-five-cent rates prevail, the management can afford to provide really meritorious offerings, such as the opera of "Trovatore," Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," the novel of "Ramonna," and so on, and one may sit for an entire evening and not see a single repeat. In time, no doubt, such films as these may revert to the cheaper auditoriums; but until they do, sharp vigilance should be exercised over a vocation that invites multitudes to embark upon it as an easy road to comparatively large profits.

Apropos of the prices paid for the average motion-picture scenario, I was talking

with a story-writer who told me of a conversation he had with one of the high-salaried film-producers of whom I have already spoken.

"Why don't you send us in a scenario?" the latter asked of the author.

"Because ten to fifteen dollars doesn't tempt me," was the reply. "For the same idea, worked into a tale for the magazines, I could get from forty to fifty dollars, possibly more."

"But look here," cried the picture man, snatching up a single sheet of paper. "Here's one of the scenarios—not over a thousand words on it. Think how many words you would have to write to make fifty dollars out of a magazine story!"

"But, my dear man," retorted the fictionist, "it isn't the words that count; it's the idea! It may have taken me a month to work up the plot to a point where it is considered valuable. Why should I sacrifice it for ten dollars when, by merely throwing in the dialogue which you cannot use, I can make five times that amount from the publishers?"

"That's so; I hadn't thought of that," said the producer of films, scratching his head reflectively. "Come on; let's go over and talk to the boss about it."

The result of this conversation may possibly lead at least one manager to give scenario-writers more substantial inducements to think up plots that are something more than the baldest of melodrama.

THE STAGE LASHES ITS OWN SINS

"It's very peculiar, but I like it."

This was one woman's comment on poor Walter Browne's modern morality play, "Everywoman," setting forth the heroine's pilgrimage in quest of love. I say "poor Walter Browne" because the author died during the final dress rehearsal of his work, in January, on the eve of the first performance.

Henry W. Savage has done everything possible for the piece in the way of fine trappings, appropriate music by George Whitefield Chadwick, and an adequate cast, headed by Laura Nelson Hall in the name part. Of action there is very little, the plot being practically a minus quantity, but the moral of the theme continually reaches out to startle you into the reflection how unusual such a thing is at the theater. And the object most thoroughly riddled with the shafts of satire and contumely is the playhouse it-

self, whence *Modesty* is shown to be summarily banished, while *Bluff* and *Stuff*, theatrical managers, are seen groveling at the feet of *Wealth*, a millionaire, and *Witless*, a nobleman.

Everywoman is represented as longing for *Love*, and insisting on going forth into the world to find him, instead of waiting for him to come to her, as *Modesty* bids her do. She takes *Youth* and *Beauty* with her, and *Modesty* is finally persuaded to go along, but is lost behind the scenes, where *Everywoman* falls in with *Passion*, whom she mistakes for *Love* until she tears the mask from his face.

In the next act—or canticle, as the playbill calls it—she gives herself to *Wealth*; but when *Youth* and *Beauty* leave her, he discards her for another. In the New Year's Eve scene, on Broadway, we see her turn again to *Truth*, well set forth by Sarah Cowell Le Moyne. In the last act she returns home, to find *Love* asleep at her own fireside.

This sounds like queer fare to set before the denizens of the Great White Way, expecting it to fill so big a theater as the Herald Square; but there is a distinctive charm about the piece that seems very likely to accomplish just this, especially with a little cutting down of the talk in the fourth and fifth acts. Frederic de Belleville, growing stout, is *Wealth*. H. Cooper Cliffe reads the lines of *Nobody*—acting as prologue and epilogue—with fine effect.

THOMAS WINS WITH A THOUGHTFUL PLAY

There is no dispute about Sir Arthur Pinero being the leading living British playwright. If there had been any doubt as to the proper occupant of a similar pedestal in the United States, the production of "As a Man Thinks" would have removed it. This latest play by Augustus Thomas is absorbing in theme, dignified in treatment, clever in dialogue, and uplifting in tone. While it is highly serious of purpose, there is a constant undercurrent of wit which puts the listeners on good terms with the speaker—like a twinkle in the eye of a friend who, to outsiders, might seem either all business or all preaching.

Rumor runs that the drama, written more than a year ago, was originally called "The Jew," and that Charles Frohman had a chance to present it; but Mr. Frohman, who has more than once misjudged Thomas's plays, declined it, and the opportunity passed to the Shuberts and to the man who

scored so heavily with Mr. Thomas's last winner—"The Witching Hour."

If I should detail the plot of "As a Man Thinks," it would seem complex, as there are two threads of interest running all the way through it, so dexterously intertwined that neither could be omitted. In no other of his many successes has Mr. Thomas accomplished such a model piece of construction. Everything counts in the development of his story; and the more trivial the incident that he bends to his purpose, the more convincing, of course, it makes the sequel appear. At one point, the hasty scribbling of a memorandum line on the libretto of "Aida" bears vitally on the outcome; at another, the removal of a telephone-receiver, to obviate the intrusive ringing of the bell, causes a fresh twist in the plot.

The central theme is an old one—a woman's plea that there should be the same law for man as for her sex. In one of the most beautiful speeches ever delivered from the stage, Mr. Thomas makes an effective answer to this contention when he says that man's trust in woman must from the very nature of things be builded on faith, while a woman knows who is the father of her child.

In the play, *Frank Clayton* has been amusing himself with a model in Paris, but claims that he is not the man to be expected to live on bread and milk in such a city. His wife, in a moment of impulse, determines to put her theory to the test. Through the incident of the dropped libretto, she is caught. While guilty of no wrongdoing, she fails to convince her husband of her innocence, and finds that she cannot make over the world's prejudices in a night. *Dr. Seelig*, the liberal-minded Jew, with the aid of the little son of the pair, finally brings the two together again, meanwhile losing his own daughter, who elopes with a Christian lover—this latter romance forming the second thread of interest that runs through the play.

Mr. Thomas's keenly thought-out, carefully written drama, is played by a cast of more than ordinary excellence. While not a Hebrew himself, John Mason plays *Dr. Seelig* with such adroitness that one loses the identity of the actor in his complete submergence in the part. It will rank with one of the finest of the many fine achievements this versatile player has hung up in his gallery of impersonations. John Flood, who has been in so many misfires of recent

years, refrains valiantly from overacting the doubting husband, *Clayton*, and Walter Hale exercises equal self-restraint in not making *De Lota* over-villainous.

As *Mrs. Clayton*, Chrystal Herne does the best work of her career. She, too, like Mr. Flood, has of late been unfortunate in finding her lot cast with failures, and I am glad to see her talents at last so worthily engaged. She is the eldest daughter of the late James A. Herne, the "Shore Acres" man, and was named after the child in "Hearts of Oak," one of her father's early plays—a part interpreted by Maude Adams.

After the series of dreadful villains thrust upon Vincent Serrano this season, all of them in fiascos, it is refreshing to find so boyishly simple and straightforward a leading man as he makes the young sculptor. Absolutely natural is Amelia Gardner for motherly *Mrs. Seelig*, while William Sampson—once the Chinaman at Daly's in "The Geisha"—brings just the right shade of humor to the character of *Judge Hoover*, father of the long-suffering *Mrs. Clayton*.

WHY "THAÏS" AGAIN?

With Mary Garden still in the full flush of her powers, it seems a work of supererogation to set forth a dramatic version of "Thaïs." If this had to be done, it is gratifying, to be sure, that so clever a hand as Paul Wilstach's was put at the task of preparing it. His lines are happily wrought, and the story told in simple, straightaway sequence. It is not his fault that the plot lacks sufficient variety to render it continuously interesting as a play *minus* music. Broadway playgoers are not likely to be enticed into the theater by the constant reiteration of "God be with thee"—followed by the reply, "And with thy spirit!"

I say this with the full realization that "Ben-Hur" has been one of the most profitable theatrical properties of the past dozen years or more; but between "Ben-Hur" and "Thaïs" there is a vast gulf, in spite of Mr. Gaites's advertisements likening the one to the other. In "Ben-Hur," the action is constant and varied; in "Thaïs," it is intermittent and never very brisk.

Furthermore, "Thaïs," as a drama, had a severe handicap put on it at the outset by the choice of Constance Collier for the name-part. The fact that she is tall and has dark eyes and black hair does not make this English actress look the part nearly as well as Maxine Elliott would; and I am

sure that Miss Elliott could play it at least as cleverly. The best work Miss Collier has ever done on this side was in the early winter as *Imogene Parrott*, in the support of Ethel Barrymore in "Trelawny of the Wells." In "Thaïs" she is at her best in the convent scene, where there is no opportunity for her to do the flopping act, but she spoils it all by dying with her mouth open. This may be realistic, according to attestations from the doctors, but it is not beautiful, and it brings unfavorable comment from the audience.

Tyrone Power makes a fine *Daniel*—the character corresponding to *Athanael* in Massenet's opera—and Arthur Forrest again arouses wonder by his marvelous simulation of youth as *Nicias*. The play has been mounted with painstaking elaborateness. If the prices of admission to theaters were based on the number of people on the stage, the cost of a seat at "Thaïs" would be somewhere about fifteen dollars, while one should be able to procure a ticket for "The Climax" at twenty-five cents. The marble terrace of the courtesan's palace is the handsomest of the five sets.

CRUELTY TO AUDIENCES

If this country had a play censor, I should recommend him to remove "The Confession" from the boards at once. Not because of any obliquity in its morals. In point of fact, the religious trend is most decided, and was evidently carefully played up in the hope of capturing a following among the Roman Catholics, as the hero is a priest of that church. My charge against the piece is founded on the same grounds that lead one to call the attention of the S. P. C. A. to a driver who was unmercifully beating his horse; only in this case the offense is that of cruelty to audiences.

You may tell me that women love to weep at a play, but I cannot believe that any one enjoys seeing such harrowing scenes as are set forth in the court-room and prison episodes of "The Confession." In the one, the mother of the prisoner wallows on the floor in a fit of hysterics; in the other, there is shown in all its biting realism the parting between a bride and her husband five minutes before the noose is to be placed around his neck. Small wonder that in Montreal a woman in a box is reported to have collapsed during the performance, and to have died before she could be removed from the theater.

Hal Reid, our old friend of "Hearts" and other lurid melodramas—now using his full name, James Halleck Reid—is the author of the play. As it was designed for Broadway consumption, he causes his characters to talk in stilted language, in the belief, apparently, that the gap between the Bowery and the Great White Way may be bridged by taking out the apostrophe and restoring the "o" in such words as "didn't."

Because the Mittenthals have money enough to pay them, such well-known actors as Theodore Roberts, Ralph Delmore, and Orrin Johnson consented to participate in this direful concoction of dramatic horror. Whether they boosted their figures several notches above the salaries they would ask for appearing in a play that they could respect, I do not know, but I certainly could not blame them if they had.

"THE PINK LADY'S" CHARM

Along about midwinter we had "The Faun," and just before spring set in came "The Satyr," only in the latter case the original French title was dropped in favor of the supposed American leaning toward femininity in play nomenclature, and became "The Pink Lady." This new musical comedy would have been welcomed as heartily under almost any name, for it is of sterling quality throughout. Equipped with the excellent cast picked by Klaw & Erlanger, it deserves, and will probably have, a much longer run at the New Amsterdam than "Mme. Sherry" enjoyed.

The plot is a bit slow in getting started, but what matters this when the action is constantly punctuated by the catchy strains of Ivan Caryll's music? Take, for instance, the lyric in the first act, "The Girl by the Saskatchewan," telling how difficult it is for a Parisian to be faithful to a sweetheart as far away as Canada. There is real humor in the thing so far as conception and words go, while the melody has the haunting lilt that justifies the encores that John E. Young gets for it. Again, strikingly original is "Donny Did, Donny Didn't," a concerted number in which two contending factions argue over whether *M. Dondidier* did or did not kiss a strange woman who came into his antique shop.

The English adaptation was made by C. M. S. McLellan, author of "Lena Kleschna" on the one hand and "The Belle of New York"—under the nom Hugh Morton

—on the other. Here is a man quite capable of lifting musical comedy out of the rut of the commonplace, as he has done in "The Pink Lady."

A Utah girl, Hazel Dawn, is a welcome newcomer in the name part. To her other accomplishments she adds mastery of the violin, which she plays with compelling charm at the ball of the nymphs and satyrs in the last act. In this scene an exquisite view of Paris is had from the great windows. Indeed, the whole piece is mounted with good taste and well-directed extravagance. Besides Miss Dawn, there is Alice Dovey, who appeals as the *fiancée* deserted for the nonce by William Elliott in favor of the *Pink Lady*. This is Elliott's first break into the musical line, and just why he has made it, I confess I do not quite understand. One would think there was far more glory in such a conquest as he made in "Mme. X" than in being merely the frivolling young man deceiving his inamorata in "The Pink Lady." But what he does he does well, even to his participation in the songs. Fred Wright, Jr., displays his wonted agility in getting about the stage, and Frank Lalor makes a real study of the antique dealer.

"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL" UP TO DATE

A London publisher of magazines and newspapers, visiting America, appeared to be more impressed by the amount of money we spend on music than by any other one thing in the world of American art. The opera season in New York, for instance, lasts from November to April, whereas in London, May to July is the limit.

I dare say he did not attend the Majestic Theater, where the Messrs. Aborn have been making a revival of "The Bohemian Girl" in English. If he had done so, and had noted the outburst of applause when the orchestra took up the first strains of the old-time melodies, "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "The Heart Bowed Down," and "Then You'll Remember Me," he would have realized that it isn't only those who have wealth enough to support the highest-priced singers of the world at the Metropolitan that make the great musical public of this country.

The Majestic has had a checkered career this season, swinging from motion pictures to "The Blue Bird," thence to "Way Down East," and from that to "Mme. Butterfly," which was the opening bill of the Aborn

season of opera, at a dollar and fifty cents for the best seats. But when it came to offering "The Bohemian Girl" simply on its merits, the Messrs. Aborn lost the courage of their convictions. Instead of relying upon Balfe's music, they dug into their bank-account, and not only engaged a dozen horses to help out the realism of the first and second acts, but introduced into the country fair scene a vaudeville feature second to none in acrobatic marvels.

As to the singing, I had never heard of any member of the cast before; and with memories of Joseph Sheehan, Grace Golden, and Adelaide Norwood, in the Castle Square production of the opera something like a decade ago, I was prepared for something greatly inferior by comparison. But my alarm was needless. While there is little danger that the Aborns will lose any of their singers to the Metropolitan, the performance was by no means a painful one vocally. The men were better than the women, James Stevens being specially effective in "The Heart Bowed Down." Henry Taylor, the *Thaddeus*, has a good voice, but it is in need of training, and I am not sure that he could ever go very far in any case. He seems to lack confidence in himself; but good tenors are so rare, and his tone qualities so promising, that I hope he may outdo my present expectations.

"The Bohemian Girl" was first produced in 1843, and has been sung so rarely of late years that I was surprised to find it so familiar to the audience. Possibly we are indebted to the pianola renditions for the wide-spread popularity of its tuneful airs. Michael Balfe, the composer, was born in Dublin in 1808, and died in 1870. When only nine he wrote a ballad, "The Lover's Mistake." After making his debut in England as a violinist, he studied in Italy, and in 1827 sang in Paris with Sontag and Malibran. He left thirty operas in all, the best-known, after "The Bohemian Girl," being "The Rose of Castile" (1857), "Satanella" (1858), and "Il Talismano," which was not produced until four years after the composer's death.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE WINTER GARDEN

After a succession of postponements, which delayed the opening until the day before the calendar inauguration of spring, the Shuberts at length started the career of their New York Winter Garden. The novelties in the affair were the suggestion of

summer in lattice-work effects in the decoration, ash-receivers on the back of every chair—which meant, of course, that smoking is permitted—a stupendous aggregation of well-known names from the vaudeville and musical-comedy rosters to participate in what was announced as "the continental idea of *variété* and music-hall," and a charge of two dollars and fifty cents for the best seats.

Absolutely no hint was given in advance of what a man was to get for his two fifty, beyond the fact that it would be "the Continental idea of *variété*" interpreted into United States by twenty-eight big-typed recruits, whose engagement occasioned the boost on seat prices. What the early audiences did get for their money was a plenty so far as quantity was concerned, the second night last curtain not falling until 11.30.

The first item on the bill was a high-brow Chinese opera in one act—cut down from three, I understand—with music far better suited to the Metropolitan than to audiences who expect relaxation on the "Continental *variété*" plan. The score is no doubt the pride of Manuel Klein's soul, and its production was probably a sop to his ambition to offset the popular character of his "Mr. Moon" and other Hippodrome hits. Such well-known singers as Josephine Jacoby and Frederick Gunther were in the cast, and as much attention was paid to the completeness of the stage picture as if the piece had been put on to fill out the evening. But the sort of people who would go to see Harry Fisher, Stella Mayhew, and Barney Bernard are not the kind to appreciate the artistry of "Bow Sing," which was received with such iciness as to suggest that the name of the resort had developed contagious qualities.

Tortajada and her sixteen Moorish dancing girls could not succeed in dispelling the apathy in which the audience was left by "Bow Sing," which, by the time these lines appear, will no doubt have vanished into the limbo of the forgotten. It was followed by "La Belle Parée"—the Winter Garden is nothing if not French in its strivings, even to its careful insertion of the two accents in *variété*—a "jumble of jollity" in two acts and eleven scenes, which proved more jumbled than jolly. In order to bring in the twenty-eight high-priced principals, each scene was cut so short that you never got all you expected. When a number scored, and you wished a repeat, there came a prompt

change of set and a swift race into the next episode, in an effort to conclude the show before everybody grew tired and went home.

The prettiest and most appropriate number for such a place, to my mind, was the chorus of milliners, punctuated with the waving to and fro of the parti-colored band-boxes, a pleasing color effect arranged by Melville Ellis. In the vast spaces of the Winter Garden, more things to see and fewer to listen to would be a step in the right direction, and one that will probably be taken ere long—for which reason I have written throughout in the past tense. The plan is nothing if not elastic, and with the impending rivalry from the new Folies Bergère, only four blocks away in Forty-Sixth Street, every day is rehearsal day at the Winter Garden.

A SIDELIGHT ON "SECRET SERVICE"

"People don't usually look into a mirror to see somebody else reflected there."

Thus observed William Gillette, several years ago; and putting this axiom into practise in the making of his plays, he is still able to draw crowded houses with his dramas written twenty years ago. The success of his revivals should go far toward assuaging his disappointment over the coldness with which his acting in "Samson" was received, last year, and the failure of his latest play, "Electricity," early in the present season.

He has recently played two New York engagements, one at the Criterion, the other at the Empire. The revivals of "Secret Service" and "Sherlock Holmes" were especially successful. "Held by the Enemy," his first war play, was also heartily welcomed.

It may be pertinent to remind my readers that "Secret Service" is said to have been the first play to banish soliloquies and asides. When produced first, in Philadelphia, it was a failure, and possibly, but for an extra cold spell in Pennsylvania during the following winter, it might never have seen the footlights again. Digging down among my archives of the past, I find the following extract from a Pittsburgh paper of the period:

During his stay in this city, being deprived by the intense cold of his one exercise, bicycling, Mr. Gillette has devoted himself to rewriting an old play of his called "The Secret Service," and produced last season with moderate success. This he expects to bring out again next year, and

as he has spared neither time nor trouble in fixing it up to suit what he considers now to be the popular fancy, he has hopes that it will meet with favor.

"A STAR FOR A NIGHT" AT ONE MATINÉE

As nowadays almost every other person one meets has written a play, it should not be matter for surprise to find that Elsie Janis has done so. Luckier than most, she had no difficulty in getting her first effort tried out, as her manager, Mr. Dillingham, supplied his theater, the players supporting her in "The Slim Princess" volunteered for the cast, and the Actors' Fund furnished the worthy cause for which the extra matinée was given.

Criticism is supposed to remain mute on such an occasion, but I cannot refrain from mentioning that there was, after all, a certain amount of surprise connected with the affair. This lay in the fact that a play by a novice on so trite a theme as the stage should be treated from a standpoint that gives the little drama an entirely unexpected ending.

"A Star for a Night," as Miss Janis calls it, tells the story of a young woman who takes up the stage when her career as companion to a wealthy woman is cut short. A wealthy admirer, failing to win acceptance for his gifts, arranges with a manager to promote the girl from a lowly post to stardom, himself paying the bills. But before he permits the curtain to rise on the first performance he has a plain talk with the young woman; and when she refuses to see matters from his point of view, he announces that she shall not star even for one night. But another admirer, who has been financing her career on a strictly business basis, comes to the rescue with his check-book, and the piece goes on. But—and here is where Miss Janis springs her surprise—both play and star achieve fiasco, and the outcome is wedding bells, as the purely business arrangement merges in matrimony.

Miss Janis's curtain speech was an especially clever feature of the entertainment.

"I ought to come slinking on," she began, "to look like a real playwright."

This is only too true. If the author of a new play must take a call, why should he almost invariably seem ashamed of his work? Or is it because he realizes that it should bring a blush to his cheek to show himself off in such a way?

Matthew White, Jr.

STORIETTES

One Fling—To Order

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

MRS. PILBURY, president of the local Woman's Club, chairman of the hospital finance committee, head of all the church societies in sight, member of the board of education, and incidentally supreme ruler of her own household, came in briskly. After kissing her husband, who was meekly sitting by the fire, reading the afternoon paper, she went over to her roll-top desk and filed some papers.

This lady, it must be admitted, was perfectly competent for her job. She had taken a course in commercial arithmetic in order to fit herself for running the "business end" of her home. About all her husband did was to supply an income, which he turned over to her with great regularity. She disposed of it in her businesslike manner, giving back to him regularly a sufficient sum, in her own estimation, to supply his individual wants.

And they were reasonably happy. He was a quiet, unassuming man, interested in quiet things, somewhat of a student, by no means a namby-pamby, but content to let his wife do the practical honors. Perhaps they succeeded because they were opposites in temperament.

Every week she laid out his schedule for him, and he abided by it. Thus matters stood on the afternoon in question.

Mrs. Pilbury was preoccupied. Evidently she had something on her mind; but she was not a woman to yield to indecision. Laying down a pile of papers decisively, she turned peremptorily to her husband.

"William," she said, "I have been thinking about you, and have come to the conclusion that you need a radical change."

William started. The idea of a radical change had apparently never occurred to him. There was a time—during his college days—when he had been rather wild; but that period now hung like a glorious glimmer on the dim horizon of his past. He

dreamed of it occasionally with a quiet smile of reminiscence. Those riotous nights! Those reckless days!

"What kind of a change?" he asked with a show of interest.

Mrs. Pilbury knew exactly what she was talking about, and she wasted no words.

"You must have a fling," she replied.

"A fling?"

"Yes. You are a man. I keep you tied down too much. I am so interested in all my affairs, so absorbed in the work that I am doing, that I have unconsciously dragged you in as a part of the whole scheme. This is right, no doubt; but I fear I have gone too far. And then you are so good—so very good—you have never objected. William, my conscience reproaches me."

"What would you suggest?" asked William, his voice trembling with emotion.

In an instant, touched by this fairy wand, his nature had been aroused. Those old scenes upon which his fancy had so long dwelt became once more vivid. Could it be possible that he was to have independence once more?

"You have considered me so much—you have been so unselfish in doing the things that you knew I wanted done—that you have not obeyed your own inclinations. More freedom, William—that is what you must have!"

A silence ensued. William was rapidly gathering together his forces. The suggestion had been so sudden that he had to reconstruct himself in a moment of time. But at last he said timidly:

"How far can I go?"

"As far as you like."

Mrs. Pilbury paused, and then went on rapidly:

"The fact is, my ideas have changed completely within the last few months. I don't mean to say for a moment that I countenance anything disgraceful; but I find, in looking

around me, that life, in its larger aspects, is nothing but contrast. Big men have always had their fling. The small natures keep on their narrow way, afraid to offend the conventionalities. Yours is a large soul, William. I have always felt it. But you have been cramped. I have suppressed you. I want you to be free. How would it do for you to try the experiment for, say, one week?"

"And do exactly as I please?"

"Yes. At the end of the week we can talk it over, and note the result." Mrs. Pilbury was nothing if not businesslike. She regarded all affairs as capable of being controlled by a directors' meeting. "Go out and have your fling, for one week, regardless of consequences. Then we can estimate our gain or loss. Will you do it?"

William arose. His face was radiant with new-born joy.

"Will I do it?" he exclaimed. "Well, my dear, I'll try."

It is remarkable how rapidly a soporific imagination can be fired by a new flame. Next morning Pilbury arose, with a program of wickedness in his mind that would have done credit to a Heliogabalus.

After a hurried visit to his office, he repaired to the abiding-place of an old friend, one Skater, who was, if any man is, a pronounced rake. Pilbury had once been intimate with him. Needless to say they had not seen much of each other for years.

"Skater, my dear boy," said Pilbury, "I want you to help me. I'm out for a good time!"

Skater regarded him skeptically.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Wife away?"

"No, but I am out for a good time, just the same. It's all right. Everything goes. Come out and have a drink, and let's talk it over."

They repaired to the nearest café.

"What's the latest brand of cocktail?" asked Pilbury.

"Try a teddy-bear. Great bracer!"

They did so.

"Now," said Skater, "what do you say to a day at the race-track?"

"Grand!"

Skater's motor-car was waiting, and in a short time they were whirled away.

"Star and Garter for mine!" shouted Pilbury, waving a fifty-dollar-bill in the air.

"He'll win in a walk," said the book-maker, taking the money; but the horse lost.

As the last bell sounded, Pilbury, with about two hundred dollars behind him, got into Skater's car, and they were whirled back. It was beginning to grow dark as they entered the city. More cocktails. A supper!

"Shall we go to the show?" asked Skater.

"I'm with you, my boy, till the last gun fires. But afterward—what do you say to a little poker-party? You can have it in my house if you want to. Old lady won't object."

"What is this to be—an all-night affair?" asked Skater.

"Sure! Why not?"

The play they saw was of the usual kind patronized by the "tired business man." While it was in progress, somehow the whole world seemed to know that Pilbury was emancipated. Kindred spirits were everywhere. They ran up against them in the lobby. They hailed them in passing cars.

"I tell you what," said Skater, while they were at supper afterward, with a lot of others whom Pilbury met for the first time, "we won't go to your house, but we'll come to my rooms, and have a poker-game."

"Hooray!" shouted Pilbury.

The rest of the "boys" were willing. It was one o'clock when they foregathered. The limit was a dollar. It seemed to Pilbury, as he began to ante up, as if all the good fellows in the world were there. It was a grand, an overwhelming occasion.

He thought it all over the next morning—or, more precisely, the next noon—as he lay propped up in one of Skater's beds. That gentleman was shaving leisurely.

"Do you do this sort of thing every day?" he asked.

"Not so bad as last night," replied Skater, with a smile. "But you see, old man, I have to do something to pass the time away. Now, you are a married man; but with a fellow like myself—well, I must occupy my mind."

Pilbury reflected—as well as he could, considering his magnified head and his general feeling of disruption.

"Old man," he said, "will you do me a favor? Will you step to the phone, call up my wife, tell her I will be home as soon as possible, and ask her to wait for me?"

"Sure thing!" said Skater.

About four o'clock, Pilbury, his face somewhat drawn and pale, made his way slowly up-stairs to his wife's office. That

lady, with a quiet, sympathetic expression, was waiting for him. She kissed him good-naturedly.

"Well, William," she said, "how goes the battle?"

Pilbury sank back with a deep sigh.

"There is nothing in it."

"Nothing in it! Do you mean that?" She rose with a look of exultation. "Do you really mean that?" she asked.

"I most certainly do. I have had my fling. I am satisfied."

"Didn't you like it? Aren't you going to do it any more?"

"Never!" Pilbury leaned forward, holding the arm of the chair to steady himself. "The only excuse for a man doing those things," he murmured, "is when he is a bachelor, or unhappily married; and even then it's only a makeshift."

"You really think so?"

"I know it. Ruins your health, interferes with the orderly process of nature, unsettles your mind. Awful!"

"And you never will do it again?"

"I should say not. I ask for nothing more, my dear, than to go right on in the way I have been going."

Mrs. Pilbury went over and folded him rapturously in her arms.

"I knew it!" she cried. "I was right. This is indeed the proudest moment of my life. I was sure of my ground!"

Pilbury, raising his hand wearily over his forehead, straightened up. His wife's manner indicated something more than he was aware of. A faint suspicion came over him that she had had some hidden purpose.

"What ground?" he asked. "What have you been up to, anyway?"

In reply, Mrs. Pilbury waved triumphantly in her hand a formidable manuscript that had been lying on her desk.

"I assert in this paper," she cried, "that the men can have their freedom at any moment, if they want it; that their present condition of subjection is due entirely to their own wishes. I felt that I was entirely right, but I desired to prove it. This I have done, entirely to my own satisfaction. And now, William, you go right up-stairs, get into bed, and stay there until I tell you to get up!"

And Pilbury muttered to himself, as he stumbled off:

"I needed to have her say that. Now it begins to seem like home once more!"

Domestic Harmony

BY ALICE WINDSOR KIMBALL

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT SHERMAN were settling down to an average evening together. They had exchanged a series of cheerful, if desultory and quite unexciting, remarks during dinner, and now they were drinking their coffee before their living-room fireplace in their ordinary way.

When it was time to wash the two cups, the maid came in to get the tray, stirred the fire to an extra effort, and pulled the portières carefully together behind her. As she left, the clock struck eight; Mary was always prompt.

Then, as usual, little Mrs. Sherman sat down at the piano and began to search aimlessly through a pile of sheet-music on the tabouret beside her.

"That's right, Janey, play something!"

It was her husband's habitual remark, coming, as always, distantly from the hall, where he was getting the evening newspaper out of his overcoat-pocket.

Mrs. Sherman selected an "Album of Pianoforte Classics," and it was to the strains of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" that her husband removed the hoop of bead-fringe from the reading-lamp, stretched himself in the Morris chair, lit his pipe, and unfolded the *Transcript*, with a long breath of contentment.

There was no part of his day that he enjoyed so much as this. As for Janey's music, it didn't disturb him a bit—he could read his paper to an obligato of the grand march from "Tannhäuser" without missing a syllable. He even enjoyed it—not as music, of course, but rather as Janey's presence made audible.

Little Mrs. Sherman, fortunately, was not sufficiently gifted in a musical way to be greatly troubled with the artistic temperament. When the crisp folds of the *Transcript* crackled noisily during a pianissimo passage, she could play serenely on. The

incongruity of "Oh, Promise Me!" as incidental music to a sensational divorce-case never once occurred to her, and when Bob yawned loudly in the midst of Mascagni's "Intermezzo" not a nerve in her body quivered.

About half an hour of the average evening had passed when the door-bell rang.

"Oh, thunder!" exclaimed Bob hospitably, reaching for his collar. "I forgot to tell you that Fred Jessup got home to-day, and told me that he might look in on us soon. I didn't think he'd turn up so promptly, though!"

Janey smiled rather self-consciously, and had just time to straighten the corner of the rug before Mary showed Jessup into the room. She was sure that she was quite natural in her manner of greeting him, and certainly his own self-possession could hardly remind her of the stormy incoherence of his parting words when he left for Mexico two years before, on the day when her engagement to Bob Sherman was announced.

"Please don't stop playing," he begged. "You don't know how much I should enjoy it if you would only keep on. What were you just commencing as I came up the steps?"

"Oh, that little barcarole?" she asked.

"Go ahead, Janey," urged Sherman.

He was rather relieved to have the call take so easy a direction, and as his wife again seated herself at the piano, he offered cigarettes and a light to their guest, who accepted them and leaned against the mantel, smoking, and watching Janey as she played.

"What a beautiful ending!" commented Jessup, as the last beat swung into silence. "It has all the rhythm of a Venetian gondola about it."

Bob, inarticulate soul though he himself was, felt the unoriginality of the remark, and when Jessup followed it with "How well that diminished seventh chord defines the climax!" he looked at his wife for an answering gleam of his own amusement. Fred Jessup's high-sounding conversation had always been a joke between them.

"Yes, doesn't it?" Janey answered in the most interested tone—somewhat to her husband's surprise. "There is an ending much like it in this 'Shepherd's Dance,'" she added. "Have you heard that?"

Jessup had not, and he crossed to the piano to examine the music. He turned the

pages for her, and when she had finished, he had some commendation ready for her, and a request for another specimen of the same composer's work.

"This is one that I often play for Bob," said Janey, smiling around at her husband.

He didn't remember the thing in the least, but that smile included Bob for the time being. As Janey warmed up to her task, however, she went from one piece to another under the incentive of Jessup's somewhat trite appreciation, and gradually forgot that her husband was in the room. She was not very keenly aware of Jessup's presence, either. She was simply enjoying her own music, in a perfectly frank way, more than she had done for a long time.

Bob, smoking his third cigarette in the Morris chair, was looking Jessup over with half-closed eyes.

"Light-weight as ever," was his inward verdict. "He always was there, though, with the sort of talk women like. He probably doesn't know more than a few catch-words about music, but he *can* make them count!"

Suddenly Janey rose and said:

"Well, I'm not supposed to be giving a concert. I want to hear all about Mexico, and so does Bob."

She seated herself by the fire, while her husband offered their guest another cigarette, as nothing else occurred to him.

For some time, assisted by frequent questions from Janey and a semioccasional remark from Bob, Jessup rattled on about his travels and his work in the mines. At the end of another half-hour he rose to go. Bob Sherman, making a heroic effort to throw off the stiffness of his manner, really managed a cordial:

"Drop in again, Jessup!"

When the front door closed behind their visitor, Mrs. Sherman took hold of her husband's coat lapels and looked up at him in smiling penitence.

"Poor old Bobby!" she said. "How bored you were, to have me play so long, when you don't care for music!"

"I do, too!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Who said I didn't, I'd like to know?"

"Why, nobody—but good gracious, Bob, you know you don't!" and she laughed outright.

"Why, I ask you to play every night after dinner, don't I?" he demanded in a tone of deepest injury.

Janey sank into the nearest chair and giggled irrepressibly.

"Oh, you funny!" she chuckled. "You've never really *asked* me to play, and listened to me, since before we were engaged!"

"Well!" said Bob. "Just because I don't gush over things in the glib way some people do, it's no sign I don't hear them!"

"He's really huffy!" thought Janey. "How silly of him!"

But though conversation languished the rest of the evening, she did not take his huffiness seriously, and thought casually that he would be all right in the morning.

Breakfast at the Shermans' was always too hasty an affair for the explaining of mental attitudes, yet Bob looked so glum, as he devoured his cereal with silent speed, that Janey was sure something was still wrong. She was just deciding how to fix things up when the distant whistle of his train galvanized him into instant motion, and he was gone before she really had a chance to say three connected words.

On the train, in the seat ahead of Sherman, two men were discussing a divorce case of which they had been reading.

"It seems," said one of them, "that she had no sympathy or appreciation from her husband—at least, so she claims; and that was just what the other man could give her."

"Oh, bosh!" returned his companion. "What was there to appreciate? A thousand women can paint better pictures!"

Their conversation haunted Sherman at intervals during the morning. Of course he did enjoy Janey's music—but, then, she didn't believe he did. That might come to the same thing in the end. Well, he would call her up at noon.

Mary answered the telephone. Mrs. Sherman had a headache, and was lying down; should she wake her?

No, Sherman didn't want her disturbed.

"Tell her I'll be home on the six-thirty to-night," he said.

Mary hung up the receiver, wondering if Sherman had lost his mind. He always came home on the six-thirty.

Janey had quite recovered when Bob arrived, and smiled to herself as she arranged his penitential bunch of violets. But at dinner his obvious attempts to entertain her began to disturb her considerably. She felt a little annoyed at the change in their usual atmosphere. He was conversing just as politely as he did to her wealthy Uncle Joseph

that awful time when they had him to dinner!

Janey began to answer in monosyllables; her thoughts were busy seeking a cause for this unwonted state of affairs. The cheerful inconsequence of their usual talk, the comfortable silences, too, the understanding which came of long habit—almost two years long, anyway!—all these were gone. She and Bob were talking formally and correctly at each other, like people on the stage. Yes, they were, here, in the home of their own creation!

As they drank their coffee, Bob tried to draw the now nearly silent Janey into some semblance of conversation by asking her opinion of a book he knew she had just been reading. She answered almost at random, and was glad when Mary came for the tray. The maid's entrance made a diversion, at any rate.

"Won't you please play something for me?" asked Bob, as the portières closed.

Janey stared at him.

"Why, of course," she said rather snappishly. "Don't I always play in the evening?"

She was sorry to have spoken so crossly the minute she heard the sound of her voice. As she ended the first thing her eye fell on, she realized that, as a result of her preoccupation, she had played it **very** badly.

"That's a pretty thing," said Bob in a tentative way, as she finished. "What is it?"

"Part of Nevin's 'Venetian Suite,'" she answered without looking up.

His presence was somehow a very hulking and uncomfortable one. Why didn't he sit down and read and enjoy himself? She turned a few leaves, looked critically at a title or two, and asked in a rather tense tone:

"Don't you feel well to-night, Bob?"

"I? Why, yes, I feel perfectly all right. Play that barcarole thing for me, won't you? I don't remember having heard that until last night."

"I've played it for over a year," said Janey coldly. She hit the first notes quite wrong, corrected herself, played a few measures, and stopped short. "Haven't you any newspaper to-night?" she asked, whirling around on the stool.

"Oh, yes, it's out in my overcoat-pocket. No, I'll get it after a while. Go on and play the rest."

Janey faced around to the piano once more and started over. Her fingers were stiff with nervousness, and she struck several false notes in the first bar.

"Well, I don't know what's the matter with me!" she exclaimed. "I can't play at all this evening."

"Oh, do go on with it!" urged her husband anxiously.

She began again, playing five sharps in

the key of C. Bob looked surprised, almost pained, at the result.

Suddenly Janey's hands crashed out an appalling discord and then flew to her face, as she burst into tears. Rushing across the room, she snatched a newspaper from the table, jammed it into her husband's hands, and cried:

"For Heaven's sake, Bob, read your paper, so that I can play the piano!"

"The Girl I Love"

BY FRANK CONDON

"WE'RE all right, just as the sketch stands," Sylvester said, sipping his cordial and gazing across the table thoughtfully. "It's bound to go; but there's one thing lacking, and that's why I want to find Temple. We need a good song for the finale."

"Where is Temple?" Miss Golden asked.

"Goodness knows! I spent three days searching for him, and when I couldn't locate him, I got Henderson to write the sketch. This will be the first act I've had in three years that didn't come from Harry Temple. He's written my lyrics and my jokes; he's turned out the funniest stuff I've put across, and when it comes to the pathetic sort, he can wring the tears out of a Sheepshead Bay bartender. I've done a little for him in the way of clothes and food, but Temple is the man who made George Sylvester!"

"Well," continued Miss Golden, "I hope we make a success of it, even if you can't find Temple. It would be too bad to have our first effort a bloomer!"

Sylvester laughed confidently and signaled the waiter.

"Don't you worry, little one," he said. "We've hooked up to make a success—a bigger success than either of us has made alone."

The dinner was a little festival in celebration of the formal closing of the agreement by which George Sylvester and Eloise Golden joined forces. Both had been successful in the vaudeville field, but Sylvester had decided to drop his monologue and try out a sketch. His search for a partner of ability had resulted in the finding of Miss

Golden, who had returned from a long tour to the coast.

She was not as well known as her partner. His songs were rattled forth in every home in the country, sung among the stale fumes of beer and tobacco-smoke in the metropolitan all-night resorts, and belted from the metallic insides of street-organs. His jokes were copied in the Sunday funny sections, and his stories were told and retold wherever men or women gathered.

During three years, the years when Sylvester's reign was at its height, Harry Temple wrote the songs and jests that made crowded houses stamp and applaud. He lived in a furnished room on East Fourteenth Street, and was safe in his continued possession thereof through an iron-clad contract between his landlady and George Sylvester. Temple had slipped from the top of the ladder to the lowest rung. When Sylvester came first to know him, he was a watery-eyed derelict with a perpetual craving for alcohol. His habits had long since driven him outside the pale of respectability. He had no friends and no relatives. He was chronically without money, and usually without sufficient attire.

He had no regular source of income, but his ability was known to every stage-manager in New York; and when a bit of dialogue was needed, when a snatch of song was required to fill a blank spot in a musical comedy or a vaudeville sketch, scouts were hurried out after Harry Temple, and he was locked in a room, restored to sobriety, and held captive until he had written.

On one occasion, a manager had brought a new production to the verge of its first

night, and at the final dress rehearsal the presence of Harry Temple was imperative. He was found, but in so forlorn a state that it was impossible to drag him into the gilded glare of Broadway until the manager supplied him with a new hat, a new shirt, new shoes, and a new suit. He was ordered to report at the theater at eight in the evening; but at four in the afternoon he had cheerfully pawned every article of his new possessions, and was off on a fresh bender. The comedy, most of which he had written, was produced without him, and it ran for six months before he witnessed it.

This was the man who had made George Sylvester the king of vaudeville entertainers; who could move frozen audiences to tears, or cause peals of laughter to roar through a theater; and this was the man to write a much-needed song for the first sketch of the newly formed Sylvester-Golden coalition.

"I'm going to waste one more day looking for Temple," Sylvester explained during a rehearsal. "If I can't find him, I'll have to get some Twenty-Eighth Street music-carpenter to drill out a song for me. Temple hasn't been at his lodgings in a week."

At ten o'clock on Thursday morning the actor started down the Bowery. All day long he passed from dive to dive, subjecting himself without remonstrance to the free criticism of the habitués, and at midnight he came across the man he wanted.

A Turkish bath and a good dinner brought the song-writer back to his senses, and on the following morning Sylvester supplied him with fresh raiment. Sitting in the big chair amid the actor's cheerful belongings, his thin face shaved clean of the disfiguring beard, and a pipe in his mouth, Temple had nothing about him to frighten a child. His lips were drawn rather tightly across his teeth, and his eyes were a bit burned out; but his smile, above the weak, almost effeminate chin, was contagious and rather pathetic.

"Well, how's the boy this morning?" inquired Sylvester briskly. "You can pick up after a sleep faster than any other night-owl I ever knew. Do you feel strong enough to listen to a small business proposition?"

"That's the only time you come and get me, isn't it?" Temple replied, smiling.

"When you need something to add to your own welfare, you chase out after me. But you've been pretty good to me, Sylvester—a little better than some others I know. What do you want this time—a song?"

"Precisely," said the actor, dropping into a window-seat. "And this is what I want. I've got a new sketch for two people, called 'The Winner.' It's a mixture of good and bad, pathos and burlesque, and the finish isn't strong enough. I want a corking song for the end of the sketch. It's to be called 'The Girl I Love.' Eloise is seated on a rustic bench, with flowers sprouting all around, and I'm standing behind her, with the yellow spot-light square on us."

"Eloise?" Temple interrupted.

"My partner, Miss Golden. I have my hands on her shoulders, and we suddenly swing over from the funny stuff and begin this sentimental ballad. It'll be a knock-out if you're anywhere near form on it. I want a whole lot of genuine sentiment in it—good old stuff that'll make the fellow in the third row take a little tighter grip on his girl's hand."

"I see," said Temple, with interest. "It's to be called 'The Girl I Love.' You stand up there in white flannels, and this—this—"

"Miss Golden."

"This Miss Golden sits facing the house in a lace dress with a white parasol in her left hand and her right affectionately patting yours."

"That's the idea!" exclaimed the actor enthusiastically. "How soon can you do it—words and music, three star verses and a chorus? And will you promise me to keep off the drink until it's finished?"

"Give you my word," replied Temple. "You can depend upon it—I'll have it for you within a week."

"Here's twenty, then—first payment on account," said Sylvester. "Now, go home and report progress as soon as you can. Remember that this is the most important song I've ever asked you to write, and it may mean success or failure to Miss Golden and me. As a matter of news, I'll confide in you a little further. I've been with Eloise just a bit more than a month, old top, and I'm ready to inform the world at large that I'm plain daffy about her. I haven't breathed a syllable of it to any one but you—least of all to her. She's a queen

of a woman, and she can make me happy if she will. After we pull off 'The Winner,' and it proves a success, I mean to tell her what a big hole there is in my heart, and how it's waiting for her to fill it."

Temple listened with a smile.

"Real sentiment!" he laughed. "That title, 'The Girl I Love,' will have a peculiarly personal meaning, won't it? Well, I wish you good luck."

"The Winner" was produced on the next Monday evening. At its conclusion, "The Girl I Love" was received with such tumultuous and prolonged hand-clapping that Sylvester finally came down to the footlights with his arms raised in protest. He assured the delighted listeners that he hadn't another line to sing, and that he thanked them from the bottom of his heart, and so on in the stereotyped fashion that will never die.

Harry Temple sat in the last row of the orchestra and listened to the racket unsmilingly. Now and then he swayed a trifle in his seat, but his faculties were keenly alive. Half an hour later, he stood in front of the theater and watched the crowd pass out. Sylvester dashed up and almost bowled him over.

"Wasn't it great, old boy?" he said delightedly. "Wasn't it perfectly beautiful?"

That sketch, with your song as a climax, will last us for the next two years. And, furthermore, I've jumped clear over the harness and laid it all before Eloise! I'm so full of satisfaction and joy—say, let's go and have a drink before I blow up!"

Temple followed the actor into a nearby café. The usual midnight crowd was lined up before the bar, fighting to attract the attention of the scurrying waiters. Actor and writer sat down before a small table and waited.

"I tell you, Harry, laugh, will you!" exclaimed Sylvester suddenly, turning to his silent companion. "This is a night of triumph for both of us. I'm going to give you all the money you want, and the song will sell like grease. 'The Winner' is a tremendous go, and Eloise Golden is going to marry me! You ought to be as excited about it all as I am. Don't you ever feel the sharp thrill of triumph when the audience goes crazy over your work, as this one did to-night? You saw and heard it all. And there you are, sitting still as if there was something melancholy about the night."

"There might be," said Temple quietly, "when you consider that before I hit the down trail, Eloise Golden was my wife. Did you say Scotch or rye?"

When a Woman Won't

BY CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

"I WON'T do it!" declared Patricia. "The money can go to Guinea. I won't do it!"

Mrs. Walton grew pale, and the lawyer looked troubled.

"Well, Miss Pat," the latter began, "I can't say that I am entirely surprised. Most girls in your place would say the same. But you must consider. In five days, unless you marry, you lose your fortune—yours and your mother's sole support. And in Mr. Laidlaw's absence—"

"I can't do it!" interrupted Patricia. "Marrying isn't like dancing. One can't shift partners in a minute."

The situation, indeed, was complex. It was Aunt Ann's fault in the first place. Aunt Ann believed in early marriages, and

when she died she left all her money to her niece, coupled with the provision that Patricia must marry before she was twenty-one. If Patricia did not marry as aforesaid, all the money was to revert to a hospital for homeless cats, or something of that sort.

Patricia did not mind—then. Patricia was only sixteen when Aunt Ann died, and so she had five whole years of grace—and to feminine sixteen, five years is an eternity.

Things looked differently, however, when she was twenty, and was still unmarried; and they looked serious when she came to be twenty and a half. Not that Patricia worried about it. Patricia had never either wanted a dollar or lacked one in all her life. Things had always been provided

for her, and it did not occur to her that some day they might cease to be.

It occurred very strongly to her mother, however. Mrs. Walton had lost or spent all her own money, relying on Aunt Ann and Patricia to restore the family fortunes. And so, when Patricia was twenty and a half and was still dawdling, Mrs. Walton stepped into the breach; and in a twinkling Patricia found herself engaged to Mr. Herbert Laidlaw—forty, pink-shaven, irreproachable, and well-to-do. He pleased Mrs. Walton, and he did not displease Patricia.

And now Mr. Laidlaw, hurrying back from a flying business trip to Europe, had been delayed by a combination of accidents and bad luck, and had missed the last steamer that could put him in New York before Patricia's twenty-first birthday.

Obviously something had to be done, but when the family lawyer suggested that she should toss the laggard overboard and marry some one else, Patricia rebelled.

"I suppose you have some substitute already picked out," she remarked sarcastically, "or will you advertise: 'Young woman, aged twenty-one, large fortune, not unattractive, wants a husband by Saturday. No triflers. Please ring area bell'? Oh, it's nonsense, Mr. Curtis!"

Mr. Curtis stroked his chin.

"There is an alternative," he said slowly. "Our marriage laws are—well, rather complex. If you could find some friend who would be willing, in consideration of a certain sum of money, to marry you and then consent to an immediate divorce—"

"I won't do it!" cried Patricia.

Mrs. Walton wept freely into her handkerchief.

"Oh, Patricia!" she sobbed.

The lawyer nodded approvingly.

"Why not?" he asked. "Friend and you go through service before justice of the peace—no religious ceremony, you know. You part at the door. Young man gets ten thousand dollars and disappears. You and your mother go to Nevada; Nevada's advantages in the unmarried line are liberal—most liberal. In six months you are free. It's an evasion of the will, of course, but it's legal, and—oh, come now, Miss Pat. Be reasonable and tell me whom you prefer to marry."

"Lawrence Scott!"

The exclamation came not from Patricia, but from her mother. Mrs. Walton had gone to the window and was staring out. Perhaps she wanted to conceal her tears, and perhaps to call attention to them.

Patricia sprang up.

"I won't! I won't!" she cried. "I've known Lawrie all my life, and I'm too fond of him to spoil his life. I won't!"

But Mrs. Walton was started now.

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "Lawrence lives next door with his aunt, you know, Mr. Curtis. He is just going West. He hasn't any money, and ten thousand dollars will—oh, Patricia, you can't refuse now, after everything has been arranged!" Frantically she rapped upon the window-pane. "Lawrie! Lawrie!" she called. "Please come in!"

"I won't have it! I won't!" cried Patricia.

But Lawrie was already in the room. He was a broad-shouldered young fellow, large-built, with easy, free-limbed carriage. "Good morning, all," he called, as he entered. "Anything I can do for you in Chicago, Mrs. Walton? I'm off in two hours!"

"Yes, Lawrie! I want—"

"You sha'n't say it, mother. I won't have it, I tell you!"

"My dear young lady," Mr. Curtis pleaded, "pray be reasonable! Surely it can do no harm to explain. It's this way, Mr. Scott—"

Rapidly he laid the case before the young fellow. Scott's cheeks grew scarlet, and then pale. He glanced at Patricia's half-averted face, and shook his head.

"I am sorry," he said briefly. "I must decline."

"Decline!" Anger and disappointment gave strength to Mrs. Walton's exclamation. "Decline!" she screamed. "Oh, Lawrie, please don't fail us! Don't you understand? We shall lose all our money unless you do!"

"There are others," interrupted the boy hoarsely.

"There is nobody else we can trust," wailed Mrs. Walton. "The time is so short, and we shall lose all our money, and—"

"Money! Money! Is everything and everybody for sale?" demanded the boy fiercely. "Is Patricia for sale? And you!" He whirled on the lawyer. "And

you! What do you get out of this? Money, too?"

Mr. Curtis shrugged his shoulders.

"Certainly," he replied cynically. "I get my fee. The question at present, however, is not who may or may not be for sale, but whether you will help to save these ladies from beggary. If you will not, we must seek further—and perhaps find some one who will be less honest in carrying out his part of the bargain. The situation offers excellent chances for blackmail, you know. Recognizing this, Miss Patricia stands ready to settle ten thousand dollars on her—er—temporary husband. That is excellent pay, Mr. Scott."

Scott laughed shortly.

"If I were scoundrel enough to take such money," he said, "I should be scoundrel enough to blackmail you for more. I will not take it! But I will go through this—this sacrilege, if Patricia asks me." He strode past the others and stepped in front of the girl. "Do you ask me to do this?" he demanded harshly. "Don't turn away your head! Look me in the eyes. Do you"—he dropped his voice—"do you, knowing what you know, ask me to—to help you wait for another man? Do you, Patricia?"

The girl started, and shot a sudden, swift glance at the lad's face.

"No, Lawrie," she declared. "I don't ask you anything of the kind. I didn't want mother to call you in. But it seems to be the only way I can save mother's money for her; and—and if I must do this thing at all, I would rather have you with me than a stranger. Yes! On the whole, Lawrie, I do ask you."

"Very well!" Lawrence said. "I am at your service; but I must ask you to hurry. My train leaves at six o'clock."

Mr. Curtis rose.

"No time like the present, young man," he concurred cheerfully.

The short winter day was rapidly darkening when the party, minus Mr. Curtis, returned to the Walton house. On the doorstep Patricia gave Scott an icy little hand.

"Good-by, Lawrie," she faltered. "I'm very, very grateful. When—when did you say your train left?"

Scott looked at his watch.

"In an hour," he replied quietly. "Aunt Rose is away, and I have only to get my suit-case. Then I'll take this

very cab to the station. Good-by, Patricia. Good-by, Mrs. Walton!"

"Good-by!"

Patricia tried to add something, but Scott turned abruptly away, sprang over the railing that divided the Waltons' steps from those of his aunt's, and vanished into the doorway. Ten minutes afterward he ran out again, suit-case in hand. The street had grown dark, and the gas-lamps were flaring in a rising breeze.

"Grand Central Station," he ordered as he leaped into the cab. "Drive quick!"

The next moment he uttered a cry of surprise. A woman, buried to her nose in a fur coat, was sitting in the opposite corner. The street-lamps that flitted by showed, but did not illumine, her face.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed. "I thought this was my cab. I'll get—"

A very small, frightened voice answered him.

"It is your cab!" it said.

"Patricia!" Scott gasped. "What on earth are you doing here?"

Patricia laughed nervously, but Lawrence could read fear in her merriment.

"Where else should I be?" she asked.

"Oh!" Scott thought he understood. "I see! You are going to see me off, of course. That's kind of you!"

"Yes, I—I'm going to see you off." Patricia paused. "You don't ask me how far I am going, Lawrie!" she murmured with evident effort.

"No. How far are you going, Patricia? To the station?"

"Farther than that."

"To the—train?"

"Farther!"

"Really! To—to Harlem!"

"To—to Chicago!"

"To Chicago!" Scott was leaning forward, incredulous. "You don't mean—"

Suddenly Patricia's fear passed away.

"Lawrie," she panted, "I never cared for Mr. Laidlaw. I promised to marry him because mother wanted it, and I thought that—that nobody else cared. When I heard that he had missed the steamer, I was glad. When—when you spoke so splendidly to-day, I—I thanked God that he missed it. I don't want to go to Nevada, Lawrie! I don't want a divorce! I want—"

But Scott hushed the words upon her lips.